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THE NEW YORKER

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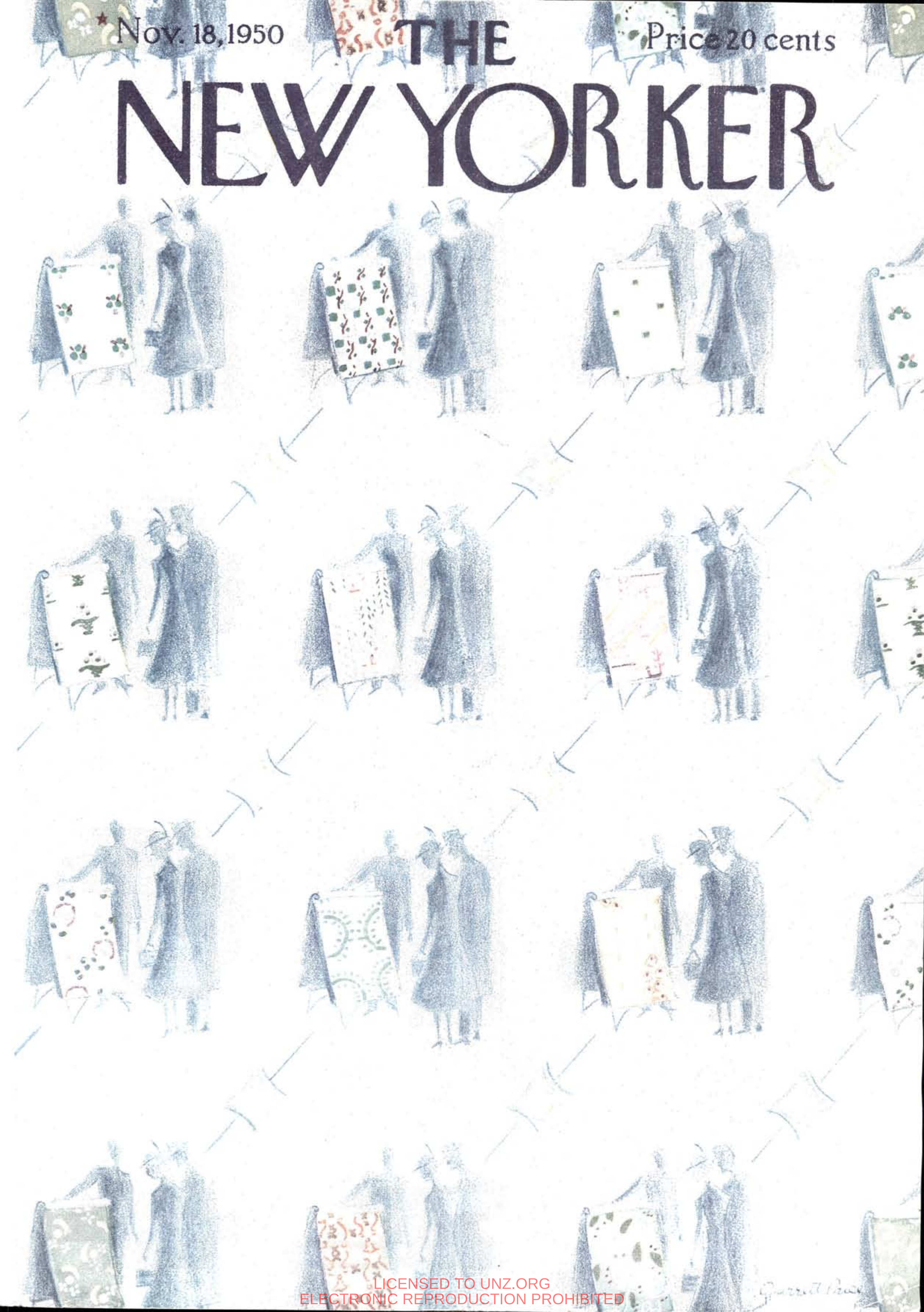

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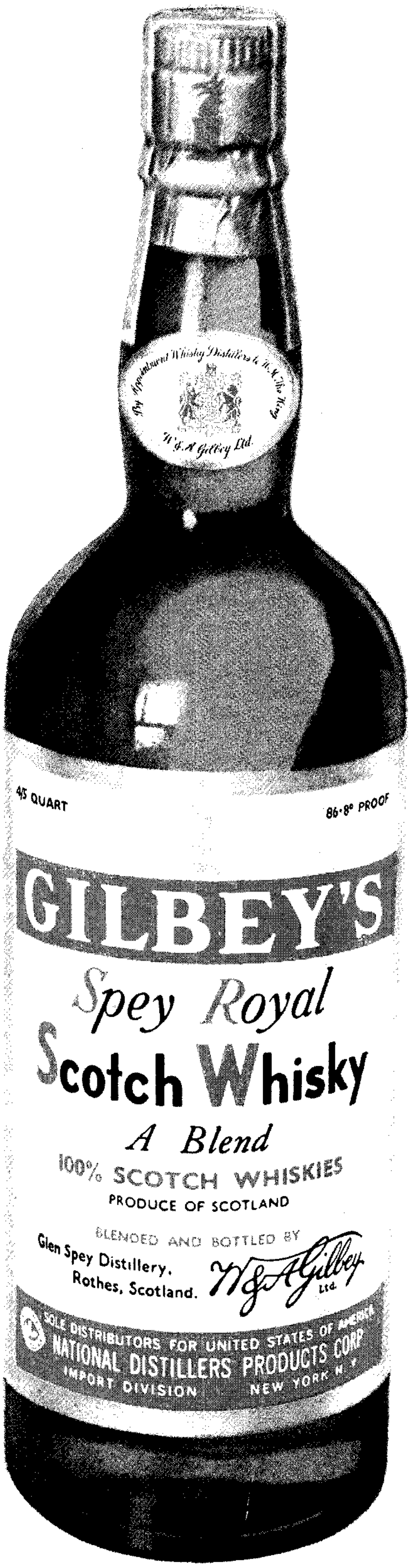
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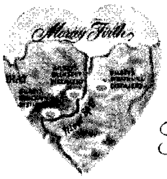
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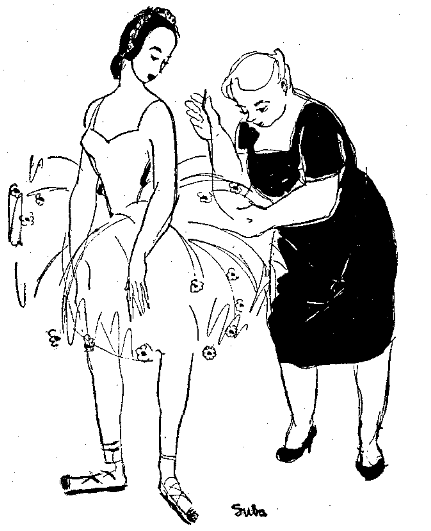

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their matinée schedules, because of Thanksgiving Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Affairs of State—Love in Washington, D.C., from the viewpoint of a Frenchman, Louis Verneuil, who, in his first play in English, manages to sound a good deal like American playwrights on the same subject. Celeste Holm, gay and handsome, heads a cast that includes Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Black Chiffon—A mighty slender British exercise in psychiatry, played for more than it is worth by Flora Robson and the other members of a mighty strong British cast. (48th St. Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. *22*, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

The Country Girl—Uta Hagen gives a magnificent performance in Clifford Odets' rather uneven play about a drunken actor and his long-suffering wife. Paul Kelly is highly satisfactory in the other leading role, and Steven Hill, Louis Veda Quince, and Joseph Sullivan provide competent support. Mr. Odets is the director, and Boris Aronson designed the interesting sets. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. *22*, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

The Curious Savage—Lillian Gish is charming in this comedy laid in a madhouse, but the play, by John Patrick, is attenuated and perhaps a bit lacking in taste. Among Miss Gish's fellow-inmates are Robert Emhardt, Isobel Elsom, and Gladys Henson. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 18.)

Hilda Crane—Samson Raphaelson's play about a girl who loved a college professor but married a lawnmower manufacturer will surely delight matinée audiences, but it may be a little too muddled and naïve for the public in general. Jessica Tandy heads a good cast, including Evelyn Varden, John Alexander, and Beulah Bondi. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. *22*, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

The Lady's Not for Burning—Christopher Fry's comedy about a man who wants to be executed and a girl who doesn't offers some excellent blank verse and some that is just soporific. John Gielgud and Pamela Brown are very fine in the leading roles. Among the others are Eliot Makeham, George Howe, Penelope Munday, and Richard Burton. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Peter Pan—Jean Arthur is the boy who wouldn't grow up in this spirited revival of Barrie's fantasy, which undoubtedly still has its enthusiasts. Boris Karloff is Captain Hook, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and there is some estimable incidental music by Leonard Bernstein. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. *22*, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Season in the Sun—A comedy, and a good one, written by Wolcott Gibbs and based, loosely, on his stories about Fire Island in *The New Yorker*. With Richard Whorf, Nancy Kelly, Eddie Mayehoff, Paula Laurence, and Anthony Ross. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**THE COCKTAIL PARTY:** T. S. Eliot's play about an unorthodox psychiatrist and three of his patients. Now with Henry Daniell and Hugh Williams, as well as Cathleen Nesbitt. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **DEATH OF A SALESMAN:** A solid tragedy concerning a man who has come to the end of his rope. Thomas Mitchell is currently playing the man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 18.) . . . **THE HAPPY TIME:** A portrait of a breezy and irresponsible French-Canadian family. Roger Dann now has the lead. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI *6-9156*. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. *22*, and Saturdays at 2:35; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.) . . . **THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING:** Carson McCullers' novel dealing with a lonely adolescent, turned into a play with Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon De Wilde. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **MISTER ROBERTS:** John Forsythe has replaced Henry Fonda on the deck of that Navy cargo ship. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-*5226*. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. *22*, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Bell, Book and Candle—A comedy written and directed by John van Druten. The cast of five is headed by Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer. Produced by Irene Mayer Selznick. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays this week and next, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Call Me Madam—Ethel Merman's strange, brassy charm has never been more effective than it is in this piece about a lady ambassador. The book is by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse; Irving Berlin wrote the admirable songs; George Abbott is the director; and in the subsidiary cast are Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-*2412*. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Michael Todd's Peep Show—Six former burlesque comics provide the humor in this scuffle of Mr. Todd's with the theatre, and sex is attended to by a bevy of appetizing girls wearing as little as possible. Bobby Clark directed the sketches, and the music includes an offering from the King of Thailand. Only for those who like their entertainment rough and noisy. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. *22*, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Pardon Our French—The audience participation in this new Olsen-and-Johnson frolic is not quite as violent as it has been in the past, but the wear and tear on your nerves may still be considerable. The two heroes are abetted by Marty May, Denise Darcel, Helene Stanley, and, for no reason in particular, six midgets. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Tickets, Please!—Paul and Grace Hartman are very funny in this revue, but the subordinate performers and their material seem below standard. Among them are Dorothy Jarnac, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. No fewer than four people collaborated on the sketches, and five on the lyrics and music. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Closes Saturday, Nov. 25.)

Long Runs—**GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES:** Anita Loos's girls, Lorelei Lee and Dorothy Shaw, brought back to life and set to music. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are prominent in the large cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. *22*, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.) . . . **KISS ME, KATE:** Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott now have the leads in this Cole Porter musical. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. *22*, and Saturdays at 2:30;

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXVI, No. 39, Nov. 18, 1950. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1950, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

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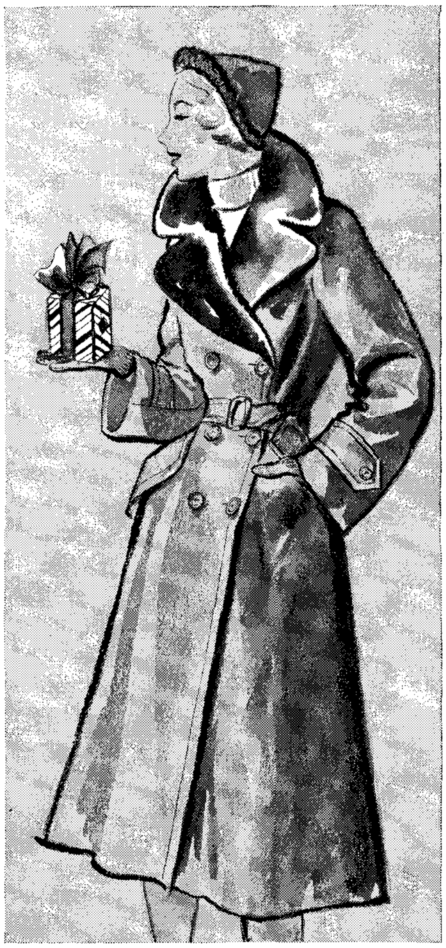

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

special matinée Thanksgiving Day.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Melodious life on an island within small-boat distance of Bali Ha'i. Ray Middleton is now playing opposite Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A Story for a Sunday Evening—Cloris Leachman, Henry Jones, and Paul Crabtree are in the cast of this comedy, written and directed by Mr. Crabtree. Produced by Trio Productions and Milo Thomas. Opens Friday, Nov. 17. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Pride's Crossing—A play by Victor Wolfson, with Mildred Dunnock, Tamara Geva, and John Baragrey. Directed by Martin Manulis, and produced by T. Edward Hambleton. Opens Monday, Nov. 20. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Edwina Black—A British melodrama by William Dinner and William Morum. The cast, directed by Basil Langdon, includes Signe Hasso and Robert Harris. Produced by Donald Flamm. Opens Tuesday, Nov. 21. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:30. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

The Relapse—Madge Elliott, Cyril Ritchard, and John Emery in Vanbrugh's Restoration comedy. Produced by the Theatre Guild, and directed by Mr. Ritchard. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 22. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Friday and Saturday the first week, and Thursdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

Ring Round the Moon—A play, translated by Christopher Fry from Jean Anouilh's "L'Invitation au Château," that has been running in London. Lucile Watson, Oscar Karlweis, Denholm Elliott, and Stella Andrew head the cast. Directed and produced by Gilbert Miller. Opens Thursday, Nov. 23. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Guys and Dolls—A musical by Jo Swerling and Abe Burrows, based on a story and on characters by Damon Runyon, and with music and lyrics by Frank Loesser. With Robert Alda, Vivian Blaine, and Sam Levene. Staged by George S. Kaufman, and produced by Feuer & Martin. Opens Friday, Nov. 24. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Golden State—Josephine Hull and Ernest Truex in a comedy written and directed by Samuel Spewack, and produced by Bella Spewack. Opens Saturday, Nov. 25. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BALLET

Marquis de Cuevas' Grand Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday evening, Nov. 16: "Swan Lake," "A Tragedy in Verona," "Salome," and "Le Beau Danube." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 17: "Concerto Barocco," "Don Quixote," and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 18: "Designs with Strings," "Petrouchka," "Black Swan," and "Good Humoured Ladies." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 18: "Concerto Barocco," "Nutcracker," "Del Amor y de la Muerte," and "Constantia." . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 20: "Brahms Variations," "A Tragedy in Verona," and "Petrouchka." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 21: "Les Sylphides," "Sebastian," "Pas de Quatre," and "The Débutantes" (New York première). . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 22: "Petrouchka," "The Débutantes," "Black Swan," and "The Enchanted Mill." . . . ¶ Thursday matinée, Nov. 23: "Designs with Strings," "Petrouchka," and "Brahms Variations." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 23: "Concerto Barocco," "Nutcracker," "Del Amor y de la Muerte," and "Constantia." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 24: "Brahms Variations," "Les Biches," and "The Débutantes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 25: "Giselle," "Black Swan," and "The Débutantes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 25: "Persephone," "A Tragedy in Verona," "Salome," and "Divertissement." (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

New York City Ballet Company—Opening performances of the engagement, which will run through Sunday, Dec. 10—Tuesday evening, Nov. 21: "Serenade," "Firebird," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 22: "Mother Goose Suite," "Age of Anxiety," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 23: "The Guests," "Prodigal Son," "Divertimento," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 24: "Jinx," "Symphonie Concertante," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 25: "Mother Goose Suite," "Jinx," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 25: "Serenade," "Prodigal Son," and "Bourrée Fantasque." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:45. Matinées at 2:30.)

Les Ballets de Paris—"Carmen," with Colette Marchand, and "La Croqueuse de Diamants," with Renée Jeanmaire, Roland Petit, and a couple of songs. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. *Moves on Tuesday, Nov. 21, to the* Broadhurst, 44th St., W., CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Arms and the Man—A theatre-in-the-round production of Shaw's play, with Francis Lederer and Sam Wanamaker. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Edith Sitwell—Dr. Sitwell in a reading of scenes from "Macbeth," with Glenway Wescott and others. A benefit for the Museum of Modern Art Program Fund. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, Nov. 16, at 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(*Some places at which you will find music* and other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Trianon Room, the dance orchestras of Jules Lande and Nino de Moraes provide the sound effects at dinner and supper, except Sundays.

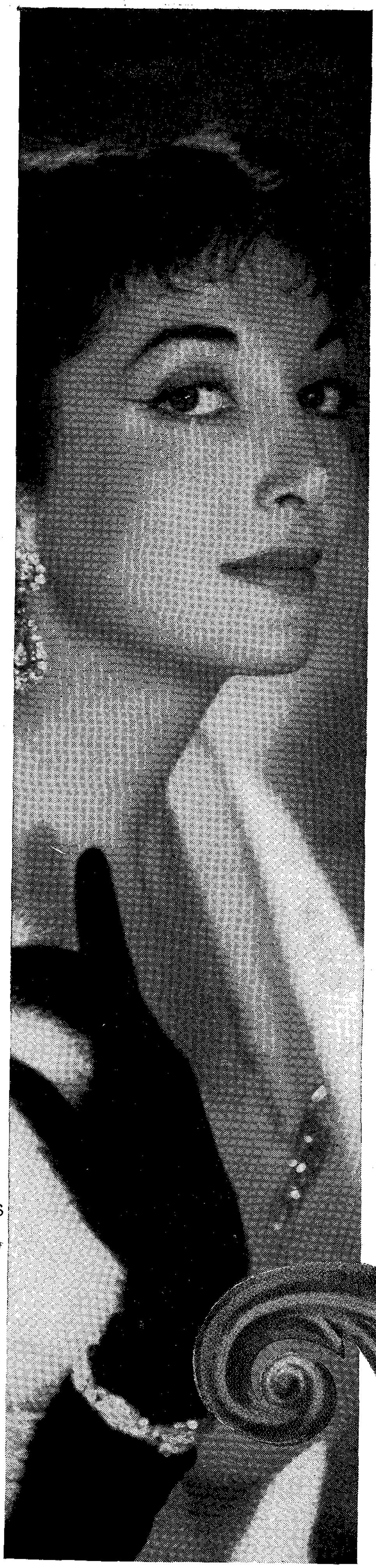
Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Except Sundays, Harold Nagel's orchestra plays for cocktails in the Palm Court and during dinner in the Madison Room. No dancing in either room.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Josh White, a young man with a guitar, does his celebrated songs, and Joe Marsala, heading his hot band, turns out some fine clarinet marmalade. Cliff Jackson is, as always, at the keyboard during the intermissions. Dancing.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Billy Rose's lengthy reminiscences of early New York café life as it surely never was. The most entertaining mementos are the Rigoletto Brothers. W. C. Handy, ancient and heartwarming, is also around. Noble Sissle and Billy Banks are the bandmasters. Dancing.

Gogi's Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—A handsome new phoenix risen from the ashes of the old. As before, a ceremonial air, light wines, and dancing. Ted Straeter's orchestra will be the centerpiece, and Fridays, like Princeton proms, will be black tie. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—One of the show places of the Platina



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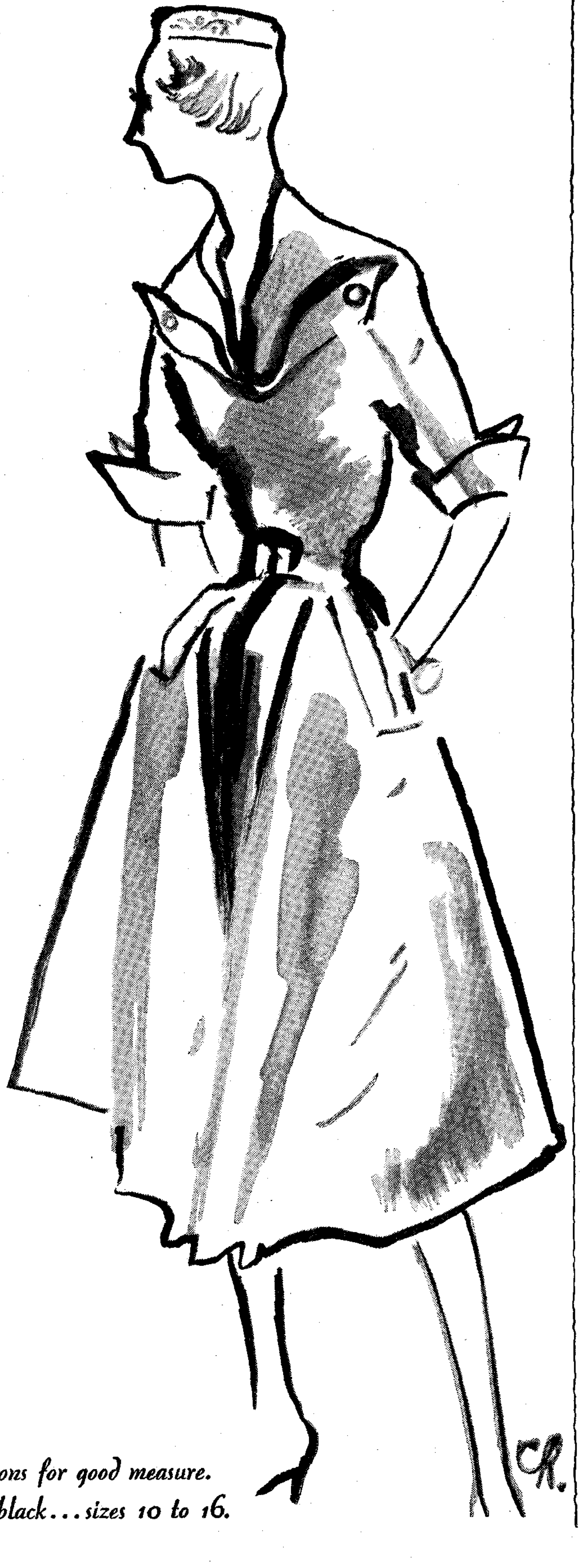

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Belt. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room, bless its big heart, has a new ice show, with Carol Lynne and Ray Robbins' dance band, at dinner and supper. Peter Kent's orchestra helps out. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Tony and Sally De Marco throwing each other around with what looks suspiciously like abandon, and Robert Maxwell fingering his hot harp with the greatest of ease, plus fox trots by Stanley Melba's muted brasses and rumba music by Manuel Jimenez's crickets. They all perform at dinner and, except Sundays, at supper. Closed Mondays.... ¶ Stanley Worth's orchestra plays for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the elegant Café Pierre. Page Morton, who sings in several tongues (seriatim, that is), is at the piano between sets.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room, at dinner and supper, has the oddly diverting Elsa Lanchester, who is by turn funny, fantastic, wistful, and wayward, to the brilliant accompaniment of Ray Henderson. Alan and Blanche Lund, two handsome young Canadians, cut a few ballroom capers, and Mark Monte's Continentals and Dick La Salle's orchestra play pretty dance music. On Friday, Nov. 24, a new show, involving Victor Borge's piano and Artini and Consuelo's dances. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a rapturous idealization of "Wien, Wien," has Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras after eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—Emery Deutsch's dinner music in the Oval Room, except Sundays, when Harold Sandler's orchestra fills in.... ¶ The Palm Court offers Mr. Sandler's cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing in either room.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo is again exercising his squatter's rights in the Grill at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, one of the best-dressed wine cellars in town, Jane Morgan, a nightingale returned from the Left Bank with some new ideas, performs at dinner and supper. Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz, those old family retainers, do the dance music. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance orchestra is on tap in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, which serves as a town house for a fairly regal element of our population, has the dinner and supper dance music of a Lester Lanin group and Jan Brunesco's gypsies. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Don Abney's piano, in the Café bar, from six to twelve, except Sundays.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the Café Rouge, from dinnertime on, Jimmy Dorsey turns out a good, heated brand of music for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The young ones conducting all-night raids on this well-stocked icebox. Suzy Mulligan sings, and Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band supply the dance music.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, whose basic little black dress is the very least of her talents, is paying her annual visit to America. It's hard to say whether she's first an actress or first a ballad-singer, but there's a rich flavor to the blend. Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band work on the dance music.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Wedgwood Room, Roger Price, famed author, lecturer, and explorer, presents his extraordinary findings on the human mind and map. Kitty Kallen sings. Emil Coleman's orchestra is the main music-maker. Mischa Borr's dance band alternates with Mr. Coleman's and on Sundays plays until midnight all by itself. . . . ¶ In the Flamingo Room, Michael Zarin's orchestra for dancing from six until two. Closed Sundays.

Note—The Rainbow Room is again open, but only for cocktails, from four-thirty to nine. The main room is really too large for anything less intimate than a steeplechase, but the tables by the big windows are worth scrambling for. Ford Harrison and his cohorts make cocktail music. Closed Sundays. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): That famous ceramic tree glitters brightly, but no more brightly than the piano arabesques of Cy Walter, who's there at dinner and again at supper, except Sundays. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who was on the bandstand at Helen of Troy's coming-out party, is now applying his deft touch to the dance music here. He starts at eight. Phil D'Arcy's trio plays, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Except Sundays, Toni Koves and her gypsy trio from dinnertime on. Ernie Warren's trio, which gets pleasantly warm at times, checks in later in the evening. Sundays, Nancy Reed's piano is the only competition for the small talk. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Subdued piano and fiddle after nine-thirty for a not especially subdued audience. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain on a folksy, neighborhood level, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Louise Howard, in midseason form, poking fun at a variety of objects, human and inhuman. Erik Rhodes, a rather more placid comedian, helps out. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play valiant double piano, and Hazel Webster, of course, is the solo pianist. Antique movies on Sundays; Monday is amateur night. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this busy bit of 1960 décor, Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **VIEUX CARRÉ,** 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Except Mondays, Louis Hawkins turns his fine Southern hand to lighthearted piano and conversation in this playful reminder of a New Orleans balcony, thereby providing a chipper obbligato to dinner and supper. The room is over L'Aiglon Restaurant. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Above the tumultuous Show Spot bar, Mabel Mercer, except Sundays, sings her one-of-a-kind sad songs about the loveless love life of the moderns. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy shows up in her Swiss chalet around ten to begin her night-blooming ballads. Herbert Kingsley is at the piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): After the theatre, some chipper entertainment, and all evening long the piano of Laurie Brewis, the jaunty little Londoner. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmie Daniels, flanked by three of his life-long co-workers—Mae Barnes, a brass-lunged shouter whose voice could probably stop Niagara Falls; Norene Tate, singing and playing piano; and Garland Wilson, playing piano and clowning—opens operations around ten-thirty. A surprise (and prize) package named Alice Ghostley contributes an amusing face and the amusing songs of G. Wood, her pianist. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Piano music from six to nine Mondays through Fridays, and music for dancing after six on Saturdays and from noon to nine on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Phil Silvers, bouncing fair-to-middling gags off the outfield fences of this noisy ballpark. There are plenty of other performers, of whom little Betty Harris sings and romps the prettiest. Dancing. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL,** Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): A real rumpus room, with hiss-the-villain melodrama, singing waiters, old movies (trimmed with Paul

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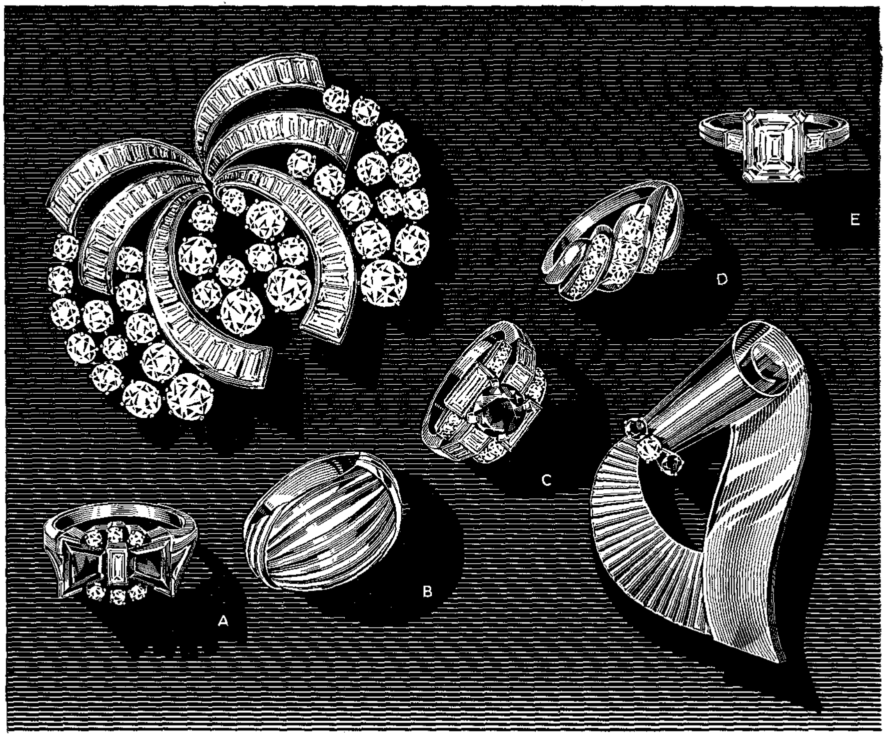

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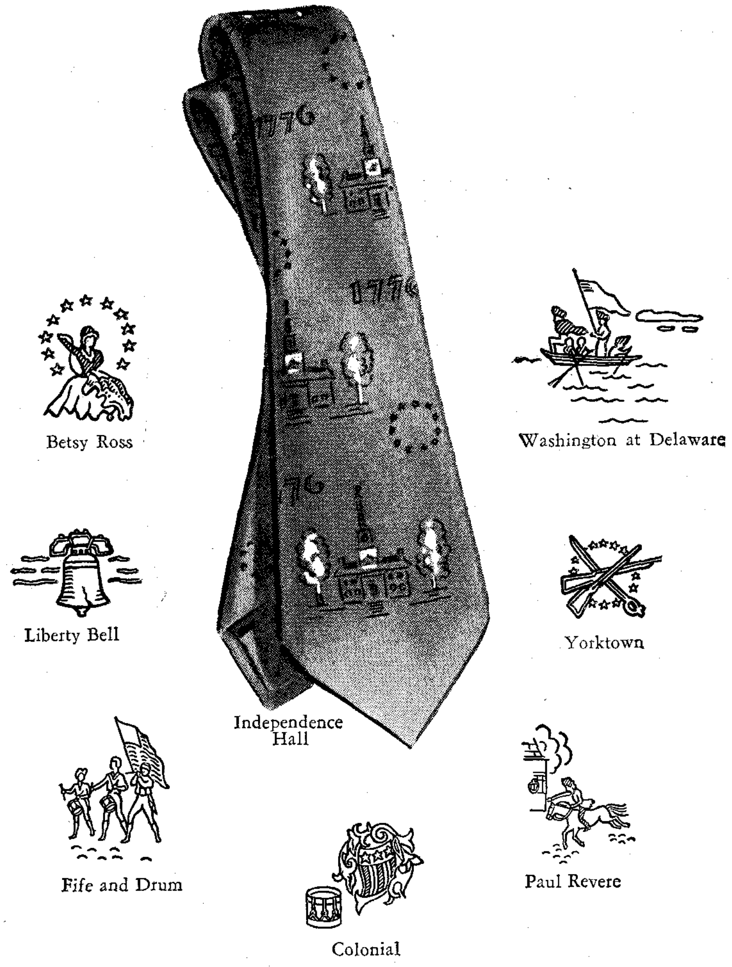

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Killiam's ad-lib, punning commentary), and other nonsense (trimmed with Jerry Bergen's wondrous tomfoolery). Dancing. Closed Mondays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(*No dancing, unless noted.*)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Wally Cox, a newfangled young Nature Boy let loose in the streets of New York. The three barking seals called the Mad Moiselles are also very much underfoot. Barbara Cook is a small but delectable canary, and the Billy Williams Quartet does jump-for-joy tunes. Stuart Ross, the Herman Chittison Trio, and Harold Cooke provide the customary luxurious musical background. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Mondays, Ralph Strain's persuasive cocktail and dinnertime piano and, except Saturdays, the after-theatre piano flights of the celebrated Eadie and Rack. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Michael Brown, one of Julius Monk's cleverest inventions, has a field day with his songs of the subconscious, and George Hall, a one-man repertory theatre, flashes a quick set of wits. Jo Hurt and the Four Lads do the vocal work. On Wednesday, Nov. 22, all hands but Mr. Hall will give way to a new show—Ronnie Graham, a prominent lay analyst; Bibi Osterwald, that bouncing soubrette; and Betty Oakes, a stars-in-her-eyes singer. The light fantastic chamber music of the Norman Paris Trio is the setting. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The new faces, bright and eager, of Bill Iden and Lenore Rainey, who are humorists, and of Devina Bello, a warbler of Dominican native bop. Charlotte Rae, a resolute comedian, and Ed McCurdy, a Canadian folk singer, are around, too. Between shows, the brisk dance music of Clarence Williams and Karl Lynch. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(*No dancing, unless noted.*)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison is back home, blowing his top in his usual carefree fashion. Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, and sometimes Mr. Condon help him let joy reign unrefined. Ralph Sutton plays spontaneous-combustion piano between sets. On Tuesdays, visiting firebrands compound the chaos. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band, with Andy Russo on trombone, is working here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, experimenting with their pet brand of mechanical therapy. Don Frye plays piano while they're out wiping their brows. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Sarah Vaughan tying all sorts of ingenious knots in her melodic line, and Billy Taylor playing real bright piano for his new quartet. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night rigadoons. On Nov. 17, such cacophonists as Wild Bill Davison, James P. Johnson, George Wettling, Rex Stewart, and Big Chief Russell Moore will be on hand. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): More Friday-night fun in a boiler factory for the youngsters. Nov. 17, the *agents provocateurs* will include Fletcher Henderson, Willie the Lion Smith, Kansas Fields, Gene Sedric, and Red Allen. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6, and will be closed Thanksgiving Day. Most of the museums will be open Thanksgiving Day, usually at special hours, as indicated.)

GALLERIES

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sionist in style. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 25. Open Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

African Sculptures—A large collection, including some extremely unusual examples, at a newly opened gallery that plans to specialize in this field. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.; through Nov. 30. Open Thanksgiving Day.)

The Artist in the Machine Age—Paintings, 1912-50, by Delaunay, Dufy, Villon, and Léger, that picture the more mechanistic aspects of life. (Carré, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.; through Nov. 18.)

Ludwig Bemelmans—Bright and often satiric scenes of Paris, Capri, Vienna, and other spots. (Ferargil, 63 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 18.)

Brian Connelly—*Trompe-l'œil* paintings, sometimes spiced with a dash of Surrealism. (American British Art Gallery, 122 E. 55th St.; through Nov. 18.)

Raoul Dufy—About twenty colorful paintings, dating back to 1902, of such characteristic subjects as regattas and Mediterranean ports. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Nov. 25.)

Jean-Louis Forain—A comprehensive display of the etchings, dry points, lithographs, paintings, and drawings of this French artist, who died in 1931. (Cultural Division of the French Embassy, 934 Fifth Ave., at 75th St.; through Nov. 30.)

Goya—Paintings, drawings, and etchings. For the benefit of the Institute of Fine Arts of New York University. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Dec. 16.)

Group Shows—At the MATISSE, 41 E. 57th St.: Oils by modern French artists, among them Modigliani, Dubuffet, and Tanguy; through Nov. 25. . . . NEW GALLERY, 63 W. 44th St.: Abstract paintings by Franz Kline, Seong Moy, Corrado di Marca-Relli, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 8; through Nov. 18.

Doris Lee—Consciously naïve paintings on a variety of subjects, handled with meticulousness and charm. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Nov. 25.)

Fernand Léger—Oils and other works, dated from 1946 to the present, in a brief retrospective survey of his abstract figures and still-lifes. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 2.)

Ethel and Jenne Magafan—Paintings by two young Colorado twins, oddly alike in style, though not always in subject matter. (Ganso, 125 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 22.)

New York Society of Women Artists—The Society's twenty-sixth annual showing, comprising work in various mediums by its fifty-two members. (Demotte, 39 E. 51st St.; through Nov. 28.)

B. J. O. Nordfeldt—New paintings, on his familiar themes of rocks, fish, birds, and the like, but with more freedom of color than formerly. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 25.)

Georgia O'Keeffe—Paintings, 1946-50, in which the artist displays her exact, tasteful, and slightly dry skill at portraying bones, flowers, and desert subjects. (An American Place, 509 Madison Ave., at 53rd St.; through Nov. 25.)

William C. Palmer—Paintings in casein and ink, done with great competence and delicacy. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through Nov. 25.)

Kurt Seligmann—Recent oils and drawings, again centering on his strange, slightly nightmarish world of heraldic shapes and figures. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 2.)

Toulouse-Lautrec—Thirty-two paintings and six drawings, almost all of them owned by the Musée d'Albi, France, for whose benefit the exhibition is being held. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 25.)

William Zorach—A retrospective showing of his sculptures, comprising fourteen pieces. (Art Students League, 215 W. 57th St.; through Nov. 30.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.: George Ratkai; through Dec.

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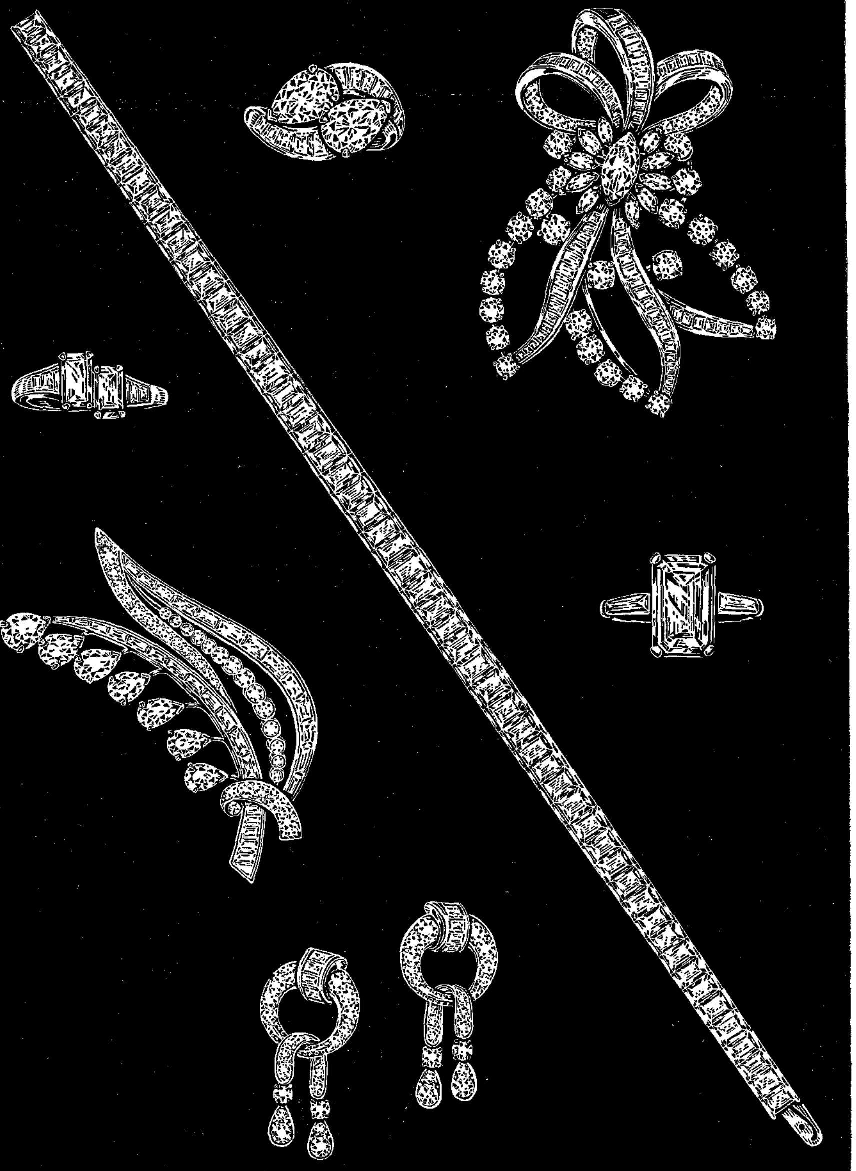

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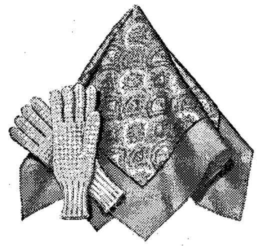

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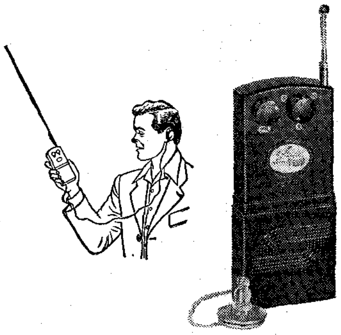

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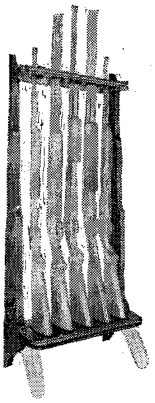

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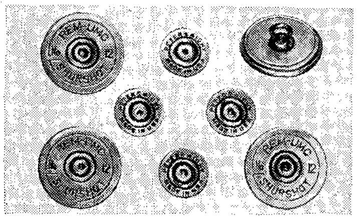

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2. . . . DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: Julian Levi; through Dec. 2. . . . FEIGL, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Group show; through Nov. 30. . . . GRAND CENTRAL, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Erwin S. Barrie; through Nov. 25. . . . JANIS, 15 E. 57th St.: Les Fauves; through Dec. 23. . . . KOOTZ, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Robert Motherwell; through Dec. 4. . . . MILCH, 55 E. 57th St.: Stephen Etnier; through Dec. 2. . . . NEW ART CIRCLE, 41 E. 57th St.: Carl Holty; through Dec. 15. . . . NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12th St.: Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 3:30; through Dec. 2. Open Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 6. . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57th St.: Group show; through Dec. 2. . . . SALPETER, 36 W. 56th St.: Joseph Kaplan. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Dec. 2. . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Marsden Hartley and Alfred H. Maurer; through Dec. 2.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A comprehensive exhibition of American woodcuts and wood engravings, from 1670 to the present. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5; through Jan. 7.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Four thousand years of silk weaving, in a show called "The World of Silk;" through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Bronze sculptures, ancient and modern, *from the permanent collection*; through Jan. 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of about seventy-five oils by the Lithuanian-born French Expressionist Chaim Soutine, who died in 1943. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 7; through Jan. 7.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—*A new group show* by the Museum's regulars, among them Hilla Rebay and Josef Albers, as well as by some Europeans who are new exhibitors here. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6; through Jan. 31.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The Museum's seventeenth Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting, with a hundred and fifty-four works, by as many artists. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5; through Dec. 31.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Delia Rigal, Fedora Barbieri, Jussi Bjoerling, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Ljuba Welitch, Eleanor Steber, Paolo Silveri, and Ferruccio Tagliavini. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 18, at 2: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, Richard Tucker, Giuseppe Valdengo, and Gerhard Pechner. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30: "The Flying Dutchman," with Astrid Varnay, Margaret Harshaw, Paul Schoeffler, and Sven Nilsson. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 19, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Delia Rigal, Giuseppe Di Stefano, and Robert Merrill. (A benefit for the Yeshiva University Women's Organization; for tickets, call MU 7-2757.) . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Ljuba Welitch, Eleanor Steber, Paolo Silveri, and Ferruccio Tagliavini. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Dorothy Kirsten, Lucielle Browning, Eugene Conley, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8:30: "The Flying Dutchman," with Margaret Harshaw, Jean Madeira, Hans Hotter, and Set Svanholm. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 23, at 8:15: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, Kurt Baum, Giuseppe Valdengo, and

Gerhard Pechner. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 24, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Delia Rigal, Fedora Barbieri, Jussi Bjoerling, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 25, at 2: "The Magic Flute," with Eleanor Steber, Erna Berger, Richard Tucker, and John Brownlee. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Ljuba Welitch, Regina Resnik, Paolo Silveri, Eugene Conley, and Salvatore Baccaloni. (A benefit for the Smith College Club Scholarship Fund; for tickets, call PL 5-0372.)

After Dinner Opera Company—Three one-act operas in English: "The Jumping Frog of Caleveras County," by Lukas Foss; "Grounds for Marriage," by Johann Sebastian Bach; and "Triple Sec," by Marc Blitzstein. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8:40.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 17, at 2:30 (both with vocal soloists and the Westminster Choir); Sunday, Nov. 19, at 2:45, an all-Ravel program (with vocal soloists); Thursday, Nov. 23, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 24, at 2:30 (both with Robert, Gaby, and Jean Casadesus, pianists); and Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8:45 (with Robert and Gaby Casadesus, pianists).

Boston Symphony—Charles Münch conducting, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 2:30.)

Columbia University Chamber Orchestra—Herbert Dittler conducting. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30. For tickets, call UN 4-3200, Ext. 2081.)

Virtuosi di Roma—Fourteen instrumentalists, under the direction of Renato Fasano. A benefit for the Boys Republic of Italy. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

New Friends of Music—The Bach Aria Group, William H. Scheide, director. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 5:30.)

RECITALS

Boris Goldovsky—Piano. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

Simon Barere—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

John Charles Thomas—Baritone. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

Juan Manén—Violin. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 5:30.)

Kroll String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

Jacques Abram—Piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 3.)

Mischa Elman—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

League of Composers—Works by Jean Francaix, Irving Fine, Elliott Carter, and others. With the New Art Wind Quartet; Bernard Greenhouse, cello; Doda Conrad, bass; and other soloists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 7-3841.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A string quartet, Bethany Beardslee, soprano, and others, in a program of music composed by, among others, John J. Becker, Howard Whittaker, and Richard Goldman. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Ella Goldstein—Piano. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

Jeanne Mitchell—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

Leonard Pennario—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

Guiomar Novaes—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 2:30.)

Note—The Stradivarius Quartet will give a chamber-music recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 26, at 2:55. Tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Nov. 21.

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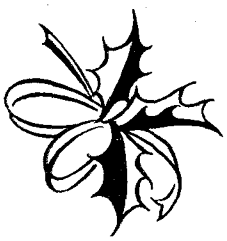

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

Benefit Program—Susan Reed, folk singer; Beveridge Webster, piano; and Joseph Fuchs, violin. For the benefit of the Manhattanville Neighborhood Center. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8:40. For tickets, call AC 2-5398.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Nov. 17: Billy Graham vs. Kid Gavilan, welterweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 24: Joe Walcott vs. Rex Layne, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Basketball—C.C.N.Y. vs. St. Francis, and Seton Hall vs. Rhode Island State. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

College Football—On SATURDAY, NOV. 18: Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Navy, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Georgetown, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Wisconsin, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Colgate, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Temple vs. Fordham, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven, at 2. . . . THANKSGIVING DAY: Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence, at 10:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 25, all at 1:30: Fordham vs. N.Y.U., at the Polo Grounds. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick.

Professional Football—Yanks vs. Los Angeles Rams. For the benefit of the *Daily Mirror* Youth Welfare Fund. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 2:05.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Nov. 19: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 22: Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Hunt Racing—Montpelier Hunt. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 18.)

Indoor Polo—The season opens with two matches on Saturday, Nov. 25. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY: Igor Buketoff directing the première of Douglas Moore's opera "Puss in Boots," with members of the Columbia Opera Workshop. Milton Caniff will also be present, doing illustrations of the opera that will be awarded as prizes at the end of the program. (Town Hall. LU 2-4536. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 3.) . . . LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Thomas Scherman conducting the opening children's concert of the Society's season, during which there will be a preview of a new animated cartoon. Also, Lisl Weil will draw cartoons. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5159.)

Plays—By the PLAY-MART: "Little Red Riding Hood." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15, and Sundays at 3:15. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) . . . CHILDREN'S WORLD THEATRE: "Dick Whittington and His Remarkable Cat." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Friday, Nov. 24, at 2:30, and Saturday, Nov. 25, at 11 and 2:30. For tickets, call PE 6-5536.) . . . JUNIOR THEATRE: "The Cobbler of Fairyland." (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 24-25, at 2:15.)

Miscellany—The American Young People's Theatre presenting musical-dance versions of "Robin Hood" and other short pieces, with Tom Glazer as narrator. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 11, 1:30, and 3:30, and Sunday, Nov. 19, at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . ¶ American Indian show, with Tom Two Arrows and a company of braves presenting songs, dances, and legends. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., AT 9-9456; Friday, Nov. 24, at 3. Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., ST 3-6700; Saturday, Nov. 25, at 3.)

MOVIES—"March of the Wooden Soldiers," with Laurel and Hardy. For the benefit of the John Haynes Holmes House. (Community Church, 40 E. 35th St. MU 3-4780. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 3.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The General Assembly is in session weekdays. Plenary meetings are held at Flushing Meadow, where about nine hundred visitors are admitted to each meeting. When the full Assembly is not convened, its committees confer in rooms at Lake Success that accommodate up to a hundred onlookers each; also at Lake Success, visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. For tickets to any meeting, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, after 8:30 A.M., the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the United Nations Station, at Flushing Meadow, and for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

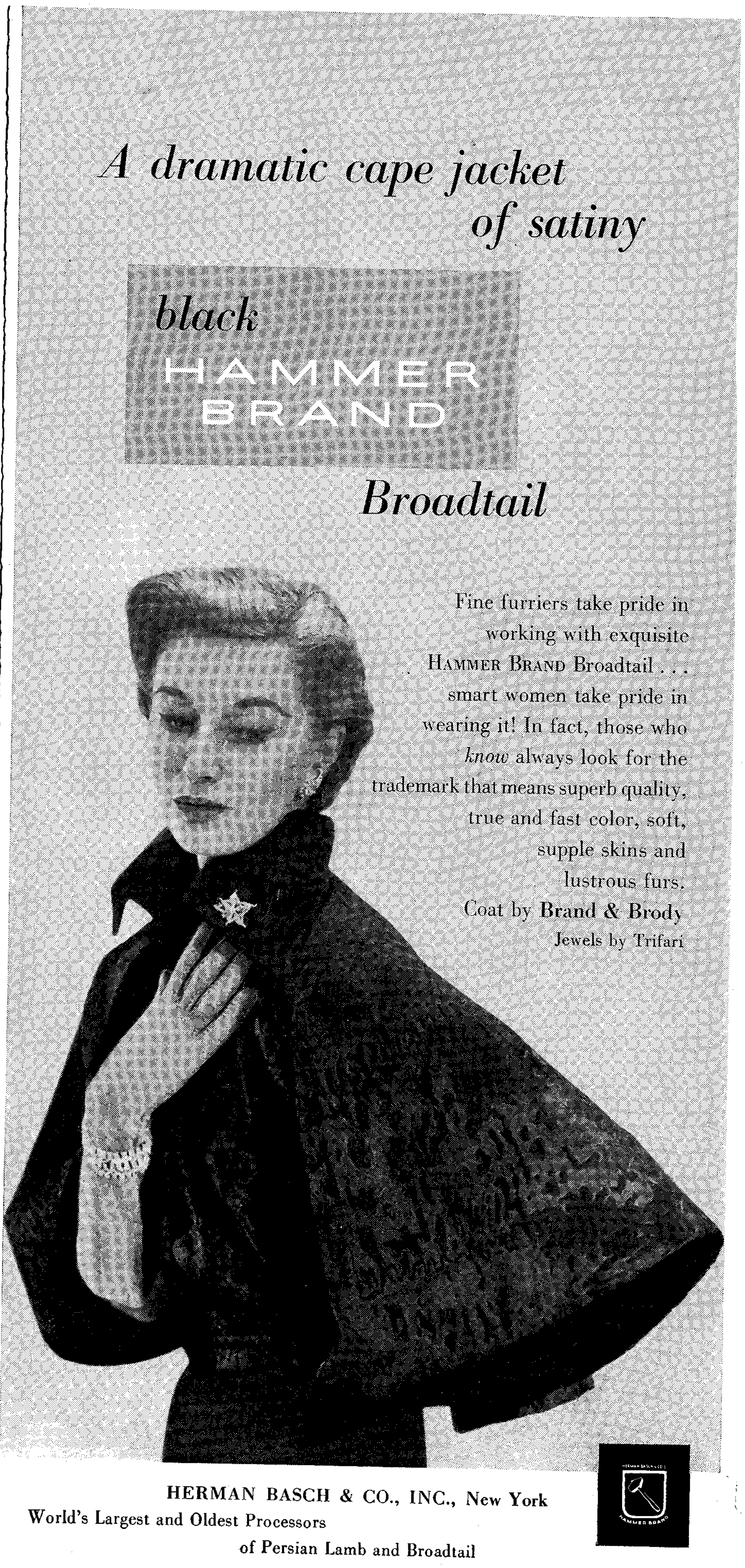
MECHANICAL TOYS AND JEWELS—A loan exhibition of miniature automatons, including birds that trill and flap their wings, a Diana who shoots a bow and arrow, and fairy-tale scenes with animated waterfalls, as well as all manner of watches, clocks, and snuffboxes, jewel-bedecked and busy. For the benefit of the Pestalozzi Foundation of America. (A la Vieille Russie, 785 Fifth Ave., at 60th St. Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; through Dec. 5.)

NATIONAL POSTAGE-STAMP SHOW—Examples of practically every American and foreign stamp ever issued, starting with the first one-penny stamp of Great Britain, issued in 1840. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 16-18, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, Nov. 19, from noon to 10.)

MACY'S THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE—The annual never-never-land procession of such balloon and float wonders as a sixty-foot fish, Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer, and a character with movable eyebrows, plus eleven bands, twenty-five comedy acts, and other trappings, led by Jimmy Durante and followed up by Santa Claus. Starts at 10, at Central Park West and 77th St., moves down Central Park West to Columbus Circle and thence along Broadway to 34th Street, arriving at Macy's at about 11:15.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The November show is called "Tropic Nights." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays, Sundays, and Thanksgiving Day, at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings, at 11.)

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: French furniture of the eighteenth century; paintings by such artists as Boucher and Daumier; silver; and other objects of art; owned by Mr. and Mrs. James Campbell Lewis. (Exhibition Thursday, Nov. 16, from 10 to 5; auction Friday and Saturday, Nov. 17-18, at 1:45.) . . . ¶ Etchings and engravings by Dürer, Rembrandt, and other artists, along with modern French prints, from various collections, including that of the late H. H. Brydon. (Exhibition Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 16-18, and Monday, Nov. 20, from 10 to 5; auction Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 8.) . . . **KENDE GALLERIES**, 119 W. 57th St.: English and Continental furniture; and prints, drawings, and paintings by artists of various periods, among them Toulouse-Lautrec and Audubon; the property of Mrs. David Garner and others. (Exhibition Thursday and Friday, Nov. 16-17, from 10 to 5:30; auction Saturday, Nov. 18, at 2.)



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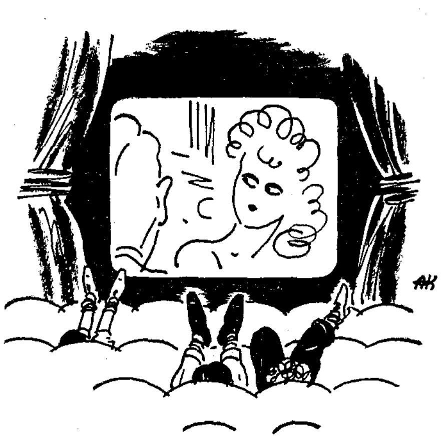
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



All About Eve—A lively comedy, written and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. Bette Davis appears to advantage as an actress as unpredictable as, let us say, Miss Bankhead, and Anne Baxter is quite persuasive as another actress, determined to reach the top of her profession, no matter how many people she has to claw on the way up. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000; through Nov. 21, tentative. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting Nov. 22.)

The Bicycle Thief—A chronicle of the quest for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son, transformed by Vittorio De Sica into just about the best picture that has ever been turned out in Italy. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Nov. 21, tentative.)

Bitter Rice—Life among the rice harvesters of the Po Valley, depicted in an Italian film that is long on both violence and documentary photography. Silvana Mangano is something to see as a lady too reckless to settle down to a placid bucolic career. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Cyrano de Bergerac—José Ferrer as Rostand's Gascon in a film so full of rodomontade that it's frequently as tiresome as a Legion rally. As Roxane, Mala Powers is pretty but inept, and the rest of the cast is more or less obscured behind Mr. Ferrer, who takes over the proceedings with the confidence of a cruise director. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215; starting Nov. 16, at 8:30. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays, Sundays, and Thanksgiving Day at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

King Solomon's Mines—Adventure in Africa. A stimulating film, based on the H. Rider Haggard novel, that features hundreds of natives, thousands of beasts, Deborah Kerr, and Stewart Granger. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

No Way Out—Sidney Poitier is superb as a young Negro doctor in a sometimes overly melodramatic but basically excellent study of color prejudice. Strong stuff throughout, with Richard Widmark turning in a good performance as an especially virulent champion of race hatred. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through Nov. 21.)

Panic in the Streets—Richard Widmark (seems to be his week) and Paul Douglas are outstanding in this adult tale of a wild search through the New Orleans underworld for carriers of pneumonic plague. Beautifully directed by Elia Kazan, and with splendid supporting performances by Barbara Bel Geddes, Walter Palance, and Zero Mostel. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Nov. 17-18. . . . ¶ Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Nov. 19-20. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; and Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 21-22. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Nov. 22.)

The Red Shoes—A stylish ballet is the chief asset of this long-drawn-out English picture, which deals with life among the dancers. With Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, and Leonide Massine. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; starting Nov. 21.)

Three Little Words—A lighthearted musical escapade, with some twinkly dancing by Fred Astaire and Vera-Ellen, and an abundant supply of reminiscent old songs by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. In fact, it purports to be the biography of Kalmar and Ruby. Red Skelton and Keenan Wynn are in charge of the comic end of things. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Nov. 21-22. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Nov. 22.)

Treasure Island—They're all here, Long John Silver, Jim Hawkins, Squire Trelawney, Blind Pew, and the rest, in as lively a production of the wonderful old tale as you could hope to see. Produced by Walt Disney in England, and with Robert Newton, Bobby Driscoll, Basil Sidney, and a large cast of assorted cutthroats. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; Nov. 18-20.)

Trio—Adaptations of some more Maugham stories. Not quite up to the previous group, which was called "Quartet," but handsomely enacted by a cast that includes Jean Simmons, James Hayter, and Nigel Patrick. A British picture. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

The Big Clock (1948)—Ray Milland as the editor of a detective magazine and Charles Laughton as a homicidal publisher. (Embassy Cinema, 74 E. 42nd, MU 7-8723; starting Nov. 22. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Nov. 19-20.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—A French picture concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 19-20.)

The General Died at Dawn (1936)—Madeleine Carroll and Gary Cooper in the Odets story of conspiracy and war in China. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Nov. 19-21.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier as the melancholy Dane. An English picture. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242; through Nov. 22, tentative.)

The Inspector General (1949)—Danny Kaye, in a Napoleonic setting, creating endless confusion. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Nov. 22.)

Johnny Belinda (1948)—Jane Wyman as a deaf-mute, and Lew Ayres as a charitable young doctor. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Nov. 18-21.)

Mädchen in Uniform (1932)—The old German film about a girls' boarding school. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 16.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—Fields again, this time doing his best as a kindly uncle. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Nov. 18.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers mixed up with the musical world. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Nov. 18.)

The Philadelphia Story (1940)—Philip Barry's play, with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Nov. 17.)

Rebecca (1940)—Hitchcock's adaptation of the Daphne du Maurier novel. Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier. (Embassy Cinema, 74 E. 42nd, MU 7-8723; through Nov. 17. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5.)

Tillie's Punctured Romance (1914)—An old one, with Marie Dressler and Charlie Chaplin. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Nov. 22, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Nov. 19: "Sunrise" (1927), with George O'Brien and Janet Gaynor. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 20: "Captains Courageous" (1937), with Spencer Tracy, Freddie Bartholomew, and Mickey Rooney. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"American Guerrilla in the Philippines," Tyrone Power, Micheline Prelle.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
From Nov. 16, at 8:30: **CYRANO DE BERGERAC.**

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Through Nov. 22: "Devil's Doorway," Robert Taylor.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Right Cross," June Allyson, Dick Powell.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Nov. 22 (tentative): "Tripoli," John Payne, Maureen O'Hara.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"Marriage of Figaro" (in German), Erna Berger; and "Schubert's Serenade," the Vienna Choir Boys.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Nov. 17: "Louisa," Spring Byington, Ronald Reagan, Edmund Gwenn.
From Nov. 18: "Rio Grande," John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
KING SOLOMON'S MINES.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Copper Canyon," Ray Milland, Hedy Lamarr.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Nov. 22 (tentative): "Undercover Girl," Alexis Smith, Scott Brady.

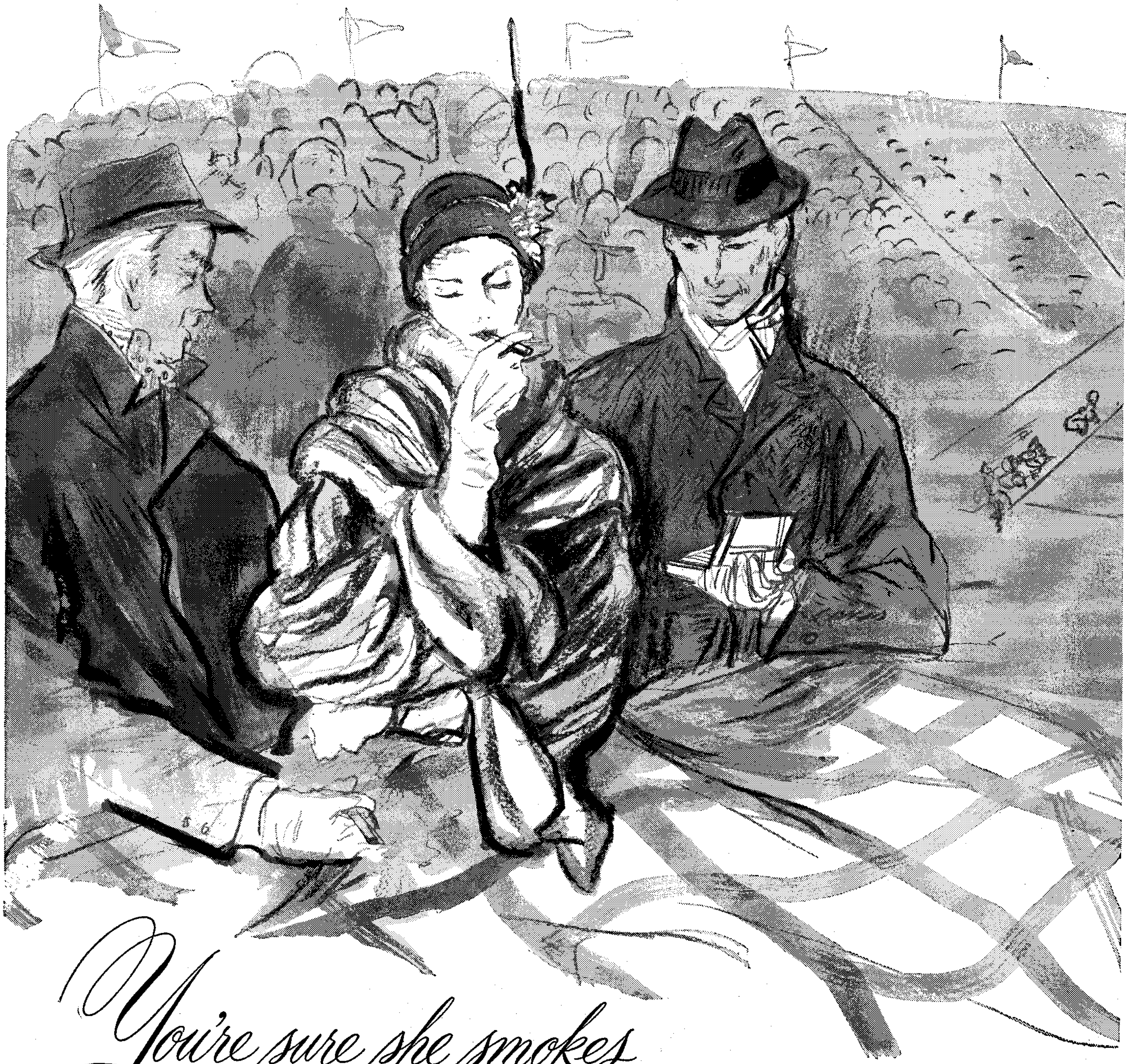
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Nov. 21 (tentative): **ALL ABOUT EVE.**
From Nov. 22 (tentative): "The Jackpot," James Stewart, Barbara Hale.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Harriet Craig," Joan Crawford, Wendell Corey.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Through afternoon of Nov. 16 (last showing at 4:25): "Rocky Mountain," Errol Flynn, Patrice Wymore.
From Nov. 16, at 8:30: "Breakthrough," David Brian, Frank Lovejoy. (Opening night by invitation only.)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Nov. 20: "State Secret," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Glynis Johns.
From Nov. 21: **THE RED SHOES.**

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
BITTER RICE (in Italian).



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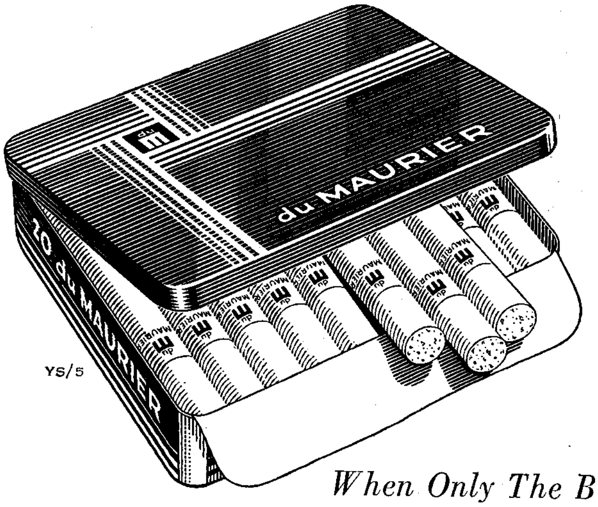

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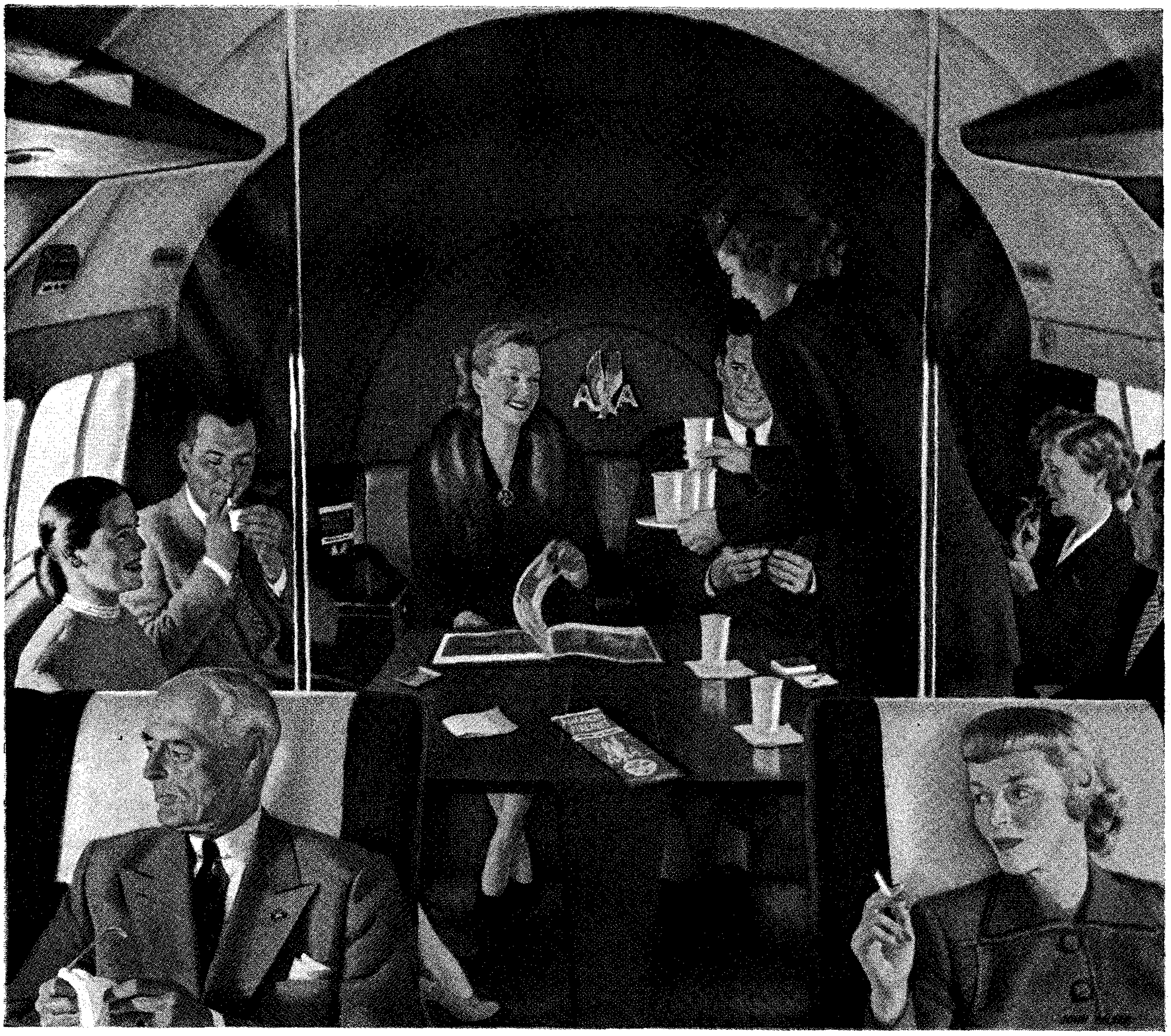

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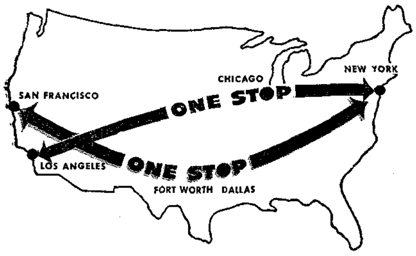

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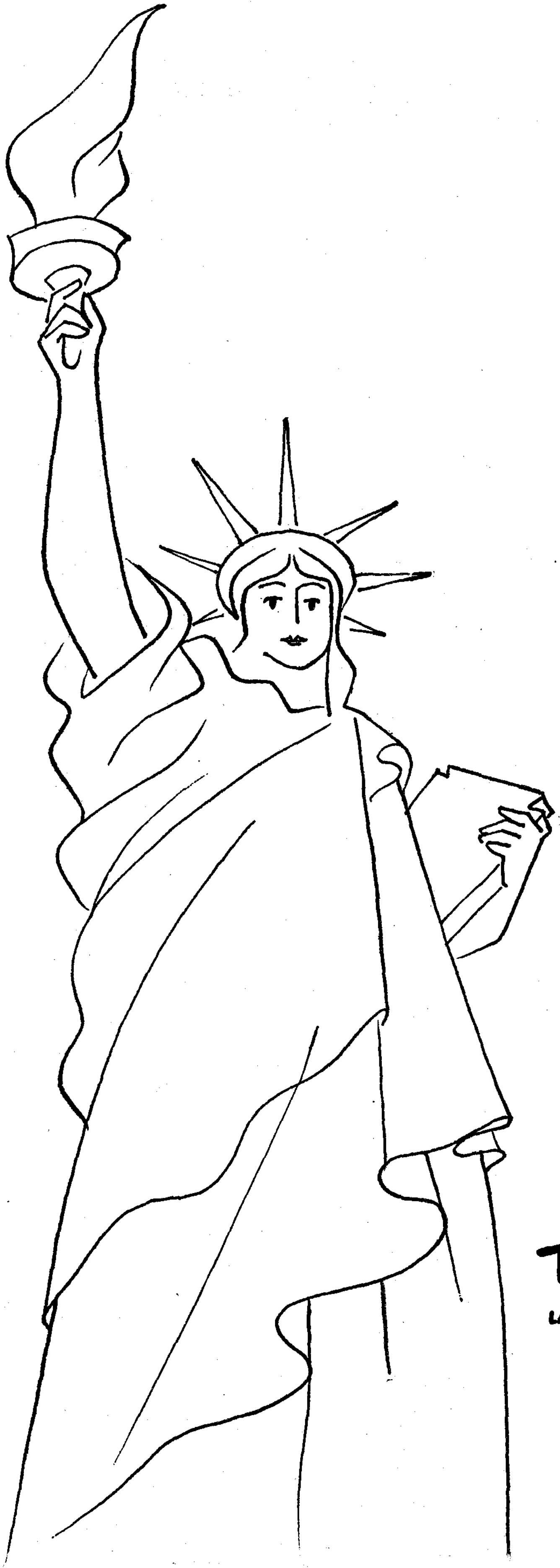
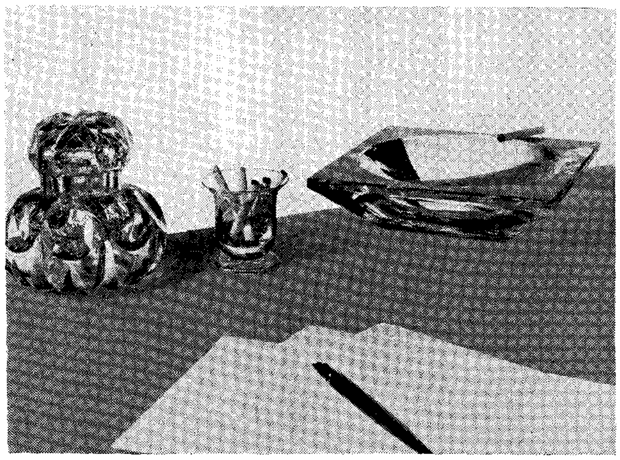


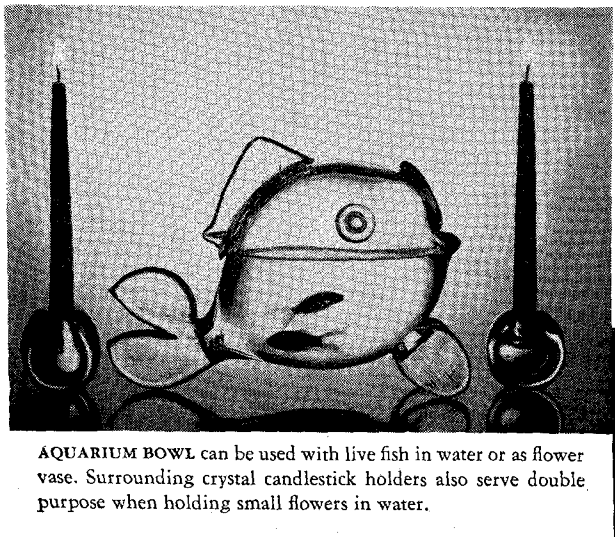
Thanksgiving 1950

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

RISË STEVENS, brilliant star of the Metropolitan Opera and RCA Victor records, puts a finishing touch on a supper table setting of Val St. Lambert crystal.



MONUMENTAL cut-crystal inkstand ideal for desks, both home and office; crystal urn makes cigarettes accessible; nine by nine ashtray, clear and massive, often used by hostesses as centerpiece for flowers.



AQUARIUM BOWL can be used with live fish in water or as flower vase. Surrounding crystal candlestick holders also serve double purpose when holding small flowers in water.

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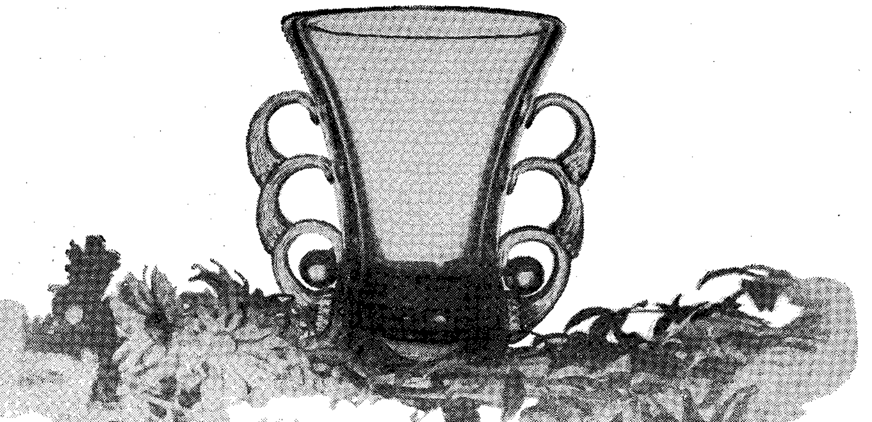

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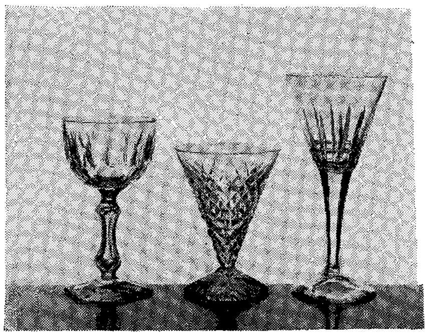
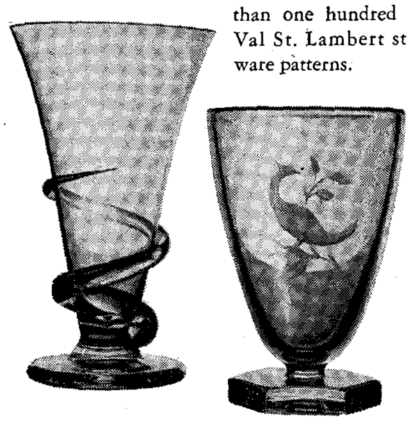
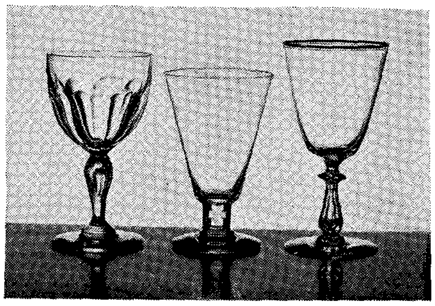
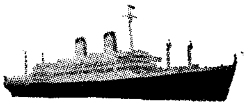


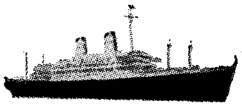
THREE among the more than one hundred fifty Val St. Lambert stemware patterns.





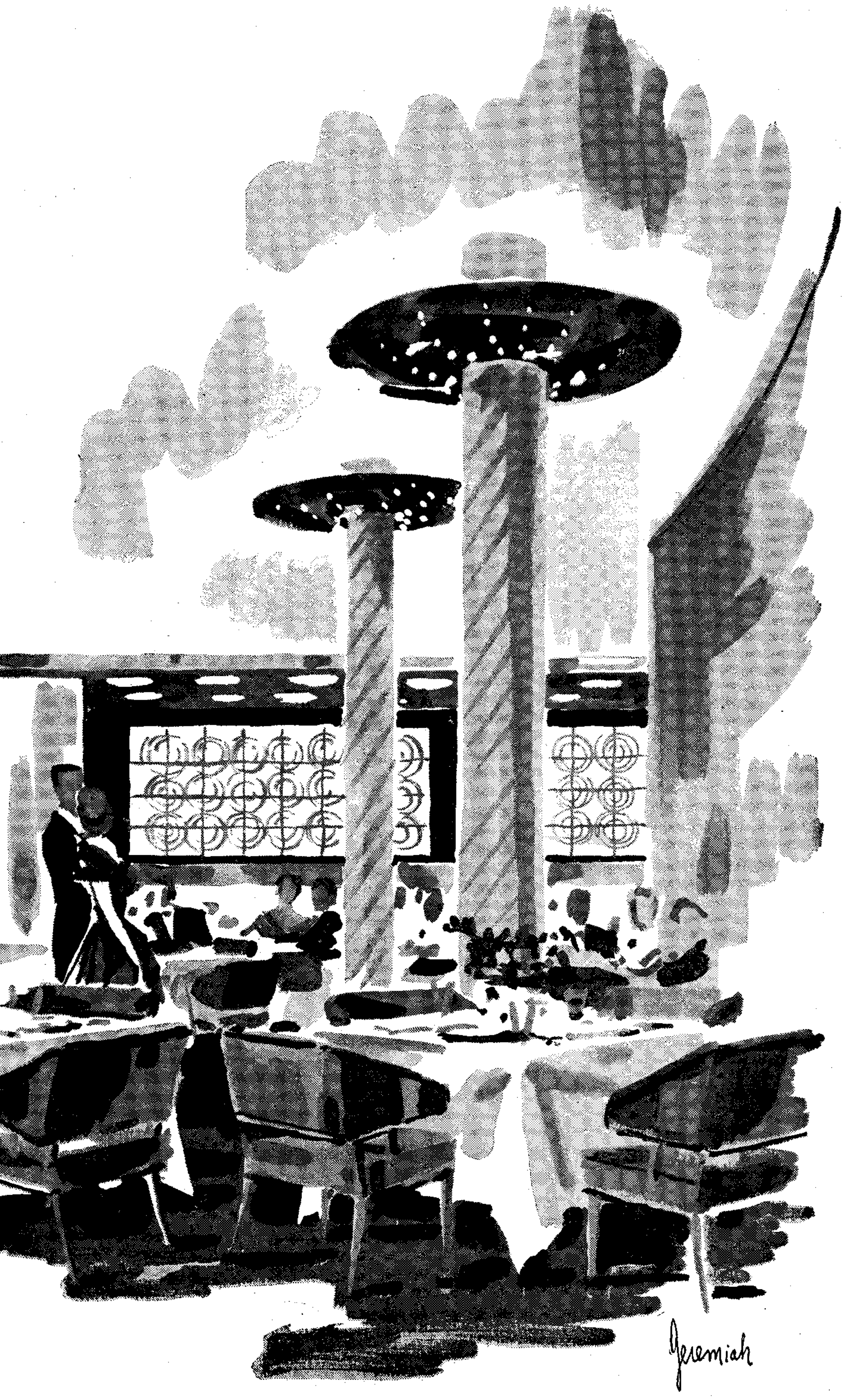


S. S. Independence



S. S. Constitution

Main diningroom sketched at right



Jeremiah

At sea, as on shore, it's Simtex Table Napery . . . The two newest ships of the American Export Line's Luxury Fleet — The S. S. Independence and S. S. Constitution — include Simtex quality table napery among their most attractive appointments. The same exclusive Basco finish process that keeps this napery lastingly lovely after frequent launderings assures long-wearing napery for your home.

Simtex

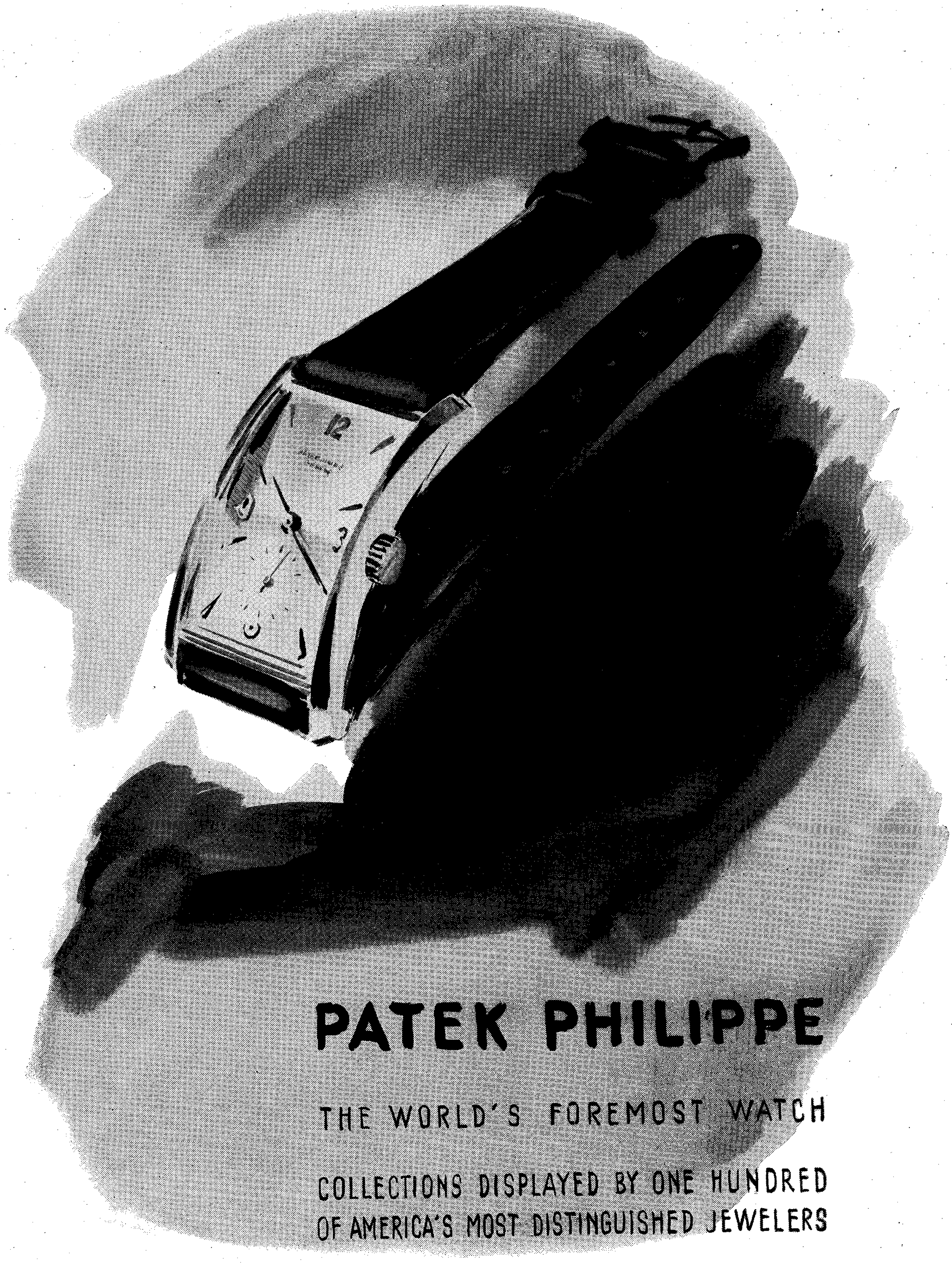
SIMTEX MILLS, 40 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK 13, N. Y. DIVISION OF SIMMONS COMPANY, MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS BEAUTYREST MATTRESS

COMMAND PERFORMANCE

Toni Frissell

Command Performance is one of the few perfumes you can wear with equal success for formal evenings *indoors* and informal occasions *outdoors*. Most feminine and urbane of Helena Rubinstein's famous fragrances, Command Performance has the unique advantage of *lasting for hours and hours*, particularly on furs. And how delightful that you can buy it without visiting Paris! Madame Rubinstein imports essential oils from France, then compounds and bottles the perfume here in America. Command Performance is an exquisitely provocative fragrance—in eau de parfum at 1.75, 3.00, and 5.50. The concentrated perfume itself costs 2.00, 3.75, 6.75 and 12.50. At leading department and drug stores everywhere. ©1950, Helena Rubinstein Inc., 655 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Prices plus tax

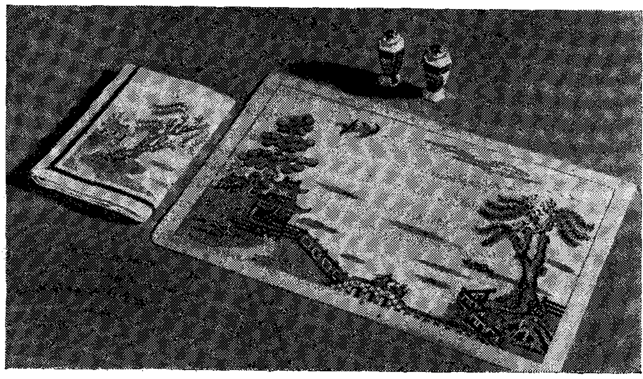
BY HELENA RUBINSTEIN



PATEK PHILIPPE

THE WORLD'S FOREMOST WATCH

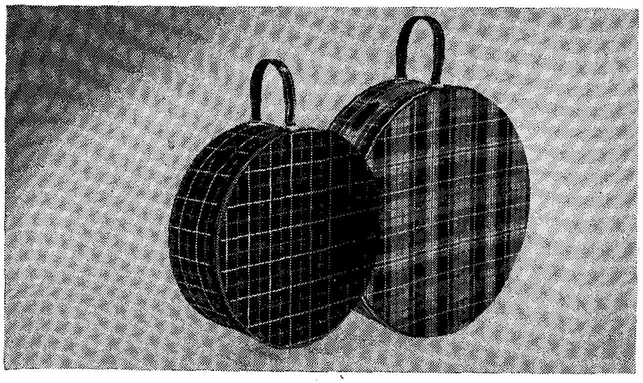
COLLECTIONS DISPLAYED BY ONE HUNDRED
OF AMERICA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED JEWELERS



THE FAMOUS "WILLOW TREE" IN PLASTIC

Perfect setting for casual dining. Excellent quality plastic wipe-off mats with matching pure linen napkins. In blue, pink or green. Service for eight—8 place-mats, 8 napkins, 12.00; Service for four, four place-mats, four napkins, 6.00.

Postage prepaid



ROUND, LIGHTWEIGHT, ZIPPERED HAT BOXES

Luggage she'll love to lug in bold-but-beautiful plaid that's water repellent. Lock and key plus a leather name plate for initials (no extra charge for initialing.) Red or blue. 14" size, 13.65; 16" size, 14.50; 18" size, 15.50; 20" size, 17.25. Plus tax

Postage prepaid

SILK PRINT SCARF BY BEN GOODMAN

Pure silk, pure luxury for gift-giving. Our simply tremendous square, a good 36" size she'll drape, twist or tie at her neck, her waist. It's cravenetted, too. Graceful fawn motif in copen blue, gold, grey, turquoise, taupe ground with contrasting color print. 5.00

Postage prepaid

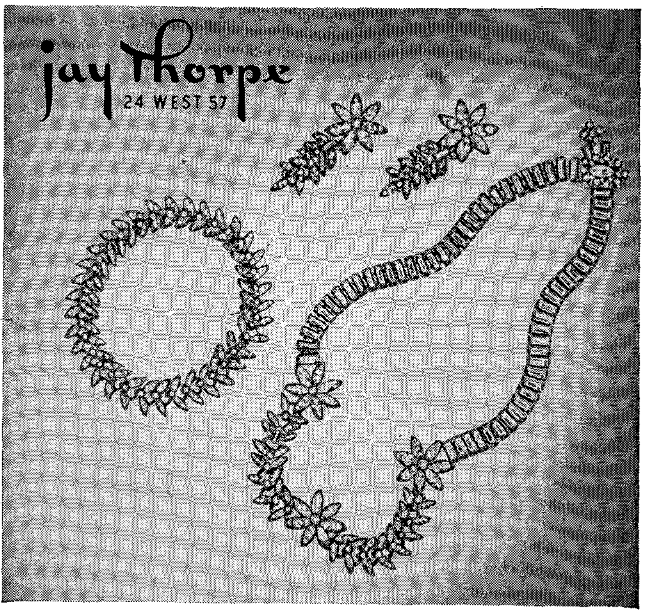
jay Thorpe
24 WEST 57

LUXURIOUS
HOLLANDER
SEAL-DYED MUSKRAT

Fabulous French adaptation of soft, silky and warm Hollander seal-dyed muskrat with a colored lining. Fine quality selected skins. Black only. 595.00

Plus tax.

Third Floor



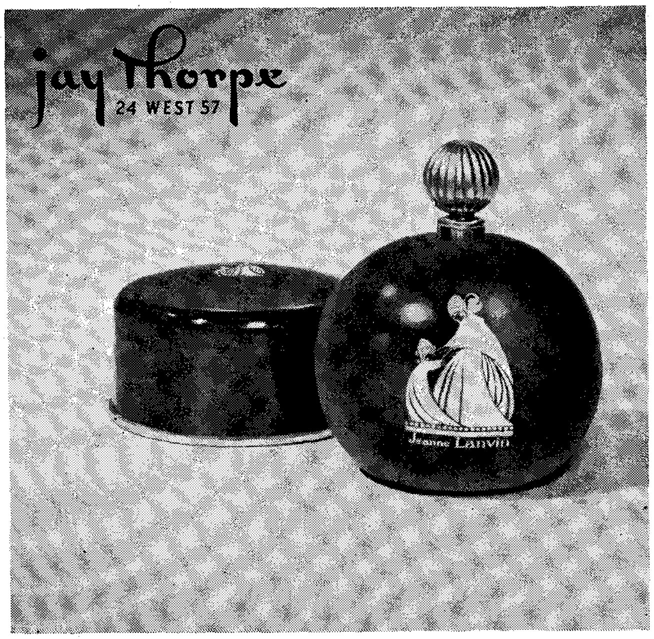
jay Thorpe
24 WEST 57

BRIGHT BITS OF BEAUTY FASHIONED BY LEDO

For her shining hour—fabulous costume jewelry—so newly important. The necklace, exquisite baguette cut stones wedded to delicately traced flowers. The bracelet and dazzling drop earrings to match. A stroke of genius by Ledo—brilliant rhinestones artfully hand set in rhodium finished metal. Necklace, 29.95; bracelet, 24.00; matching earrings, 15.00. All plus tax.

Postage prepaid

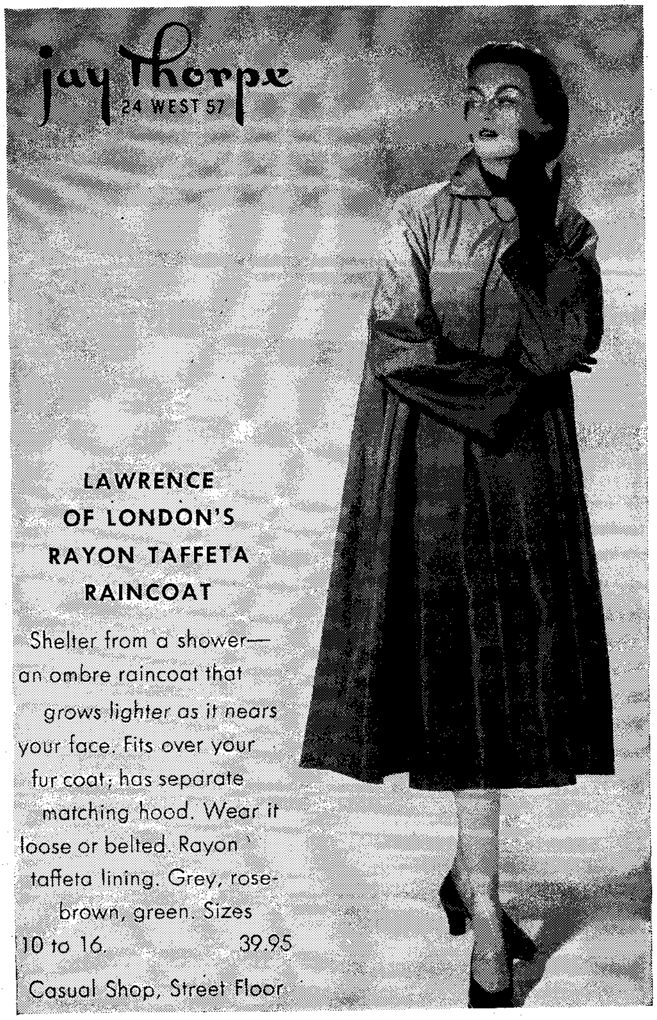
Of course, anything you select will be distinctively gift wrapped, if you request it.



IRRESISTIBLE FRAGRANCE—LANVIN'S ARPÈGE

The scent of the century—intriguing, intoxicating Arpège, beloved for its subtle, lasting fragrance. Exquisitely packaged for Christmas giving. Dusting powder in huge black plastic box with soft lamb's wool puff, 5.00; ½ oz. perfume, 12.50; 1 oz. perfume, 23.50; 2 oz. perfume (as pictured), 40.00; Eau de Lanvin, 4 oz. size, 6.00; 8 oz. size, 10.00. Handsome quart, 37.50. All plus tax.

Postage prepaid.

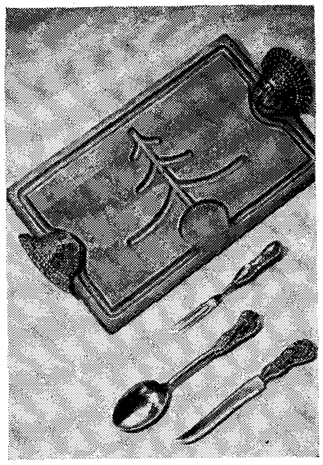


LAWRENCE OF LONDON'S RAYON TAFFETA RAINCOAT

Shelter from a shower—an ombre raincoat that grows lighter as it nears your face. Fits over your fur coat; has separate matching hood. Wear it loose or belted. Rayon taffeta lining. Grey, rose-brown, green. Sizes 10 to 16. 39.95

Casual Shop, Street Floor

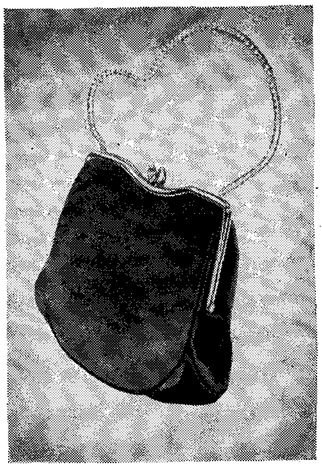
SUN GLO STUDIO TURKEY CARVING SET



You'll carve with confidence your Christmas bird, or any bird thereafter—with this cleverly designed set by Bruce Fox. Turkey carvers have polished aluminum handles, stainless steel blades and tines. Set, 18.00. Handy stuffing spoon of polished aluminum, 6.95. Board. 25.00. Postage prepaid

Jay Thorpe, 24 W. 57th St.

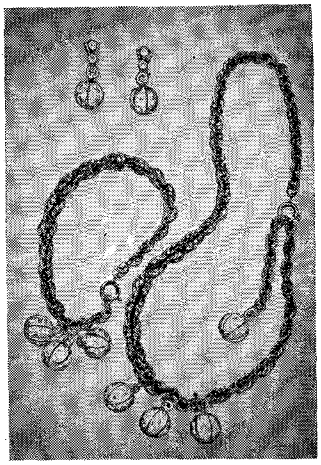
"THE BAGATELLE" BY ROSENFELD



Opulent, the spacious bag in suede, cashmere, rayon velvet, faille, or satin in black, navy, brown. Rayon satin also in pale blue, pink, champagne and jewel tones. Vari-colored imported brocade. Suede, cashmere, brocade. 15.00. Velvet, faille, satin, 12.75. All plus tax. Postage prepaid

Jay Thorpe, 24 W. 57th St.

GOLDEN BRILLIANCE BY RALPH DE ROSA



For the new down-to-there necklines give her glitter—an eye-filling set in an intricately twisted rope pattern. He's chosen shimmery gold plate to accentuate its loveliness. Adjustable necklace, 15.00; matching bracelet, 12.50; drop earrings, 10.95. All plus tax.

Postage prepaid

Jay Thorpe, 24 W. 57th St.

OUR VERY OWN DUO-PACK BY KEWAR

Good traveling companion, our polka dotted rayon taffeta kit. On one side there's a handy supply of tissues — on the other, four unbreakable plastic bottles and two sizable jars. Claret with red, navy with silver, pink with black. 7.95. Brown with chartreuse, 8.50. Plus 70c tax. Postage prepaid.

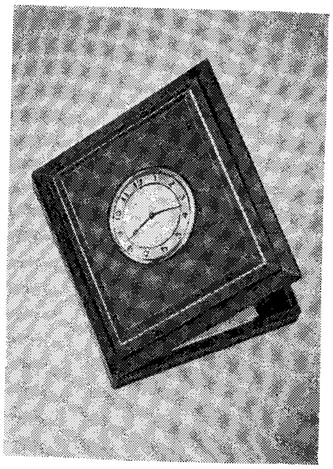
Jay Thorpe, 24 W. 57th St.

JACQUELINE COCHRAN TRAVELITE KIT

A pound of beauty in a spill-proof case with plastic, unbreakable bottles of Cochran's famous lotion cleanser, skin lotion, lubricant, lotion deodorant, and a plastic face-powder container. In brown or red plastic that resembles leather. 5.00 plus tax.

Postage prepaid

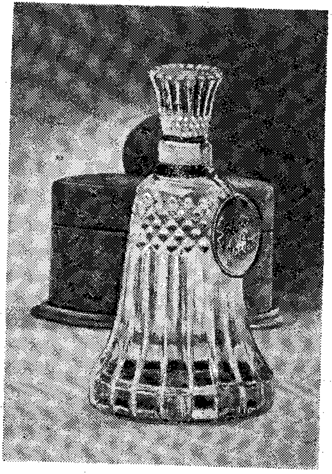
Jay Thorpe, 24 W. 57th St.



LEATHER REMINDER BY PATRICIAN

Reminder extraordinaire for a special person...a smart, gold tooled leather covered pad with a watch set in its cover. The pad is loose-leafed with a plunger to push out the sheets, and the watch is guaranteed. In navy, mahogany, wine, or green. 10.45 plus 50c tax. Postage prepaid.

Jay Thorpe, 24 W. 57th St.

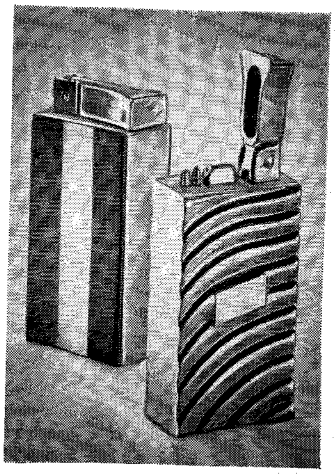


GOLDEN SHADOWS BY EVYAN

A lighter and lovelier flower-touched scent by the creators of the most successful "White Shoulders". Attractively bottled and gift-boxed Perfume: ¼ oz., 5.00; ½ oz., 10.00; and 1 oz., 18.50 Cologne: 2 oz., 2.75; 4 oz., 5.00; 8 oz., 8.50. All plus tax.

Postage prepaid

Jay Thorpe, 24 W. 57th St.

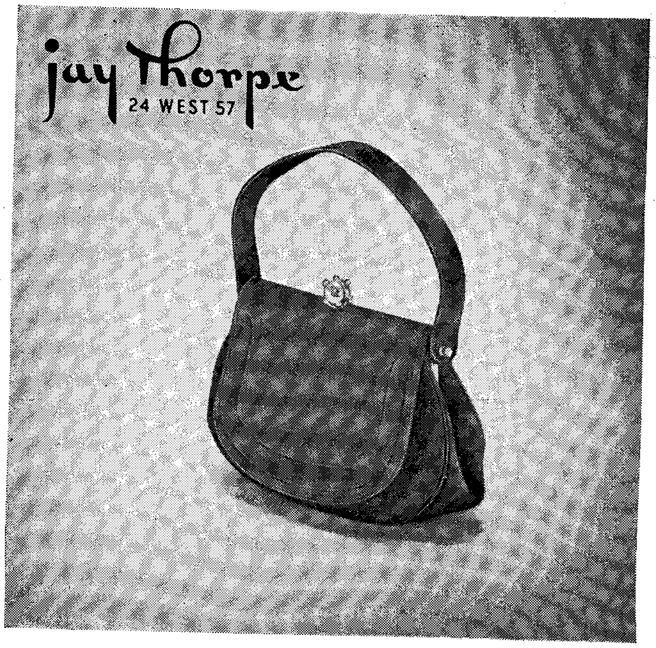


PURSE ATOMIZER BY COTTER

That thoughtful little, unique little gift you're always hunting for, that really is "just what she needs". A handy perfume atomizer for her bag, guaranteed leakproof, evaporation-proof. In 14K gold plate, 4.95; real mother of pearl, 6.95. With no federal tax.

Postage prepaid.

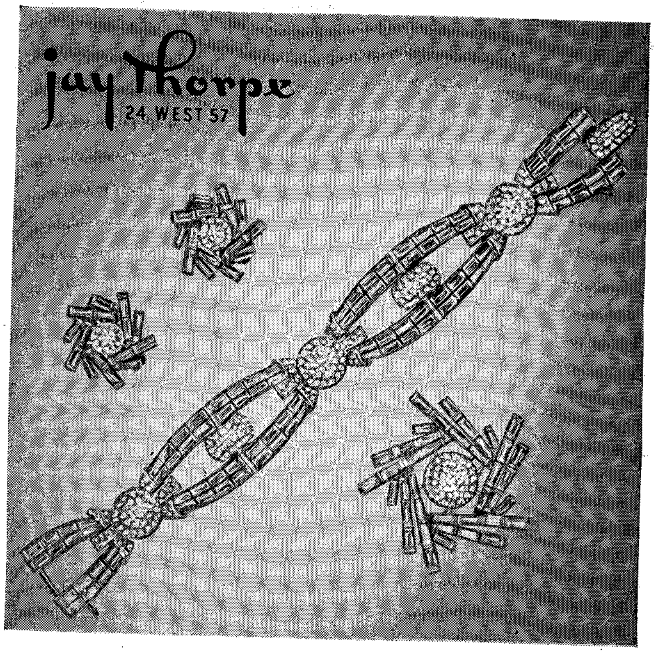
Jay Thorpe, 24 W. 57th St.



ELEGANT POUCH-SATCHEL BY BIENEN-DAVIS

Happy is she who finds this under her tree. A bag of beauty, translated into two luscious leathers—butter-soft suede for afternoons and on, or supple calfskin for tailored times. Its graceful contours sparked with a stunning gold and silver studded clasp. Softly padded molding trim on flap cleverly conceals convenient outside pocket. Choose black, brown or navy, 35.00 each, plus tax.

Postage prepaid



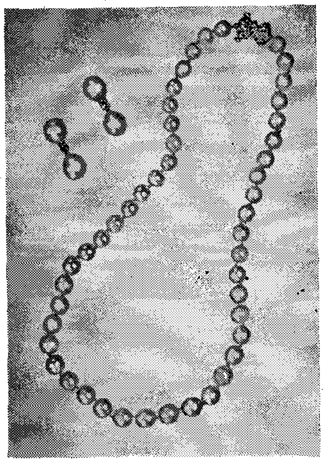
TWINKLING TRIO BY MARCEL BOUCHER

Kindle the night with romantic fires. Pin, earrings, bracelet ablaze with baguette shaped rhinestones set by hand in rhodium finished metal. Together, dazzling—worn apart, the final, brilliant touch to a costume. A triumph of design by Marcel Boucher—jewelry she'll treasure for many Christmases to come. Bracelet, 31.95; Matching pin, 15.00; Matching earrings, 10.95. All plus tax.

Postage prepaid

RAYON SATIN DAMASK FROM SWITZERLAND

A masterpiece in rayon satin damask, fashioned in a rich panel design, faultlessly hand hemmed. All cloths 68" wide; new oblong shape napkins 17 x 25". Hunter green, platinum grey, burgundy, champagne. 2½ yds., 8 napkins — 59.50; 3 yds., 12 napkins — 82.50; 3½ yds., 12 napkins—93.00; 4 yds., 12 napkins—103.00; 5 yds., 18 napkins—145.00. Monograms on napkins, finest hand embroidery, 3.50 each. Postage prepaid.

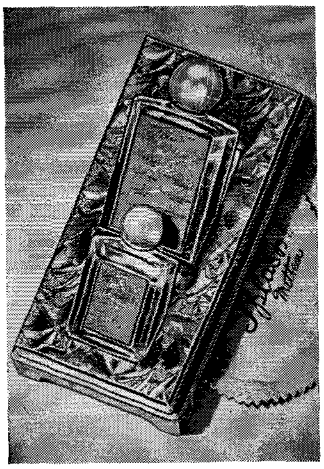


CULTURED PEARLS BY NEPTUNE

Destined to be her most treasured jewels — the peerless richness, the luster of cultured pearls with a precious diamond clasp. Perfect adornment. And to match, pearl drop earrings with diamond center. Necklace, 170.00; Earrings, 155.00. Both plus tax.

Postage prepaid

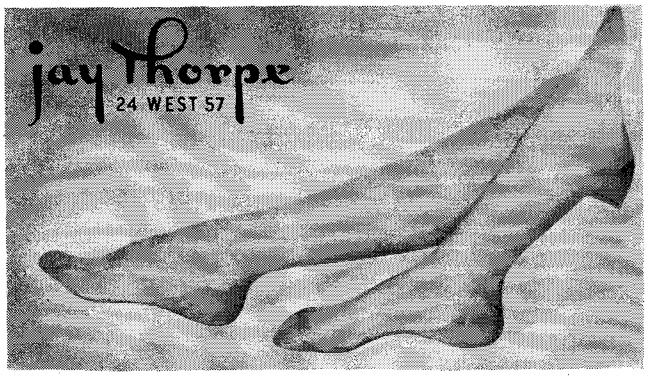
Jay Thorpe, 24 W. 57th St.



EVYAN'S TREASURE TROVE

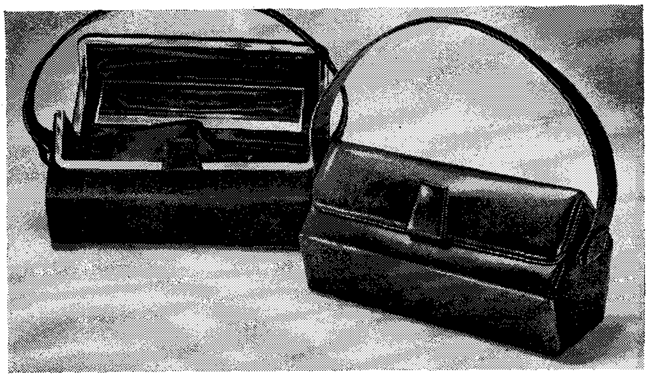
A sight to behold in its bold, gold box—a veritable Treasure Trove of enticing scents conjured up by famed Evyan. Contains the compelling White Shoulders fragrance, Splash and cologne. A trio of loveliness makes a charming kit for a special someone. 3.00 Plus tax. Postage prepaid.

Jay Thorpe, 24 W. 57th St.



SHADOW-SHEER PRESTIGE NYLONS

"You couldn't ask for lovelier nylons." Prestige, of course, in Midday Brown, Evenglow, Morning Cloud or Daytime. 60 gauge, 15 denier, 1.95; 54 gauge, 15 denier, 1.75; 51 gauge, 15 denier, 1.65. Tip Toe sandal—51 gauge, 15 denier. Sunglow, Midday Brown, Morning Cloud, 1.95. Postage prepaid.



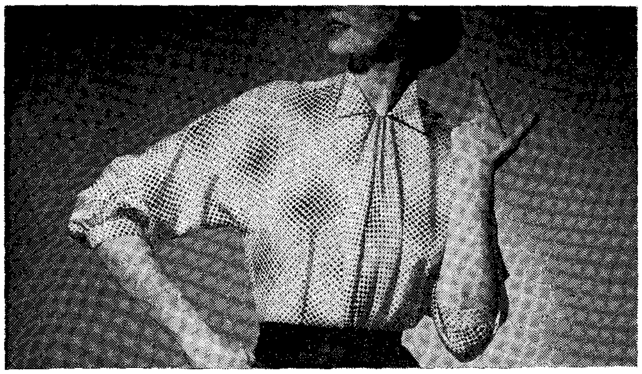
"TOAST OF THE TOWN" BAG TAILORED BY DALON

A beautiful bag—sleek of line, superbly shaped, completely accommodating. A delight to open the unique peaked top and behold the well-placed mirror. She'll love it in creamy soft suede or supple calfskin. Choose from black, brown, or navy. 25.00. Plus tax.

Postage prepaid

HANDSOME CARRYING CASES FOR HER

Trim-looking train case mates colorful, waterproof plaid with sturdy solid leather handles and trim. Adjustable loops, linen lining. 13 x 7½ x 8". Authentic plaids in red, green, blue. 24.95. Plus tax. It really packs them in—this lightweight top grain cowhide fitted case with 3 large bottles, mirror, comb, plus room for overnight necessities. Ginger, suntan. (No charge for initialing). 29.50. Plus tax.



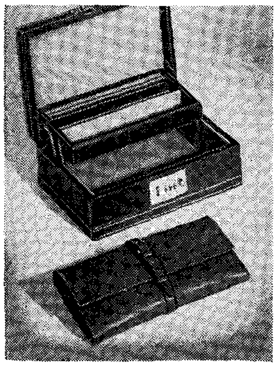
HAYMAKER'S SPACE-DOTTED SILK BLOUSE

Haymaker takes pure silk, sprinkles it with dots, pours it extravagantly into a billow-sleeved blouse . . . and voilà, the perfect accent for your every suit. White and navy, white and brown, white and red. Sizes 10 to 20. 17.95. Short sleeve style with tab collar. 14.95. Postage prepaid.

Ballet Theatre
THE PLAYBILL

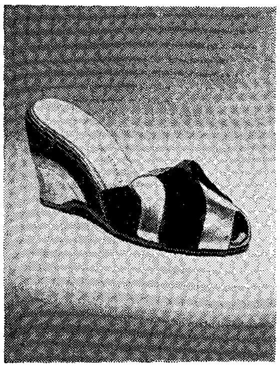
LUXURIOUS ARIS 4-BUTTON CLASSIC SLIPONS

Fashion to her fingertips. The gloves she loves meticulously crafted in softest, most supple Blackhead Mocha, aristocrat of undressed leathers. Choose from black, brown, navy or white. Famous Aris "400", P. K. sewn, 8.50; or Aris "402", hand sewn, 9.95. Sizes 5¾ to 7½. Postage prepaid.



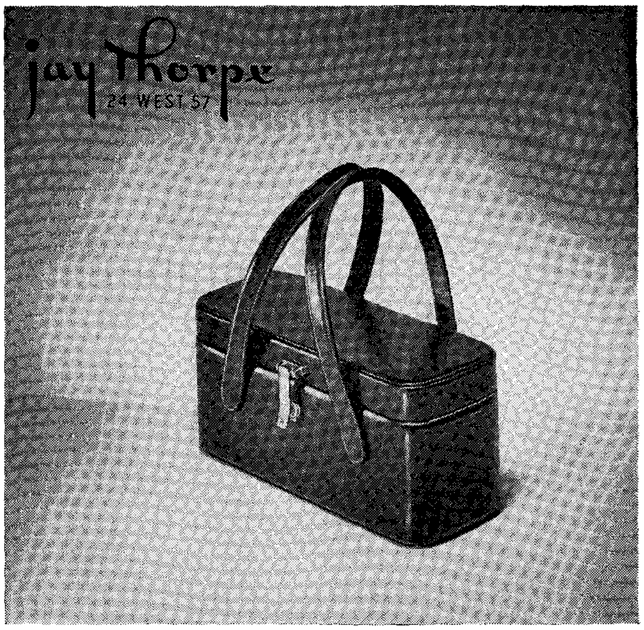
JEWEL CASES

Imported morocco jewel roll for traveling. 8 compartments, ring bar and suede lining. Red, green, brown, navy. Open 11¼ x 8¾". 13.95. Calf jewel case. Tan, maroon, red, blue, green. 9 x 6¼ x 3½". 13.50



BOUDOIR SLIPPERS

Twinkle toes—gleaming gold or silver kid shimmered with rayon satin—and tinted to whatever shade you please—or purest white. Wonderful to get or to give. Real value at only 12.95.



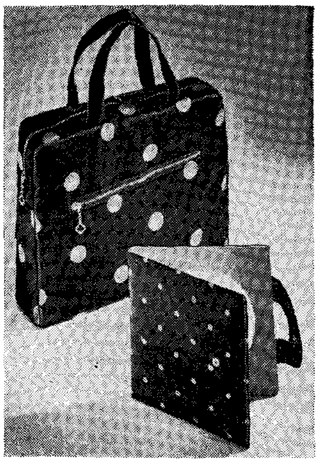
MAGNIFICENT BOX BAG BY COBLENTZ

A tribute to her taste for fine things, a bag of classic beauty eloquently stated by Coblentz. Impeccably fashioned with softly rounded corners, a quiet touch of ornamentation in the simple gold-plated lock. Inside, there's a cover-size mirror, lots of room for all her needs. Gift her with this on Christmas. Choose from black, brown or navy in polished calf, 28.50; or elegant rayon faille, 18.50. Postage prepaid Both plus tax.

OUR VERY OWN TOURIST CASE

Smartness personified in our polka-dotted rayon taffeta case with separate zippered compartment to tuck small accessories. Claret/red, navy/silver, pink/black. 5.50. Plus tax. Make-up mirror for travelers—one side magnifying, the other plain. Folds flat. Colors above. 5.50. Postage prepaid.

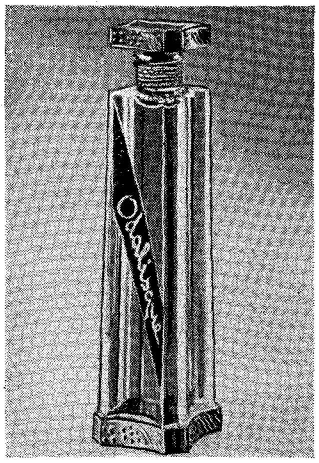
Jay Thorpe, 24 W. 57th St.



ODALISQUE BY NETTIE ROSENSTEIN

Fragrance of beauty and intoxicating charm, Odalisque—a new, haunting scent adds to your enchantment. Created for unforgettable moments. 1½ Dr., 3.50; ½ oz., 15.00; 1 oz., 25.00; Eau de Parfum, 2 oz., 5.50; 4 oz., 10.00; 8 oz., 16.50; Bath oil, 2 oz., 5.00; 4 oz., 8.50. Plus tax. Postage prepaid.

Jay Thorpe, 24 W. 57th St.

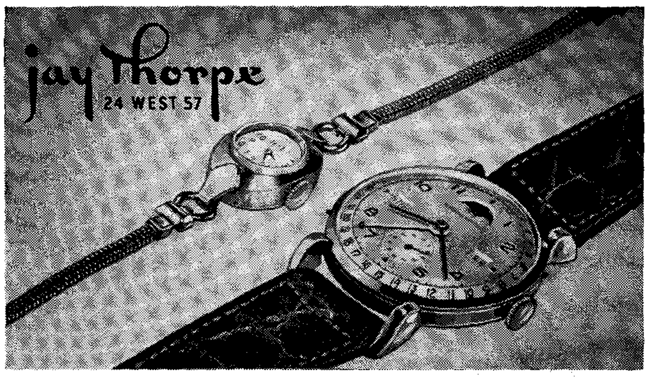


jay Thorpe
24 WEST 57

TWO GOOD COMPANIONS AND A BRIEF BAG

Smooth, saddle-stitched top grain cowhide in suntan or ginger. 24" two suiter, two removable hangers, 39.50; 21" companion; 34.50. Suntan brief bag, three large compartments, 16", 21.50; 18", 23.50 Plus tax. No charge for initials.

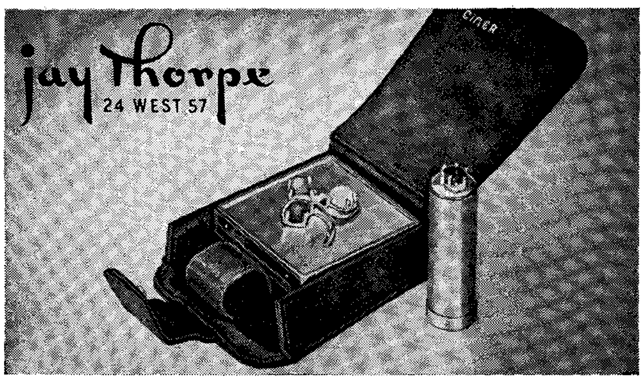
Postage prepaid



FOR HIM OR HER—A KINGSTON WATCH

A stunning, cunning little watch for her of 14K gold with a gold-filled bracelet band; 46.75. For him: a handsome Datafix with a genuine alligator band (the day and date changes when the Swiss movement is wound); 71.50. Each, fed. tax included.

Postage prepaid



COMPACT AND LIPSTICK CASE BY CINER

To match the newly important elegance of the new late-day fashion, a golden metal compact and lipstick case with semi-precious stones set like real jewels in a tastefully simple motif. Encased in black rayon satin. Small, 15.00; large, 17.50. Plus tax.,

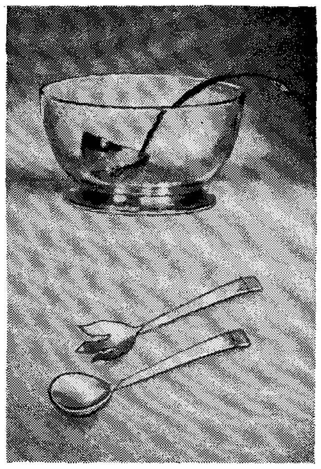
Postage prepaid

CRYSTAL BOWL BY SUNGLO STUDIO

You'll greet this with hallelujahs, if you get it or give it. For cheer, a punch bowl. For décor, a flower bowl. For salads — a wonderbowl. Fine crystal on a brass base, 6.95. Its beautifully designed brass servers, 5.00; brass ladle, 5.00.

Postage prepaid.

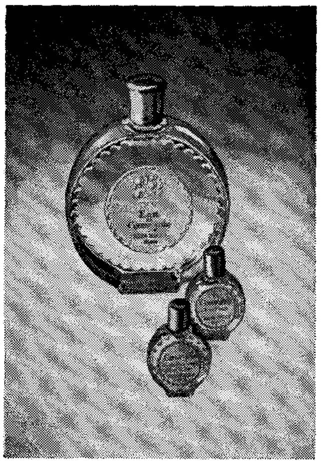
Jay Thorpe, 24 W. 57th St.



NINA RICCI'S IMPORTED TRIO

Imported directly from Paris: Nina Ricci's perfume, bath oil and cologne in Lalique bottles. Made, bottled and sealed in France. In two enchanting fragrances, Coeur Joie, a jasmine, and L'Air du Temps, the essence of crushed flowers. 5.00 plus tax. Postage prepaid

Jay Thorpe, 24 W. 57th St.



JOSEF'S CHAMELEON BAG

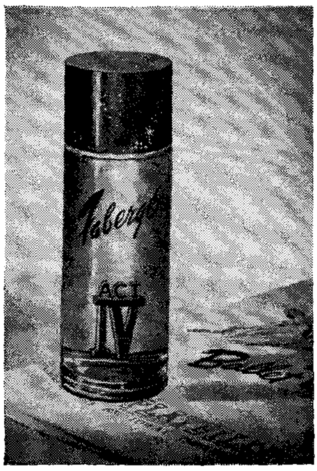
All things to all women — in colors and fabrics to suit every occasion. By day, cashmere, 12.75; suede, 15.00 Late-day —rayon satin, velvet, faille, 10.50. In black, brown, navy Satin also in red, green Evening, rayon vari-brocade, 15. Plus tax. Postage prepaid.

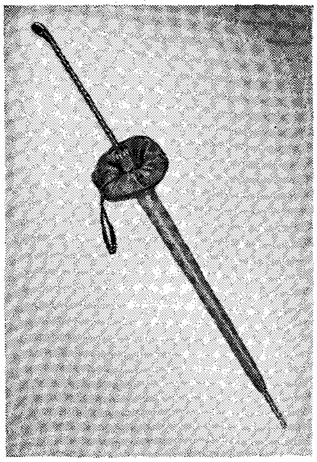
Jay Thorpe, 24 W. 57th St.

FABERGÉ'S ACT IV COLOGNE

The very newest of those extraordinary colognes by Fabergé —makes its grand entrance in a crystal-clear cylinder with a gold-starred black cap. The fragrance . . . opulent, dreamy —theatrical 2 oz., 2.00, 4 oz., 3.50, 6 oz., 5.00, 16 oz., 10.00. All plus tax. Postage prepaid.

Jay Thorpe, 24 W. 57th St.





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The slender sheath, Paris inspired and très, très chic to carry, weather or not, for elegance! Cobra for the long slim, handle, the calla lily cover casts its petal in rustling rayon taffeta. Black, brown, grey, navy, wine. 10.95

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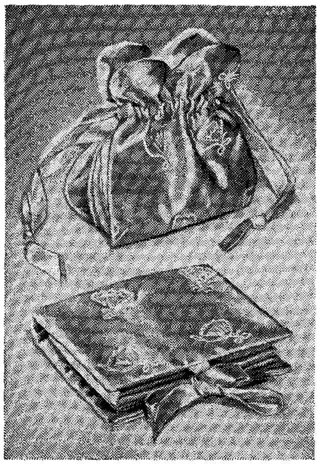

CHARMING HOSIERY CASES

Luxury for her boudoir in rayon satin aflutter with fans. Perfect hideaway for half dozen hose. Put this in her Christmas stocking — then she'll put her stockings in it. Pink with blue, blue with pink, American beauty with black. Pouch, 4.95 Flat style, 3.95.

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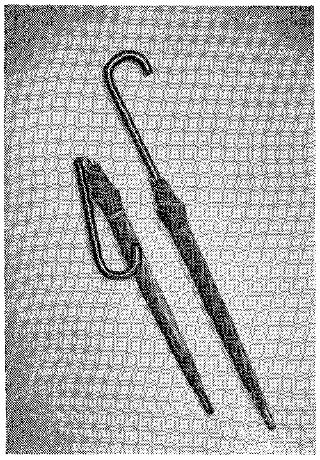

"THE TRAVELER" COLLAPSIBLE UMBRELLA

If she likes to travel light, she'll cheer this new-fangled innovation. With its collapsible morocco cane handle it dwindles to nearly nothing and tucks under her arm. 10-rib frame with rayon taffeta covering. Black, red, brown, navy, dark green. 7.95

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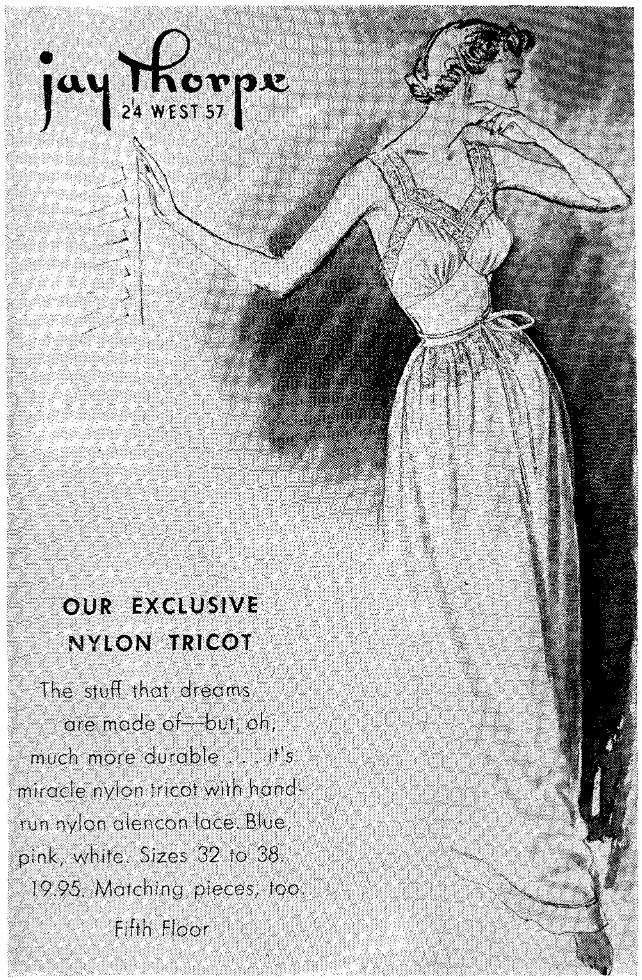

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24 WEST 57

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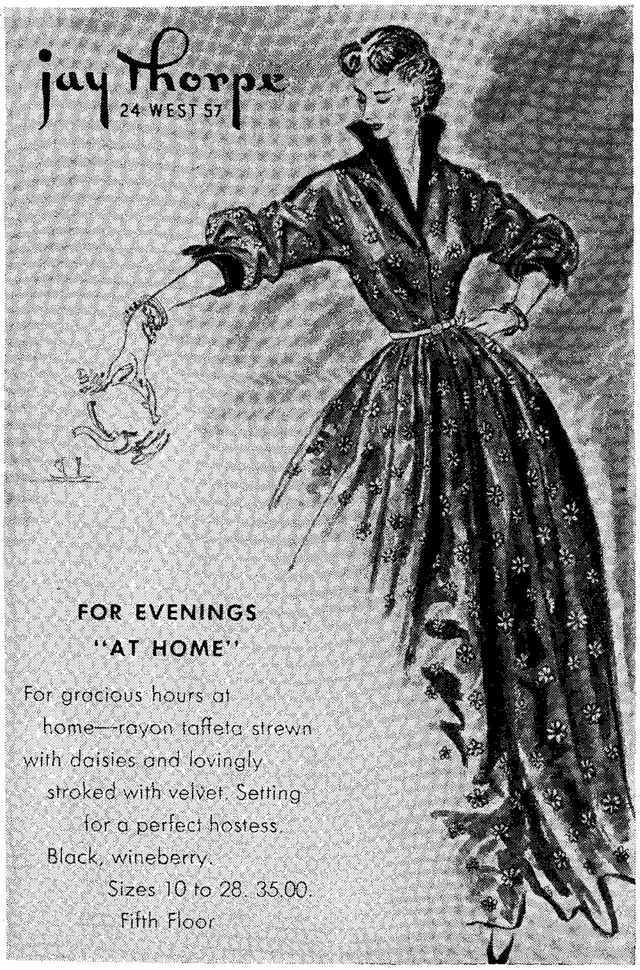
Fifth Floor



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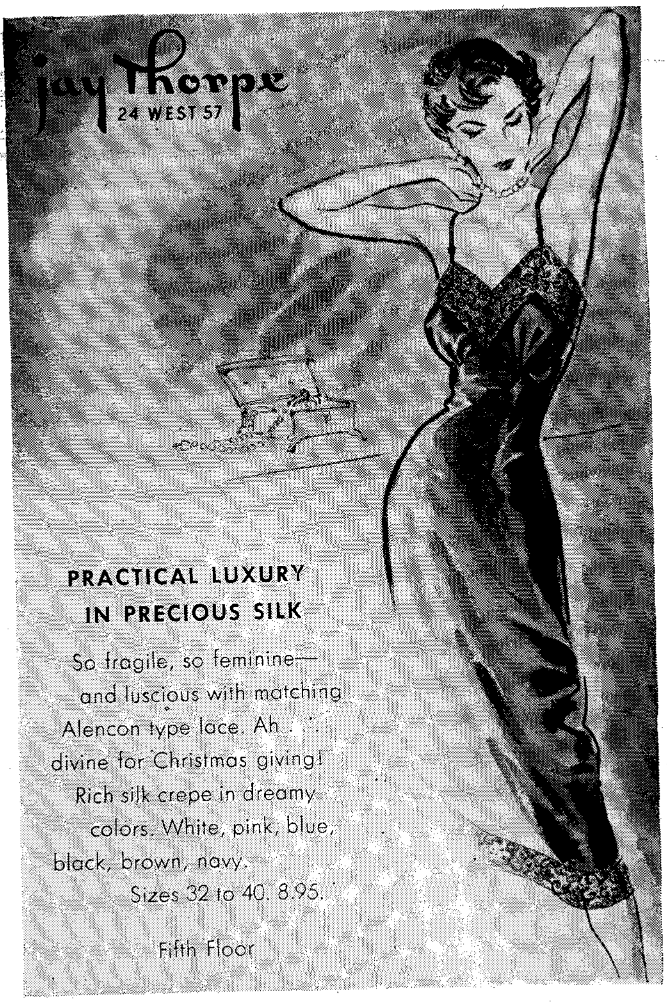
FOR EVENINGS "AT HOME"

For gracious hours at home—rayon taffeta strewn with daisies and lovingly stroked with velvet. Setting for a perfect hostess. Black, wineberry.

Sizes 10 to 28. 35.00.

Fifth Floor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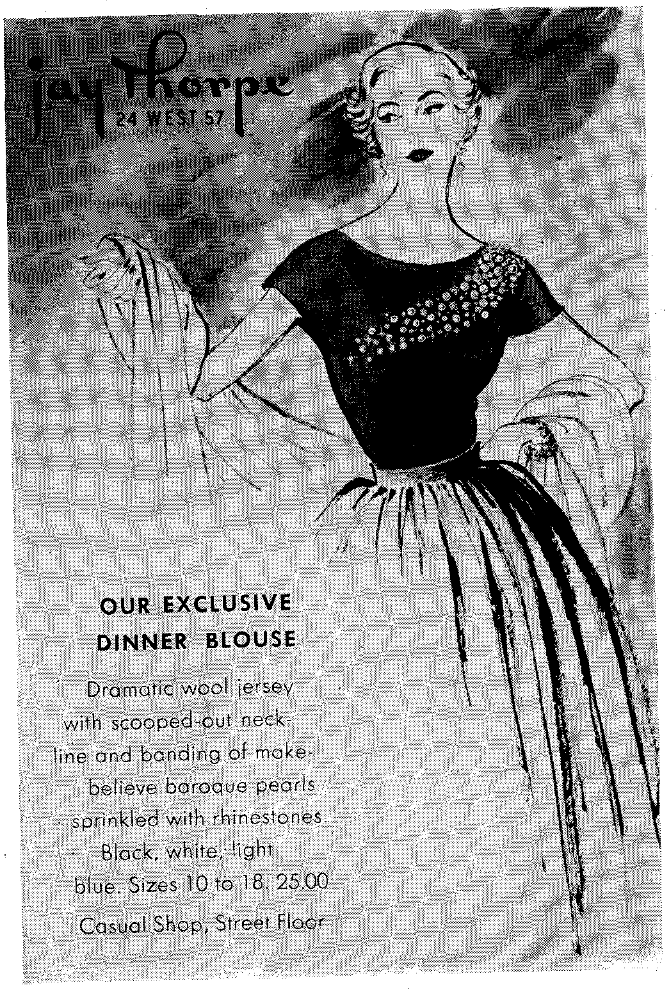
PRACTICAL LUXURY
IN PRECIOUS SILK

So fragile, so feminine—and luscious with matching Alencon type lace. Ah . . divine for Christmas giving! Rich silk crepe in dreamy colors. White, pink, blue, black, brown, navy. Sizes 32 to 40. 8.95.

Fifth Floor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Casual Shop, Street Floor

WOMEN'S WALLET

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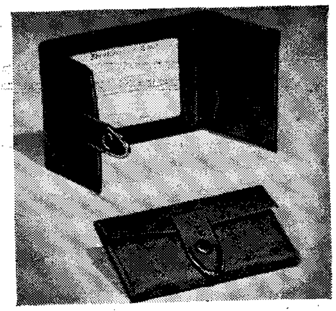
(No charge for initialing).



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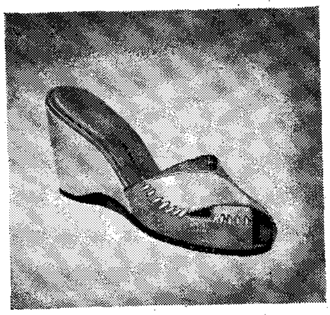
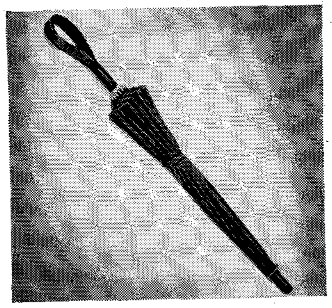
There's luxury afoot. Pamper her this Christmas with slippers of softest kid—she'll love you for it. Choose from elegant combinations of silver and gold, or delicately pastel pink and blue. The tiny price is tempting. 12.95



HANDSOME UMBRELLA

Smart-to-carry umbrella with leather loop handle; 16-rib Celanese rayon taffeta covered frame. Black with black, red with black, grey with black, beige with black, or navy with navy, maple with brown. 7.95.



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Plus 10% tax.

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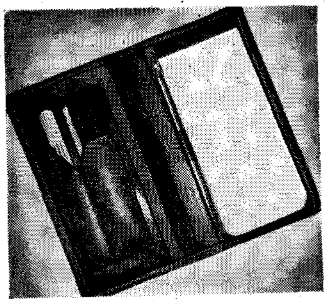
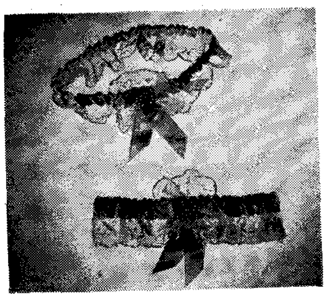
This has 3 full length pockets, memo pad, automatic pencil, comb and file. Natural pigskin; brown or black morocco. 7.95. Plus tax. Here is genuine morocco in red, green, brown. 5.50. Plus tax.
(No charge for initialing).



BRIDAL GARTERS

Charmed circles for the bride-to-be to wear on that dream-come-true day. Lacy, lovely garters for her "something blue." Sentimental, slightly frivolous gift—daintied with a circle of look-like pearls. Pair, 2.50.



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Model S Grand, Ebonized

It may take months of use to determine whether the piano you select is all that you want it to be. It is important, therefore, to consider the reputation of the piano maker before you buy. This Christmas, act wisely by choosing a piano with the distinguished Steinway name!

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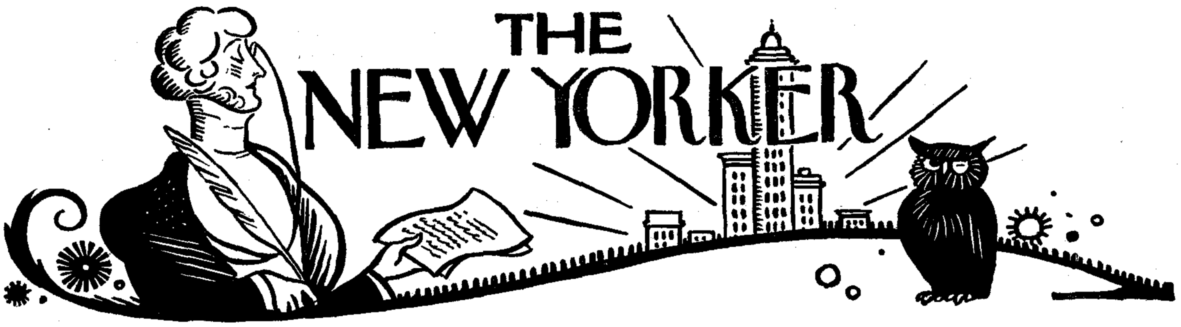
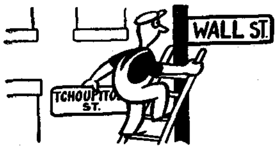


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE trouble with Wall Street is it is too easy to pronounce. Anybody with half a mouth can say "Wall Street." It's as easy to pronounce as "*nyet*." All a foreigner has to do is pucker his mouth a little, and blow, and he has "Wall Street." All over the earth, people have been told about Wall Street—how decadent and capitalistic it is—and these people can throw it at us because they can say the words. When American soldiers went into Korea, the Communists yelled "Wall Street masters!" at them, although the soldiers didn't know whether industrials and rails were up or down. The thing to do about this is to change the name of Wall Street. Perhaps New Orleans would let us have Tchoupitoulas Street in exchange. If the Kremlin's propaganda machine had to hang a lot of its stuff on Tchoupitoulas Street, mechanical costs would rise sharply; moreover, the name would hardly be worth using, because so few people could say it. The *Wall Street Journal* could become the *Tchoupitoulas Street Journal*. The editorials could remain the same.

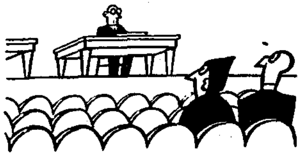


Another good name would be Stalin Street. That would fix the propaganda machine for keeps.

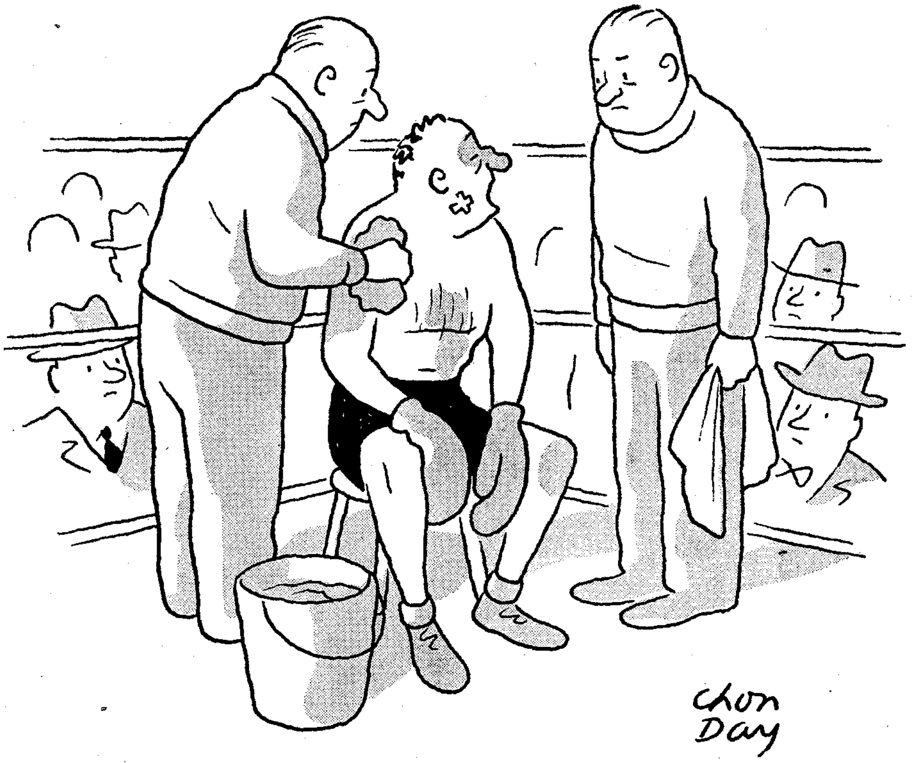
"HUNDREDS of good-looking long-lines operators refused to cross the strikers' picket lines at the A.T.&T. building at 32 Ave. of Americas, even though it was pay day," the *World-Telegram* wrote of the inception of the telephone strike last week. This seems to us lopsided reporting. How about the operators who stayed on the job—were they less favored than their striking striking sisters? Mr. Leroy A. Wilson, president of A.T.&T., is as handsome a fellow as you'd want to see, but not a word of this, and nary an adjective for the many telephone subscribers who suffered from spotty service looking as pretty as you please.

No Bolsters

THIS week's outstanding cultural event, a reading of scenes from "Macbeth," with Dr. Edith Sitwell as Lady Macbeth, Glenway Wescott as Macbeth, and two professional actors, Bernard Savage and Gertrude Flynn, in minor roles, was preceded by several matinal rehearsals at the Museum of Modern Art, its sponsor, one of which we were privileged to attend, through the courtesy of Monroe Wheeler, of the Museum staff, who signed Dr. Sitwell up for the project. As we arrived on the scene, the Museum auditorium, Mr. Savage was gallantly greeting Dr. Sitwell, who was already seated at one of two tables on the stage. "You're always before anyone else," he said. "Someone as regal as you should always be *last*." "I'm a super-punctual person," replied Dr. Sitwell, who was wearing a black robe, a black, hoody hat, and a topaz ring the size of a railroad conductor's watch. She indicated a fat notebook in front of her and said, "I suddenly found out last night I had to copy the whole thing. They say I can't use spectacles. I can't read print without them, so I copied the passages in tremendous longhand. I think Mrs. Hunt is going to bring a magnifying glass, to see if that will do." "How about Monroe's idea of having your part typed?" asked another man on the stage, who was identified to us as Francis McIlhenny, of the Museum. "Will it be big enough?" Dr. Sitwell asked. "The thing's become a positive nightmare. Does it really make so much difference—wearing spectacles?" She looked sharply at Mr. McIlhenny. "*You're* wearing spectacles," she said. "May I gallop down and take a look at you?" She descended a flight of five steps at a gallop, took a seat in the middle of the third row, next to Mr. Wheeler, who had just come in, and observed that Mr. McIlhenny looked all right to *her*. Mr. Wheeler responded obliquely, mentioning a typewriter with very large type that the Museum uses for its signs. Dr. Sitwell stuck to the issue. "Do you think spectacles are really so fatal?" she asked. "Well—" said Mr. Wheeler. "I can't see a thing without them," Dr. Sitwell said. "I'm terribly blind." "Of course, Edith," said Mr. Wheeler, "you're so beautiful without them that we can't help but wish—" "If I go without them, I get the most enormous bolsters under my eyes," said Dr. Sitwell. Mr. Wheeler relented. "Oh, we don't want bolsters under your eyes," he said. "By all means wear them, Edith." "I'll apologize to the audience for them," she said. "That will put us on a friendly footing. They can't gibe then, can they?"



Dr. Sitwell galloped back to the stage and, with her spectacles on, read an introduction to the performance. Mr. Savage and Miss Flynn, who had by this time arrived, took their places behind the second table. Mrs. Ramsay Hunt, who is an old friend of Dr. Sitwell's, entered with a magnifying glass. This was passed to Dr. Sitwell, who removed her spectacles, read several sentences through the glass, paused, and looked at Mr. Wheeler. "We can see your mouth magnified forty times from here," he said. "One's kind friends sometimes disrupt the proceedings with suggestions," said Dr. Sitwell. Glenway Wescott



"I think I've got his style figured out. He never stops swinging."

• •

rushed in, late, and joined Mr. Savage and Miss Flynn at their table. "Long-lost Glenway, hail!" said Dr. Sitwell. Then, discarding the magnifying glass and resuming her spectacles, she commenced to read Scene 5 of Act I—"Glamis thou art, and Cawdor . . ." Mr. Savage declaimed the Messenger's part. "How did it go?" Dr. Sitwell asked at the conclusion of the scene. "Magnificently," said Mr. Wheeler. "It gave me gooseflesh," said Mr. Wescott happily. Other scenes followed—the planning of Duncan's murder, the dagger scene, the "Sleep no more! Macbeth does murder sleep" scene, etc.—all preceded by discussions in which Dr. Sitwell, with immense erudition and many a citation from A. C. Bradley and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, pointed out the virtues of Shakespeare's language. She read her passages sitting down, with vast effectiveness, her spectacles sometimes in place, sometimes held in her hand. "I think my nagging of Macbeth is too jerky, isn't it?" she asked after the banquet scene, in which Macbeth rattles on about Banquo's ghost. "I'm not really sure whether she's nagging him under her breath or whether the guests are supposed to hear her." Mr. Wescott said either way was O.K.

When the rehearsal ended, all present talked things over. Mrs. Hunt said that her only criticism of Mr. Wescott was that he kept looking at Dr. Sitwell with an admiring smile that extended from ear to ear. Mr. Wescott promised to correct this error at the next rehearsal. Dr. Sitwell said she'd once known all of Shakespeare by heart but her memory had suffered during the war, possibly because she had been kept awake so much by air raids. A number of her friends had been similarly affected, she added. "She's reconquered sensuality, long in the hands of the debauched," said Mrs. Hunt. "When Edith and Sir Osbert came here two years ago," Mr. Wescott said to us, "I was astonished by their patience and goodness. One evening, after a miserable day, Edith started to complain, and then stopped and said, 'I've taken a vow not to lose my temper in your country.'" Dr. Sitwell told us that she loves American policemen, and that while she supposes there are some bores here, they are not of the virulent variety found in England.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The menu of the Stew Bar, 238 Madison Avenue, lists "Barbarous Rum Cake."

Traffic

As far as we have been able to see, which is over as many car roofs as the next man, traffic conditions in town have grown much worse this fall, and to ascertain whether the man in the street—or, rather, the man in the car in the street—is showing any signs of cracking under the strain, we've called once more on Traffic Commissioner Lloyd B. Reid. We found him harried but still buoyant. He advised us that the public appears to be bearing up wonderfully, all things considered, and that the Department of Traffic has been getting an increasing number of suggestions on traffic improvement lately, many of which show what Reid calls good traffic sense. "The people of New York are no dopes," he said. "They know they're in a mess, and they're pondering it. The more ponderers we hear from, the better." The D. of T. is currently receiving between seventy-five and a hundred suggestions a week, ten to twenty per cent of which are eventually adopted, in whole or in part, and only five per cent of which can really be classed as outlandish.

Of the suggestions adopted, the great majority merely call attention to some specific neighborhood requirement—say, that a new church needs a "No Parking During Service" sign, or that a new school needs signs. Such suggestions may come from the clergy, from a patrolman on the beat, or from some public-spirited citizen. The D. of T. sends a man to the scene, and if he reports favorably, the D. acts. "We've got a fairly tough problem in the works right now," Reid said. "The other day, Captain Devlin, the general manager of the United States Lines, wrote to tell us that there's a constant mixup in front of the piers along the North River between Seventeenth and Twenty-second Streets. There are conflicting turning movements there, because of an entrance to the West Side Highway, and also a lot of pedestrians around. Captain Devlin had some helpful ideas, and by the time we're through adjusting traffic signals and painting white lines, we hope to have cars and pedestrians pretty well separated and on the move. It's what we call a channelization job."

Mr. Reid went on to say that as soon as the new, progressively timed traffic signals have been installed throughout Manhattan, which, if national-security needs permit, should be sometime in 1952, the Department intends to try out at a few corners a pedestrian-control setup involving signals that read, alternately, "WALK" and "DON'T WALK." Reid told us that the most frequent suggesters of more traffic signals are Parent-Teacher Associations. "The parent-teacher public has a touching and practically unlimited faith in signal lights," he said. "Actually, a light is not indicated in many cases, and in some cases it is definitely *contra*-indicated. Signal lights are no guarantee of safety. That can be shown by citing the fact that only twenty-two per cent of the city's intersections are signalized, yet of the nineteen fatal accidents that occurred here last April—a month we checked up on—sixteen were at intersections with signals."

Second only to the traffic-signal suggestions are suggestions about parking, one of the commonest of which is that the city charge for overnight parking in the streets and use the proceeds to build municipal garages. "Not a bad idea," Reid said, "but, unfortunately, not legal. Under its charter, the city hasn't the right to rent the streets to individuals." We asked about the outlandish suggestions, and Reid pulled a folder from a nearby cabinet and read aloud, " 'Would it be possible to use aircraft carriers across the East River, as a bridge for use in the busy times of the day? Two or three large carriers could span the river. . . . The problem of the tides and of securing these carriers together could be solved by engineers.' " He gazed at us with raised eyebrows. "Tides!" he said. "Traffic going up and down the river! He leaves it to the engineers. In such ideas, *something* is always left to the engineers." Reid then showed us a drawing of a suggested "parking tower," a gorgeous creation in deep rose, with golden railings and a spiral ramp rising several hundred feet into the air; the outline of a plan to put fire hydrants underground (they could be reached by removing manhole covers); and a proposal that barges be anchored off the ends of streets and used for parking. "We never discourage a suggester," Reid said. "We just thank him for the audacity of his conception. Who knows when somebody will turn out to be smarter than the experts?"

We hadn't been away from Mr. Reid's office twenty-four hours when we had the sudden inspiration that we could make a suggestion for traffic improvement ourself, although one for the Police Department rather than the D. of T. We herewith make it, and we're not presuming that we know more than the experts. It is that as soon as Mr. Murphy, the energetic new Police Commissioner, can get around to it, he find out why so many cars are illegally parked on no-parking streets. The number has always seemed to us preposterously excessive. In a spirit of helpfulness, we resolved to investigate and report on a block or so weekly for a while. As a starter, we legged it from Madison to Sixth Avenue on Forty-sixth Street early last Friday afternoon, and from Madison to Sixth on Fifty-second Street a couple of hours later, and found eighteen non-commercial, non-M.D. cars parked in those blocks.

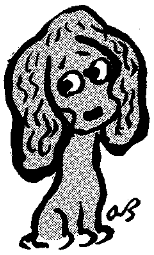
Triumph

THE five-year-old daughter of some friends of ours attends a progressive school in the Village. Her parents are all aflutter over a note from the principal that she brought home one afternoon last week. It reads:

DEAR MR. AND MRS. R——:
I want to commend Susie. She has satisfactorily tied her shoes.

Musicologist's Safari

ARTHUR S. ALBERTS, a forty-year-old former Office of War Information man, returned to America a little over a year ago from a six-month music-recording trip he and his wife made in West Africa, and, as fruit thereof, has just issued three albums, containing twenty-four recordings. These range from "Spirit Songs of the Baoulé Bush," primitive, in which, during a lunar eclipse, some two hundred Ivory Coast villagers shout and beat drums and swing rattles to chase away evil spirits invading the moon, to "Chicken Is Nice (with Palm Butter and Rice)," sophisticated, in which Howard B. Hayes, its composer, seated at a piano in a Monrovia, Liberia, bar, is accompanied by Malinda Parker, a leading singer of the Liberian capital. Mr. Alberts, who played us some of his records the other day, told us that the twenty-four released constitute only a fiftieth of his total haul, that most of the music has never before been recorded, and that he took it down on sound tape with an apparatus hooked up to batteries and a converter transported in a jeep. "These people were especially jittery," he commented as he played the Baoulé Bush disc. "The day before the eclipse, one of them had borne twins of both sexes, and they regard that as bad luck." He next played a record made by some Fanti, a big Gold Coast fishing tribe, celebrating, in the Fanti language, a gigantic catch of bonito, barracuda, and kingfish. This was made on Marshall Island, off Liberia, to which the Albertses took their jeep on a lighter. "The Fanti cover great distances in dugout sailing canoes," Alberts said. "They have square drums, which they beat with their hands. With barrel drums, they use right-angle or curved drumsticks. So do all the other natives of Africa. I've never seen a straight drumstick there. Some Gold Coast barrel drums are six feet high, and are played either tilted or from a platform." Witch doctors' schools in Liberia used to offer six-month intensive courses in handling talking drums, which can be made to simulate the sound of native dialect, Mr. A. told us, but the government has outlawed the drums because too many graduates were practicing their art to give warning of the approach of tax collectors.



We remarked that the Fanti sounded more relaxed than the Baoulé bushmen; Mr. A. said they were full of fermented sugar-cane juice. He produced a northern Gold Coast Moslem song, in which hand-clapping took the place of instruments, and then offered us a voice, drum, and balaphon (African xylophone) accompaniment to a couple of pagan dances he had attended in Bobo-Dioulasso, a town in Upper Volta. "Bambara tribe," he said. "Fetish worshippers. They have little fetish houses." Next came "Mossi Emperor's Court Music," songs sung, mostly to the accompaniment of calabash drums and one-stringed rebecs, at the palace of the Emperor of the Mossi, in Ouagadougou ("One hundred and thirty degrees, bone dry," said Mr. A., irrelevantly. "You'd dry off from a shower before you could grab a towel"), and then some Kissi flute music, the work of two old flutists in French Guinea. "They were members of the Kissi army that fought the French fifty years ago," Mr. A. said. "They wear lions' manes, and their wooden flutes are decorated with rings of dried blood that they *say* is human. I think it's chicken."

Mr. Alberts always played his recordings back to the recordees. He got an unfavorable reaction only once, when a Gold Coast singer jumped to the conclusion that his tongue had been stolen and started to dance around angrily. Alberts held a mirror up to the man's tongue, and all was well. "People have a lot of erroneous ideas about Africa," he said. "There's a silent conspiracy to jazz the place up—naked women, wild beasts, cannibalism, and so forth. Well, my wife and I travelled six thousand miles, from Takoradi, on the Gold Coast, through Accra, Ashanti, the Ivory Coast, Upper Volta, Sudan, French Guinea, to Monrovia, and there *is* a little human sacrifice here and there, and we *did* have to shoo away a good many tsetse flies, but the only lion we saw was a stuffed one, and most Africans are fully clothed, bright, hard-working people. They run trading companies, hold government jobs, and have telephones, radios, and open-air movies. They love to shake hands, like Europeans. In Liberia, they are so civilized that although the place is full of wonderful wild flowers, they put only artificial ones in their houses."

Alberts got interested in Africa when his O.W.I. work took him to that continent in 1942. "I thought the music might be marketable," he said, "and I've already sold some albums to colleges, libraries, anthropologists, and collectors. Would you like to hear a calypso-type soldier's lament, sung by some members of the Ibo tribe, in Nigeria, accompanied by a guitar, the top of a British cigarette tin scraped with a knife, and an empty whiskey bottle struck with a knife handle?" We nodded. "We played it at the American Embassy in Monrovia," he said, activating it, "and noticed for the first time that it contained a four-letter English word. I later cut this out of the tape, and substituted a sound made by scraping a nail file on a washbasin and striking a whiskey bottle with a screwdriver. Only piece of doctoring I did—though, of course, I got a lot of pidgin-English and pidgin-French stuff that couldn't possibly be released commercially."

Pride

THE day after Bernard Shaw's death, Scribner's bookstore threw together a window display made up of a number of his works and a sign reading, "G.B.S. 1846-1950." Scribner's Shaw remained a hundred and four years old until the next day, when the year of his birth was moved up to 1856. It was Scribner's that was born in 1846, and the date must have loomed large in at least one employee's mind.

Agenda

OUR man Stanley spent a day at Lake Success last week, attending a Security Council meeting, and has submitted the following report:

"Finish coffee; kiss wife, baby goodbye; get early-morning lift to Lake Success in car of man connected with U.N. Old-timer. Ask man how he feels about presence of Chinese Communist troops in Korea. He says he neither optimistic nor pessimistic, just numb. 'Every day is crisis day at U.N.,' he says, lapses into silence. Brisk, bright, peaceful, blue-sky day. Loop across Triborough Bridge and along smooth parkways. Spot cluster of ducks on Little Neck Bay, sitting around on water minding own business. Wish I were duck—year-round good climate, what-the-hell life, no Malik. Arrive Lake Success 9:30. Flags flying on lawn. Corridors of U.N. building almost deserted. Small crowd drinking orange juice, milk, eating corn flakes, eggs, in basement cafeteria. Mail letter for wife in U.N. post office. Young man, standing in line, sending food box to family abroad. Desperately anxious food box make next plane out. To Delegates' Lounge. Cozy, with soft green easy chairs, soft brown hangings. Empty except for bartender shining glasses, and lady dusting tables and cleaning out ashtrays. Wander into Security Council chamber through back door. Guards busy laying out pads, pencils, green blotters, wooden name blocks in front of places where delegates to sit. One man filling pitchers with ice water, another testing delegates' earphones. Television and newsreel men fiddling with cameras in high-up booths. Back to lounge, now filling up. Fat man drinking Scotch-on-rocks at bar, three men with briefcases drinking orange juice. Edge up to important-looking people in corner. 'May be difficult to tap the American cashbox since the election,' says one. 'Political complexion entirely changed,' says another. 'Utter nonsense,' says third. Figure important-looking people not too important, and go to press office for ticket to Security Council. Handed green card, told meeting begins 10:45. Through lounge again, now jammed with *very* important-looking people, all carrying briefcases. Must remember next trip out to carry briefcase; gives self-confidence. Listen in on impressive-looking group. 'Crucial question is whether Mao is potential Tito,' says one. 'All Maos are potential Titos,' says another.

"Into Security Council press section. Extremely cold room. Public section only half-filled, but crowd pouring in. Lady guide explaining workings of earphones to group of visitors. 'By turning the dial next to your chair, and listening through your earphones, you can hear the speaker in English, French, Spanish, Chinese, *or* Russian!' she says. Whole group gasps. Ambassador Austin enters shortly after 10:30, takes seat at semicircular table, ruffles through papers. Looks serious. Sir Gladwyn Jebb enters, sits down alongside him, ruffles through papers. Looks serious. Malik enters, wearing red tie, sits down alongside Sir Gladwyn, ruffles through papers. Looks serious. Sir Benegal Rau, Indian delegate, enters, sits down, ruffles through papers. Looks *most* serious. Bunch of bright lights over delegates'

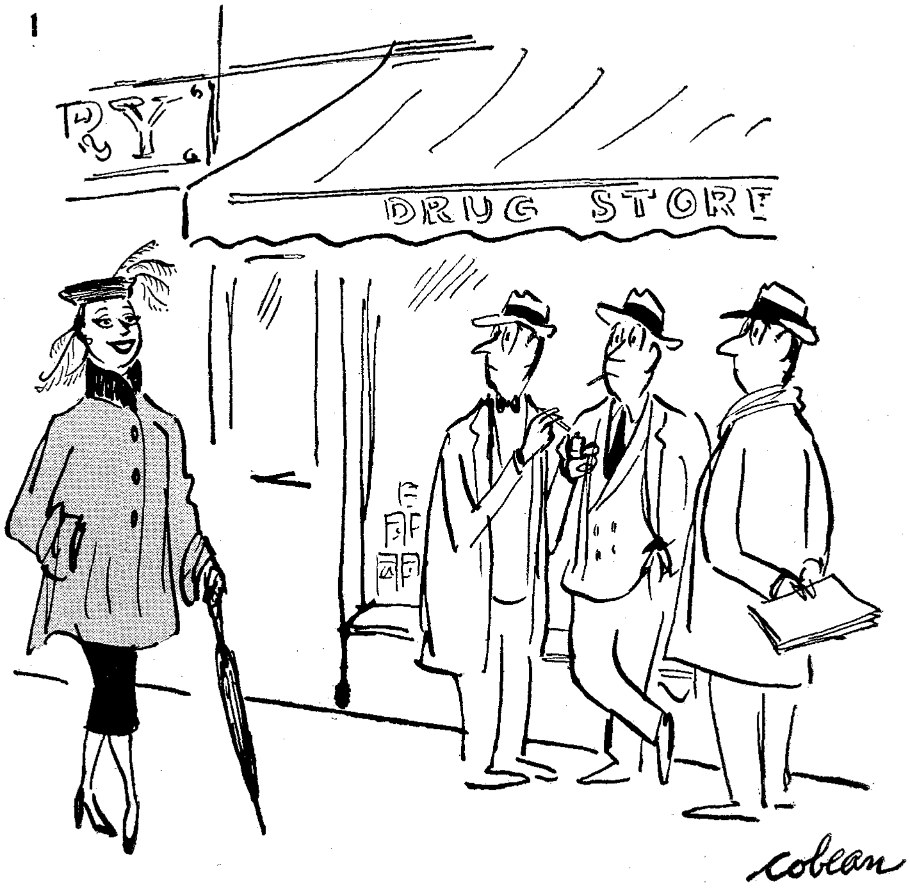


table flashes on at 10:52, meeting under way. Complicated procedure. President of Council, Dr. Ales Bebler, wants to take up the agenda. Mr. Malik wants to know what’s on the agenda. Dr. Bebler wants to take up the agenda. Mr. Malik wants to know what’s on the agenda. Delegates stare straight ahead, never look at Malik. Malik doodles with bright-yellow pencil, says, ‘Let’s not play hide-and-seek.’ I switch dial attached on seat to French translation, hear words ‘*cache-cache*.’ Feel like One World man. Sir Gladwyn takes the ball, asks for hearing on special report from General MacArthur concerning participation Chinese troops in Korea. Malik aroused. Puts bright-yellow pencil down on table, starts talking. Delegates stare straight ahead. I switch to English translation. Malik says MacArthur not trustworthy man, his report unilateral and tendentious. Malik likes words ‘unilateral’ and ‘tendentious,’ or whatever ‘unilateral’ and ‘tendentious’ are in Russian; repeats them several times. Switch dial on chair to Chinese translation. Still sounds like tough talk. Switch back to English. Malik working up steam. ‘Reports of the American MacArthur are not worthy of consideration . . . only naïve people can regard reports trustworthy . . . not reliable . . . in charge American interventionist forces . . . crude . . . slanderous . . . unilateral . . . tendentious.’ Try counting number of green hats in chamber. Seven. Red hats. Three. Orange hats. One. Malik finishes, picks up bright-yellow pencil, doodles on pad. Snooze during official English and French translation Malik speech. Wake up when Austin speaks. He aroused, too. Says reports show more than thirty thousand Chinese troops in Korea. Says interests of states bordering Korea should be fully respected, U.N. agencies should help settlement, but Chinese troops should withdraw. Delegates stare straight ahead. Meeting adjourns for lunch.

“Into lounge and join group of veteran correspondents. All agree Malik quite mild in his language. Wonder what it’s like here on mean-talking day. Everybody has own rumor: MacArthur timed report of Chinese troop movements to embarrass Truman administration and change course of election; after meeting Truman at Wake Island, MacArthur told friend in Tokyo Truman finest fellow he ever met; Chinese Communist delegation eager to come to U.S., just waiting for visas in Prague; Chinese Communist delegation will never come to U.S., was stopped in Moscow to take refresher course in sabotage. All of foregoing straight from horse’s mouth. To lunch with U.N. people in Delegates’ Dining Room. International shoptalk. ‘Funny thing about the Russians,’ says one man. ‘They never eat here.’ ‘They eat somewhere by themselves,’ says second man. ‘Wonder where they *do* eat,’ says third man. ‘Enigmatic people,’ says first man. ‘I have never subscribed to the theory that the Russians are children,’ says second man. ‘Whenever Russians first arrive here,’ says third man, ‘they go to the cafeteria and look at the notion counter near the cashier’s desk, and suddenly they step back several feet in amazement.’ ‘Hear Mrs. Roosevelt’s joke about the U.N. bar being open on Election Day?’ asks first man. ‘No,’ says second man. ‘She said, “Lots of people thought they would be barred today,” ’ says first man. ‘Way I heard it,’ says third man, ‘she said, “Lots of people thought they would be *dis*-barred.” ’

“Leave dining room, stop by cafeteria for glance at notion counter. See glass case filled with games called Pictures to Frame and Sew, The Wise Old Owl, and Hickety-Pickety. Step back several feet. To press office for ticket to afternoon session. Blue card. Through lounge again. Unexpected genial atmosphere. Malik standing near bar chatting, smile on face. Jebb standing across room, smile on face. Trygve Lie talking with General Romulo, smiles on both faces. Ask General Romulo how he feels about American election. Plenty of his good friends elected, he says. Ask General Romulo about friends not elected. He says time to go to work. Diplomat. Back to Security Council. Room still cold. Short session, minimum of vituperation. All hands apparently anxious to avoid trouble. Suddenly take vote to invite Chinese Communist representatives before Council to explain presence of troops in Korea. Meeting adjourns 4:45. Back to lounge. Whole wide world in lounge. Correspondents buttonholing delegates, firing questions. Non-correspondents buttonholing non-delegates, firing questions. *Personally* buttonholed, and asked ‘You think Mao potential Tito?’ Reply that all Maos are potential Titos. Spot man who drove me out in morning, ask him to take me home. ‘You optimistic, pessimistic about Chinese troops in Korea?’ he asks. Tell him I’m numb, wish I were duck on Little Neck Bay.”

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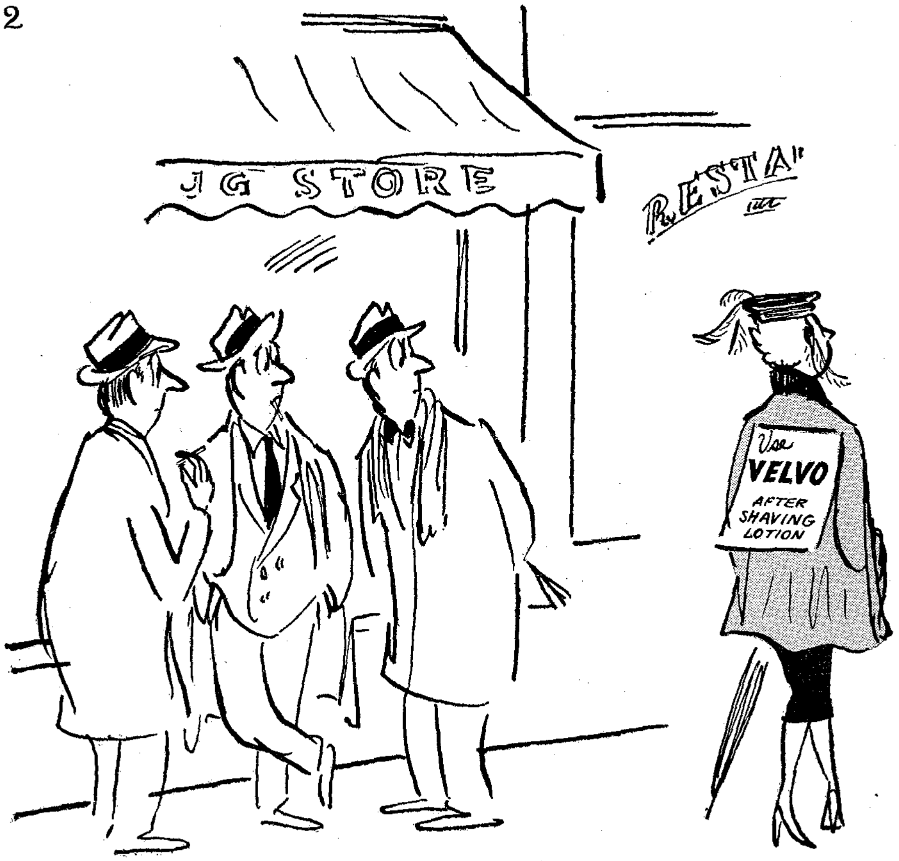
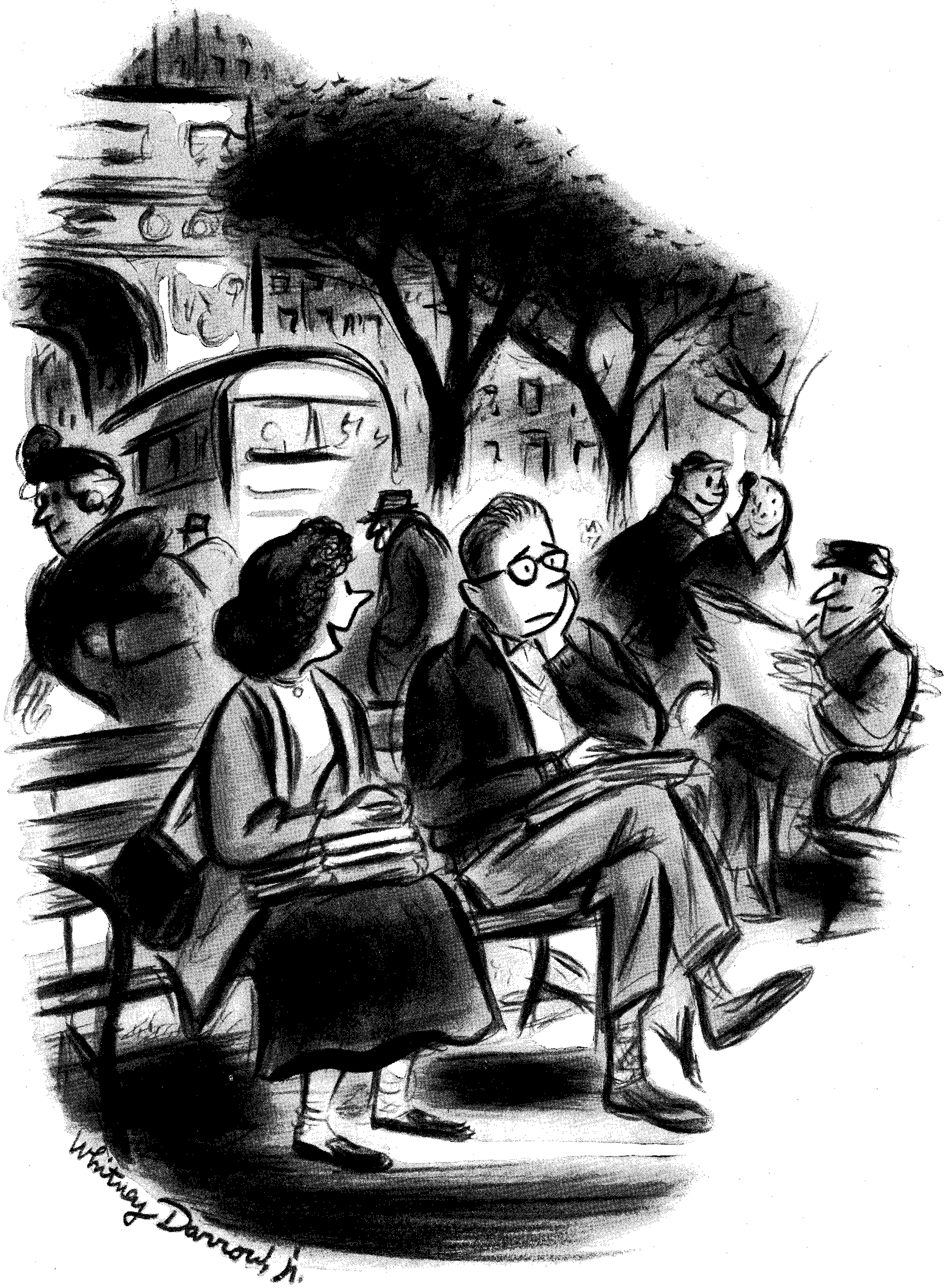


Bloomer

A FELLOW tells us of a happening at a wedding breakfast up in Boston. One guest said to another guest, “I understand the groom’s family is from Oklahoma.” “Sh-h-h!” said the second guest. “They’re standing right behind you!”


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"When you say you hate your species, Ronald, do you mean everyone?"

THE BARD AND MY FATHER

Daniel Frohman, or Uncle Dan, as almost everyone in the theatrical profession called him, was a sweet, pontifical darling who had a grandly persuasive way of getting actors to do whatever he wanted. What he usually wanted was to have them take part in one of the many benefits he ran for his pet charity, the Actors' Fund of America. Actors always acquiesced, partly because of affection for Uncle Dan and partly because of a superstitious reluctance to deny support to an organization whose benevolence they themselves might someday be in need of. After all, one never could tell.

At one time during the nineteen-twenties, Uncle Dan got the notion of staging a big matinée benefit in Philadelphia. His plan was that the program would be made up of whatever Thespian talent could be culled from the three or four companies then playing in town, augmented by a few specialty acts imported from New York. As my father, Otis Skinner, was about to go on tour in "Sancho Panza" and was booked for the week of the benefit in Philadelphia, Mr. Frohman went to see him and asked him if he'd take part in it, doing a scene from some play. Father said he'd be delighted and inquired what scene from what play Uncle Dan had in mind. Mr. Frohman said he didn't care but thought a bit of Shakespeare with a suitable leading lady would be quite nice, and, leaving the choice of both up to my father, gave him his benediction and departed.

The Shakespearean bit my father chose was from "Richard III" and the suitable leading lady was myself. How suitable I seemed at that time to anyone but a fond parent is a matter of speculation. I was making youthfully gawky attempts to be a lady, but there was little about these efforts that could be called leading. As an actress, I was barely fledged, having had a scant two years of professional experience, during which I had appeared—or disappeared—in a number of nondescript plays, which usually opened in Stamford, played Hartford and Springfield, and, if they lasted long enough to open on Broadway, instantly underwent the metamorphosis of turning into what *Variety* called "a turkey." The parts in which I was cast were listed in theatrical-agency files under the heading of "Park Avenue Type." In the guise of a supposedly aristocratic and slightly acid character, wearing as chic clothes as the management could afford, I'd come on at the beginning of the first act, utter a few expository remarks to a butler or another "Park Avenue Type," and make my final exit before a good portion of the audience had even been seated.

The week prior to the proposed Actors' Fund benefit found me playing one Sally Van Twiller, who, according to the program, was "Robert's sister, a wealthy socialite," in a highly uncomic little comedy that, fortunately for everybody concerned, was breathing its last gags in Pittsburgh. On Tuesday morning, I received a phone call from Father, who that week was playing Indianapolis. For Father to speak over the long-distance wire was as unprecedented as for me to receive such a call. Father, who loathed and mistrusted telephonic communication, could never get over the feeling that if he was talking to anyone farther than ten miles away, he must help out the connection by putting his lips against the mouthpiece and bellowing. It was worse when he was excited, and because the prospect of any new venture filled him with zestful enthusiasm, what I heard that day was mostly a blurred blast of sound. Decoding it as best I could, I gathered that I was to go out right away to the nearest bookstore, purchase a copy of "Richard III," study up on the part of Lady Anne in her opening scene, and be ready to go on with him the following Monday afternoon in Philadelphia. Since I am a slow reactor to anything sudden, it took me some time to get the plan into my head. Then, since Father's schedule and mine were such that we couldn't get together before Monday morning, I posed the rehearsing problem, which he quickly solved by saying we'd have a few run-throughs up in his hotel room before the show. I next asked, "What about costumes?" This, too, offered no difficulties to Father, who assured me that his old Richard getup of doublet and hose must still be in good shape (it was some twenty-five years since he'd last worn it), and that as for me, he'd written to Mother, back home in New York, to look through the stage trunks in the basement and find something she and I could whip up over the weekend into a gown for Lady Anne. I could bring both costumes to Philadelphia with me Monday morning. And he hung up.

I purchased a Temple edition of "Richard III" and, following further instructions that came next day by mail from Father, cut certain lines. He had made an arrangement of the first two scenes of Act I welded together, the famous "winter of our discontent" soliloquy to be followed without interruption by the dramatic episode in which the wily hunchback waylays the widowed Lady Anne on her way to bury her father-in-law, King Henry VI, whom he has assassinated, and boldly pays court to her before the poor man is so much as deposited in the earth. Needless to say, Father's cuts were mainly in my speeches, but the part was still effective. I memorized it and, being excessively young, decided I was quite terrific. I thought myself even more terrific when, at home on Sunday, Mother and I whipped up that costume. It was really less whipped than pinned, but Mother had a great sense of color and period, and she managed to create a charmingly authentic effect, complete with kirtle, peaked headdress with veil, wimple, and further Plantagenet accessories. Viewing me with satisfaction, Mother said that I looked like an old Abbey. I was reassured to learn that her reference was to the works of Abbey, the Victorian romantic painter, not to an ecclesiastical structure. She had ferreted from the stage trunks Father's Richard attire, with even its original hump, which was beginning to lose some of its sawdust. The costume reeked of ancient mothballs, but Mother doubted whether the smell would get across the footlights.

Monday morning, I went to Philadelphia and met Father at his hotel, and we rehearsed the scene to our own satisfaction and what must have been the considerable astonishment of the occupants of the adjoining rooms. We were both letter perfect in our lines, and since no one was present to gainsay it, we both admitted with simple candor that we were pretty damn good. After the third or fourth run-through, I asked Father what arrangements he had made for the funeral cortège.

"What funeral cortège?" he asked.

"The coffin-bearers," I said. "The ones who bring on King Henry, my dead father-in-law. We can hardly use stagehands."

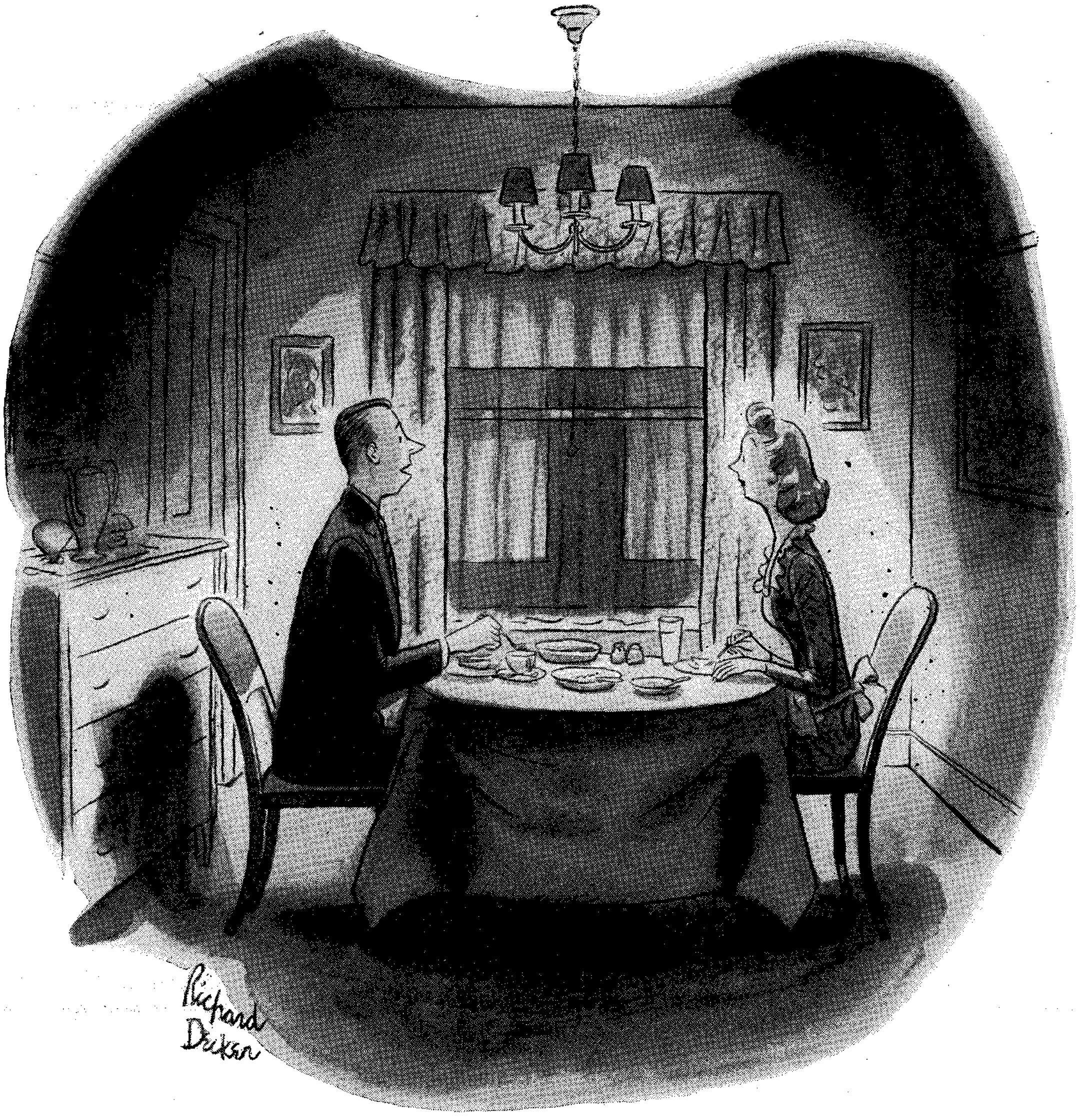
Father said "Oh." Then, picking up the telephone, he added, "I'll call my company manager and tell him to get hold of four men from our cast."

"What about my dead father-in-law?"

"You can always get one over at the theatre," he said blandly.

"A dead father-in-law?"

"Oh, a stretcher or some such thing. We'll fake it." And he put through his



"I don't mean to complain, dear, but couldn't you find a baker like the one Mother used to patronize?"

call and instructed his manager to commandeer four actors and have them onstage at the Garrick Theatre at two-thirty. When I hissed at him, "What about their costumes?," he shouted into the phone, "And tell them to have on their clothes from the show," and hung up.

"Father, darling!" I remonstrated. "They'll be the wrong period! Our scene takes place at the end of the War of the Roses in England." I had just figured this out, and was pretty pedantic about it. "Your show is the Cervantes period in Spain, some hundred and twenty years later! Your Don Quixote boys will look ridiculous!"

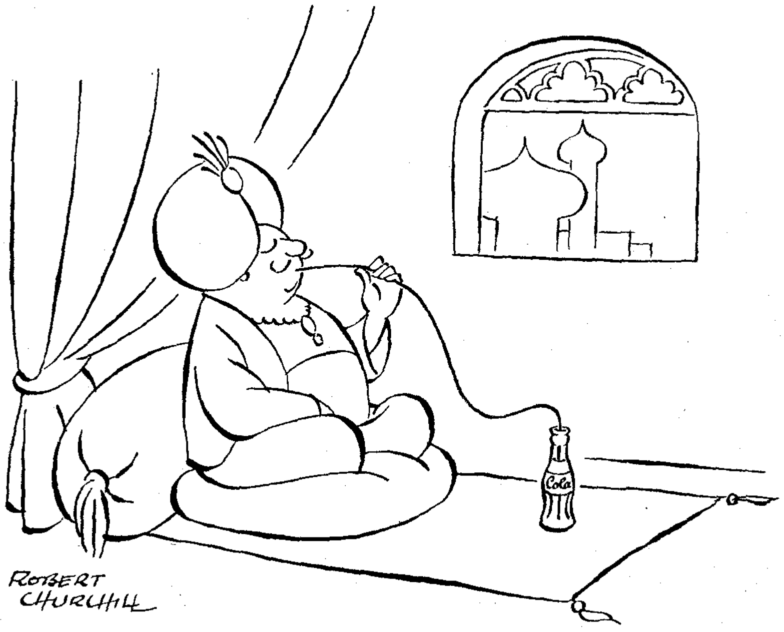
"We'll get them to take their ruffs off," said Father. "No one'll know the difference." And he added the actor's inevitable "We'll fake it."

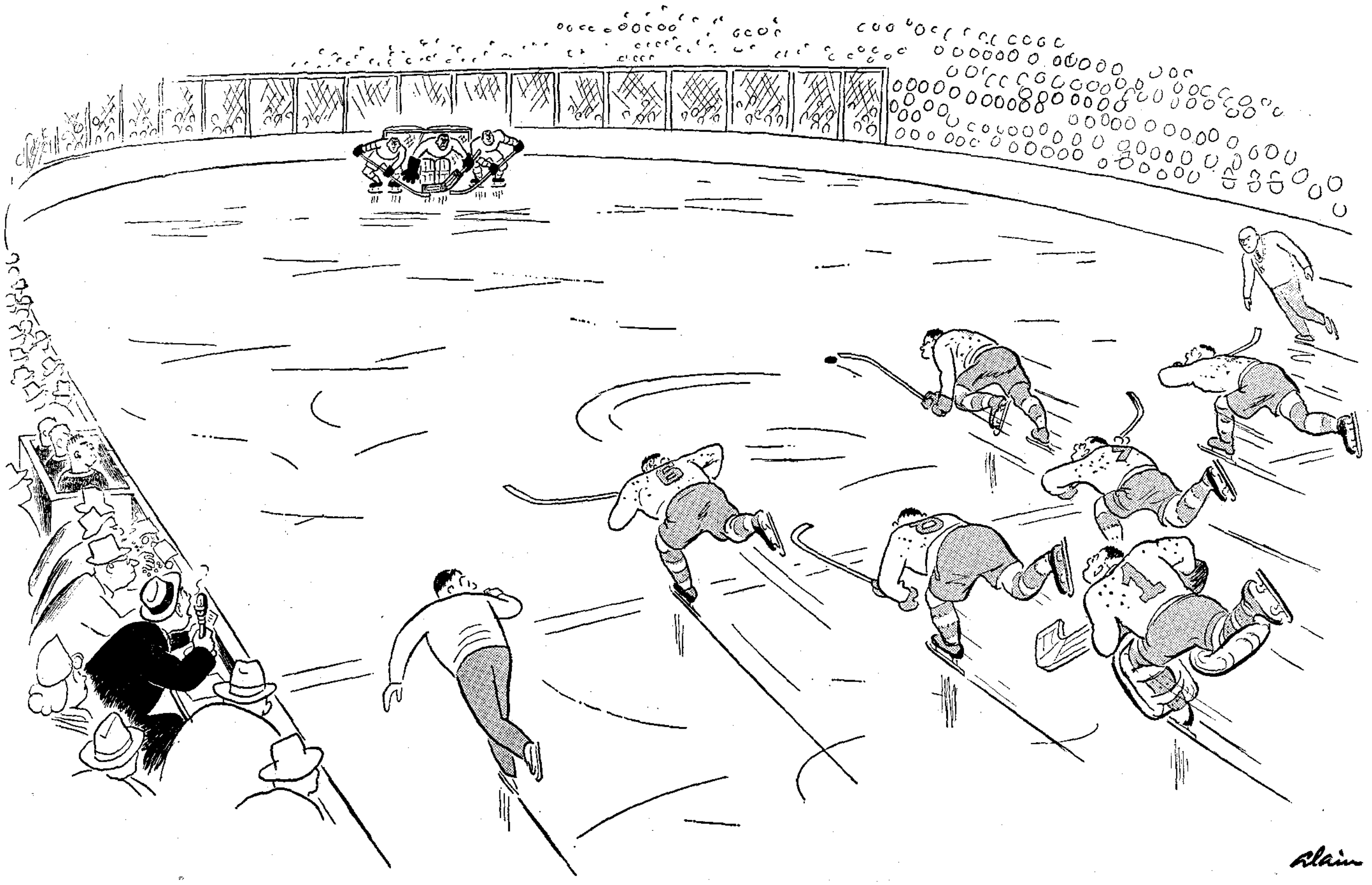
Once again, we ran through our lines and action, downed some eggs and coffee, and at two o'clock drove to the Garrick and ventured through the stage door. Only those who have taken part in benefit shows have any realization of the acrimonious frenzy and genial pandemonium that reign backstage during these occasions, so full of benevolent intentions: Actors who arrive and can't find out when they're to go on; actors who go on and won't come off; actors who never show up; opera singers who have to have hot tea; specialty artists whose equipment gets locked in a dressing room to which the key has disappeared; pallid committee gentlemen waiting unhappily in the wings, clutching financial reports and written speeches they will never get a chance to make; dance teams fussing about the color of the follow spots; animal acts whose entrance necessitates opening wide the scenery doors and letting in blasts of pneumonia; electricians and property men hating the whole damned affair; and, in the midst of it all, the volunteer stage manager trying to run things and rapidly losing his mind.

As Father and I made our way into the traditional turmoil, a young man who seemed to be some sort of assistant to an assistant ran up to Father and exclaimed, "Oh, it's Mr. Skinner! Just a minute and I'll find out where you're to go." Father took a stand by the door and assumed the attitude of patient detachment with which I'd seen him confront all aspects of violence, from California earthquakes to French customs inspectors. In a few seconds, another assistant ran up to say oh, it was Mr. Skinner, and just a minute and he'd find out where we were to go. Father continued to wait in his other world, and after a few more seconds a third young man ran up and informed Father once more of his own identity, said we wouldn't be going on for at least an hour, and led us off to our dressing rooms. Father, being a big star, was allotted one to himself. I, being not even an asteroid, shared the chorus girls' room with sundry performers. There were a pair of wide-eyed twins who had a Topsy and Eva act and an actress from an Irish art theatre who was to do a sketch by Synge or Lady Gregory, which proved later to be very droll, very Gaelic, and nearly impossible to understand. There was also a lady whose function in show business was to stand in the background with a whip and a dazzling smile while a gentleman made a horse do a lot of things that human beings could do much better. They were all agreeably cordial and cleared a space for my things on the makeup shelf. The horse lady helped me into my fifteenth-century ensemble, which, she said as she smoothed her own pink spangles, was "certainly different."

I EMERGED from the dressing room and made my way into the wings. Father, striking in costume and makeup, was already there. So were the four Don Quixote boys conscripted as pallbearers. And they were striking, too—tall, melancholy Spanish grandees, whose necks, shorn of their ruffs, looked curiously long, bare, and buzzardlike. They seemed almost indecent. I couldn't help feeling that all of them should quickly cover up their blatant exposure with something—possibly ice collars. Father himself must have had a few misgivings about the boys, for he studied them dubiously for a time, then, with rather forced optimism, said, "Never mind, we'll fake it. The audience won't be watching them anyway," and he turned his attention to the funeral litter, which someone had contrived out of an Army cot hidden by a velvet piano cover, under which reposed my deceased father-in-law in the form of some dusty pillows. When the pallbearers lifted it later, it proved to be so light that they nearly tossed it into the flies.

Out on the stage, a blond, curly-headed baritone was concluding his final hair-on-the-chest selection, lustily entreating the audience to give him some men who were stouthearted men. The volunteer stage manager in charge of the show informed us that our act would follow immediately, and asked, "What does Mr. Skinner wish for a backdrop?" Father allowed that a plain velvet curtain would be suitable for Shakespeare. The house manager, who was one of the many backstage persons getting in other persons' way, overheard the exchange and came forward with the information that they had something even more suitable, in the form of a painted drop representing "an antique English street," which, he assured us, was "just the ticket for Shakespeare." Without waiting for an O.K., he ordered a stagehand to lower No. 3. The baritone came off, the m.c. announced our turn, and a special spot blazed on as No. 3 was impressively lowered. It was easy to see why the manager considered it the ticket for Shakespeare, for it was a painted view of a postcard English village, complete with beam-and-plaster houses and a thatched cottage, Anne Hathaway-type. What might have astonished the Bard, however, was a London bus, large, red, and unmistakable, painted into the perspective of a distant crossroad. This pretty anachronism neither of us noticed until Father was actually starting onto the stage. At the sight, Father staggered for a moment and invoked the Deity, but it was too late to do anything about it. He whispered to someone to dim the borders and to me not to mind, we'd fake it. Then, nothing daunted, he made his magnificent entrance as the limping villain, to the thunderous greeting of an adoring public, who, in their pleasure at seeing him, wouldn't have cared if the backdrop had represented Main Street and the corner drygoods store. The applause was followed by a breathless silence as Richard's opening soliloquy rang out in my father's unique voice. He gave it a perfect reading, finished with a fine flourish, and, after an effective pause, gave the rest of us our cue to come on. The pallbearers, toting the pillow corpse, were to go first, and I was to follow, in an appropriate attitude of woe. The bare-necked hidalgos briskly lifted their fragile charge, and never was the line about those "pale ashes of the house of Lancaster" more applicable. However, they steadied the flimsy arrangement and, being good actors, were able to carry it with a certain semblance of realism, and when I came on and told them to set down their honorable load, they managed to do so without letting it bounce. I spoke Anne's opening speech of sorrowing bereavement, and Father came forward with Richard's words of insolent accost, to which I responded with my speech of injured outrage. And at that point something happened to Father. What brought it about he never knew and neither shall I. Possibly it was the bus, possibly an access of nervousness for me, possibly a blend of emotions at the sudden realization that here, for the first time, he found himself interpreting his favorite playwright with his child, who, being an only one, was perforce also his favorite. Whatever the cause, the result was that when I gave him his next cue, he fixed me with a look of utter blankness and said not a word. He simply stood there as frozen as the winner of a still-pond-no-more-moving contest, staring at me, while I, in a similar paralysis, stood staring back at him. Finally he broke his living-statue pose and came to a little—not to the point, yet, of speaking but to the extent of resorting to the old stock-company trick of the actor who has suddenly "dried up," tossing the buck to someone else by making it look as though it were his fellow-player who had drawn the blank. Assuming a superciliously patient air, he eyed me as much as to say, "Come, come, my good girl, why can't you speak up?" I continued to stare back at him, as lost as a nocturnal animal dazzled by a nature photographer's flash bulb. It became hideously clear that my parent had no intention of breaking the silence, which was beginning to have a hypnotic effect on the audience. Even the inevitable overheated dowager in the front row had stopped beating her bosom with her program and was holding her breath as she waited for something to happen. I knew it was up to me to say something, and what I said was "O! wonderful, when devils tell the truth," which, being a reply to the line Father had failed to say, sounded peculiar. At this, my father suddenly snapped out of his silence and began to speak, and what *he* said was even more peculiar. His state of mind changed from one of blankness to one of furious activity, but one in which every line of "Richard III" fled and every line of every other Shakespearean play he knew rushed in. He produced bits of "Hamlet," snatches of "The Merchant," oddments from "As You Like It," an occasional dash of "Much Ado," and now and then some improvising, which Father effected in the most perfect iambic pentameter. It made less than no sense, but it *sounded* extraordinarily effective, for he gave it the assured delivery of the seasoned actor and never by a waver of hesitancy revealed his inner state of whirling confusion. Altogether,





"With so many men out on penalties, the Beavers are playing a strictly defensive game."

• •

it was a triumph of the art of "faking it." Every so often he'd pause, and when he did, I interpolated my speeches, which, brief as they were, proved to be the only correct ones of the entire scene when Father and I were on the stage together. And they, too, were effective. I spoke them with considerably more hysterical verve than my callow years as an actress would otherwise have permitted, for I was convinced that my father had suddenly gone daft, and it was only a strong sense of having to uphold the family name that kept me from going along with him. Toward the end, he did remember to present me with the ring, although, to judge by his accompanying words, it might have been a brass one from a Coney Island merry-go-round. Then I had my last say and exited with shaking knees. The moment I'd departed, Father apparently recovered his sanity, for the opening line of his final soliloquy came forth with full emphasis and meaning: "Was ever woman in this humor woo'd? . . ." He spoke the ensuing words with complete accuracy, wrapped his cloak about him with a fine swoop, and came off to where I was cowering in the wings. For a second or two, we waited for either derisive catcalls or contemptuous silence. Then to our incredulous ears there came a roar of applause of the sort that could, in all modesty, be called an ovation. In a state of bewilderment, we went on for a number of unmerited curtain calls. Father took several alone, then came back to me in the wings, where we stood looking sheepish and feeling like a couple of urchins who have accidentally thrown a brick through a window and are awaiting the consequences.

"That was awful," whispered Father.

I could only agree, with a whispered "Uh-huh," but added by way of consolation that at least the audience didn't seem to know the difference.

"No," he said, "but you can bet your boots Dan Frohman did."

Hardly had he voiced this gloomy opinion when Uncle Dan hove into sight. To our amazement, his hand was outstretched and his face was a glow of genial pleasure. "Congratulations, Otis!" he said, and, what's more, he appeared to mean it. "That was the most striking performance of 'Richard' I've ever seen!"

Father bleated that indeed it must have been, but didn't enlarge upon the theme. After a few more words of misguided praise from Uncle Dan, we slunk off to our dressing rooms.

I guess people just don't listen to Shakespeare at a benefit performance. Maybe they don't at any performance.

—Cornelia Otis Skinner

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FRAGMENT FROM "THE MALADJUSTED: A TRAGEDY"

Upon his frustrate and unhopeful quest
He trod the concrete road of desperation,
And in no Rest Room found he any rest
Nor was there comfort in a Comfort Station.

He asked for beauty in a Beauty Shop
In vain, for all its beauty was but shoddy,
So to his life he put a sudden stop.
The Body Shop would not receive his body.

—Morris Bishop

A LIVELY ANGER

ALL at once, the cocktail party was over. One minute, the room had been so full of people that the visiting young girl, Mary, the stranger, had been afraid to move about for fear of bumping someone, and the next minute, as fast as water rushing down the drain of a sink, everyone had gone, out of the room, through the hall, and out the door of the small house, leaving only Mrs. Eustis, whose pretty room this was, and Mary, in her new suède pumps, and, like a massive bit of flotsam stranded on the furry white sofa, the guest with the beard. Mary had been aware of this beard ever since five o'clock and had concluded, from its color and luxuriance, that the owner must be foreign—like herself, a visitor in the university town. A visiting professor, perhaps. Everyone she had met that afternoon had connections in one way or another with the university, but they had all been quite usual-looking people. She was doomed to disillusion, for he wasn't foreign. Mrs. Eustis, roaming slowly about the room gathering ashtrays, said over her shoulder, "Pudgy, that lovely beard. I haven't had a minute to ask you. Where did you get that lovely beard?"

The big, fat man fluttered his hands sidewise. "Midsummer madness," he said, and shot his neck forward and back in its collar, in a henlike gesture, and settled against the pillows.

Mary could see he really loved his beard. "I thought you were probably French," she said shyly.

Mr. Footewaite brought his two eyes around to focus on the young girl, seated so alert, feet close together, holding with the carefulness of inexperience her still almost full glass of sherry. "Now, who is this beautiful young creature?" he asked, as if Mary had only just then materialized out of nothing, out of the air.

Mrs. Eustis, an empty glass in each hand, gave a brief laugh at Mary's artlessness and said, "Oh, not French, Mary. What a pity, isn't it! Only Passaic, I believe."

Mr. Footewaite chose to ignore this. "Tell me," he insisted. "So young, so blooming."

Even if he wasn't foreign, he had what the girl supposed were foreign ways. She opened her mouth to explain, in detail, that she was visiting for the night; she was on her way back to boarding school after a weekend at home. But Mrs. Eustis spoke first and explained, though not fully enough to suit Mary, who added, for complete clarification, in her sweet, young-girl voice, "You see, Mummy and Mrs. Eustis roomed together in college, ages ago."

"Ages—yes," Mrs. Eustis echoed without smiling, sounding sad or vexed, as though she wondered if someone or something had been putting something over on her.

"Oh, come, not ages." Mr. Footewaite's words, languidly gallant, emerged from the big aperture above the coarse red-brown beard. "Couldn't be." Casually he looked up and down the tall, thin woman in limp printed chiffon, and Mary regarded her, too, with a more searching gaze, puzzled; Mrs. Eustis did look so much older than her mother, but she couldn't be, could she, since they had roomed together and been simultaneously in love with Rupert Brooke? Maybe divorce was aging. Her mother had warned her that there would be no Mr. Eustis; after a divorce, Mr. Eustis had transferred himself to some California university—Mary's mother couldn't remember which. Or perhaps it was living in this university town, being required to talk to professors at every dinner party and, presumably, often staying up late discussing very important things, that had given Mrs. Eustis that tired, disenchanted look around the mouth and eyes. Mr. Footewaite asked Mary where she was at school, drank, and murmured, "Charming, charming," though what was so charming about school, if that was what he meant, she would have been hard put to it to say. She took a sip of sherry. Ugly gym suits and hard, repellent, cold basketballs, and math, which everyone hated, naturally! And worst of all was seeing boys so seldom, even now, when she was a senior, that every vacation she went home terrified she might have forgotten how to talk to them.

LETTERS
U.S. MAIL
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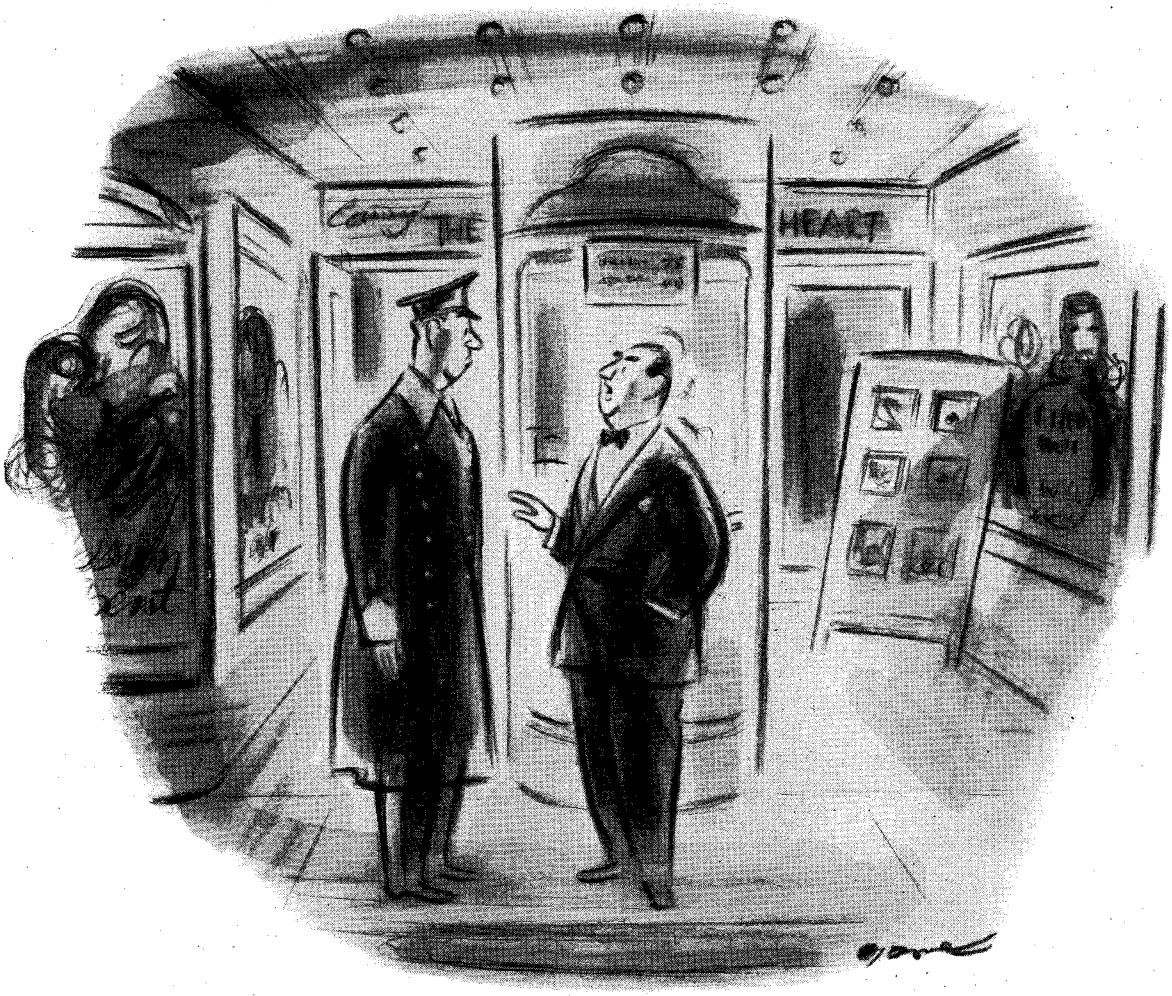
"Ah, we fade," Mr. Footewaite said, his voice indifferent, but indifferent to her or his own remark was what Mary couldn't be sure of. By now, Mrs. Eustis, tall and tired in the tired patterned chiffon, had gathered up a large colony of ashtrays with ashes and olive pits in them, and wet, used glasses, and the sherry decanter into a manageable colony on a low glass table. Probably soon she would go into the kitchen for a tray and gather them all up again, Mary thought; maybe she would call to little Paul, who was having his supper out there, to bring her a tray. Whichever, wasn't she kind of rude, with him still sitting here? But Mr. Footewaite didn't seem to mind. He appeared to be established for an indefinite stay on the white sofa. He had a big head, a wide, untidy beard, a big, shapeless mouth, and berrylike brown eyes, which lighted when he moved his glass forward and, suddenly smiling, asked, "Is there a *lit*tle more of the wine?" Mrs. Eustis set the decanter before him.

Mary's mother had said to her, "We were closer than sisters once, and I feel sorry I never see her now. I don't know, though. *Then* we were both crazy about Rupert Brooke— oh, and Walter Pater. 'A diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her'—that kind of thing, you know. We used to memorize pages and pages and ask each other 'Where does *this* come from?' after lights, in bed. Oh, we were very fierce about it. I can just see us lying hissing at each other in the dark."

Little Paul Eustis, a crop-haired creature in a red, green, and white striped cotton jersey, appeared beside the knob of the door to the narrow hall. "Run back to the kitchen and finish your supper," his mother said without looking at him, as she had been saying to him ever since her party started, and, as he had done each time, Paul nodded once quickly and ran away, back down the hall. He was an awfully neat little boy, Mary thought, to be an inhabitant of this subtly dusty house with its air of floating disorder; things could become lost in this house easily, even though it was so small, and most of the domestic treasures, ornaments and so on, were chipped and awry; lovely things they had been once, all of them.

"Can I help?" Mary said into the



"Don't ever say there are a lot of seats available, or plenty of seats. Just say there are a few seats available."

• •

silence, uncomfortable now because all life in the living room had unwound to a standstill. Mrs. Eustis drooped on the arm of a chair. Mr. Footewaite had lapsed into apathy and become, somehow, less fond and admiring of the young girl than he had been even just a few minutes before.

Mrs. Eustis yawned. "No, no. Let's just sit still awhile and let our distinguished guest entertain us." But Mr. Footewaite didn't look up from the red-brown pool in his glass when Mary asked, "Is he?"

"Oh, my, yes," Mrs. Eustis said. "He's just produced a huge book on the culture of the Old South. South Passaic, Pudgy? Might be. I've never seen it. If he'd only give me a free copy, I'd display it, right here on the table, for all the world to see." She yawned again, and lifted a straying chiffon panel back across her knee. She closed her eyes and then opened them wide, stretching them. She looked across at Mr. Footewaite and the glass of sherry, turning, turning, like a toy, in his hairy hand. "Stay for supper, Pudgy." It was no invitation; it was a foregone conclusion. "Not that there's anything to eat, that I know of," she said.

A pleased flicker of teeth appeared in the depths of the beard; the hairy hand went up at once, and the glass was empty again; he thrust himself forward, and this time he didn't bother to ask but quickly tipped the decanter for himself.

Mary was very helpful about setting the kitchen table, and Mr. Footewaite, lounging in the doorway, sipping, began to recover part of his approbation of her; maybe in a few minutes it would all come back. "Isn't she clever?" he asked. "How does she know where all the little spoons and things are *kept*?"

Mrs. Eustis, pulling saucers from the icebox, inspecting them with disfavor, and thrusting them back in, said, over her shoulder, she wondered if exactly what he needed wasn't a cozy little woman bustling around in *his* house, but this remark (what an unaccountable man, Mary thought) seemed strangely and strongly to displease him. "Speaking of little women," Mrs. Eustis went on as, peering and crouching, she drew from some remote recess of the icebox a very small block of pressed ham, "did you *notice* Henrietta? Such a shape I never saw!"

At this, Mr. Footewaite's sulks vanished, as mystifyingly and as quickly as they had come, and both grown-ups laughed. "*Oh*, oh," he chided. "Now you're too cruel. Really. *Isn't* she?" He appealed to Mary.

"I don't know," Mary answered, and then, pert, all at once, with a seventeen-year-old's inexplicable, dreadful pertness, "Was she the one sitting by the fireplace who looked like Mae West, only more so?"

"Oh, you wicked!" Now he loved her again. Now he was delighted with her. The purest malice irradiated him. Mary, who would have supposed malice to be thin, curved, and sharp, was amazed to see it here, manifest, like a film, on the face of a fat man. He shook his finger at her, and though she had never seen anyone shake a finger before, she had read of it in stories, and right away her mind supplied the word "playfully;" playful as a kitten, she thought, and wondered if she had made up the phrase. Playful Mr. Footewaite. She thought he looked silly shaking his finger at her, but in this alien place, so different from what she had expected it would be, her integrity wilted a little, and she was glad to be approved of by someone, even by Mr. Footewaite, who was so fat. She smirked; she couldn't help herself, and bent to straighten a fork to hide her pleased face. Probably, after all, telling Mrs. Eustis about the poetry-appreciation class and the composition class and dances in vacation wouldn't have been so very interesting for either of them; this must be a far more sophisticated way to be spending an evening. She jauntily refolded paper napkins and tried to think up some further smart thing to say that would solidify her position with Mrs. Eustis and Mr. Footewaite as one of them, but before anything occurred to her, the others had begun to discuss somebody named Charles, and though she boldly asked, "Well, which one was *he*?," they didn't hear. Presently, Mrs. Eustis, turning to her, said, "Never marry a man with charm, Mary. Remember that. Never marry a Charles," and then it was borne in upon her that Charles must be the distant Mr. Eustis, and, as such, certainly hadn't been one of the cocktail party that afternoon—he was anywhere else *but*—and that it was presumed she knew it. "Have you read his Firbank article in *Southern Survey*?" she was asked, quite as though she were their contemporary, and when she murmured no, they both advised her bitterly not to—not to under any circumstances.

"Criticism being definitely *not* Charles' pigeon," Mr. Footewaite said. "It's a gra-a-ate pity he ever let himself be talked into trying it." He sounded much pleased. "*Oh*, yes. A great pity."

They all sat down at the table, and Mr. Footewaite fell avidly upon his ham, energetically carving away at the soft stuff with far more gesturing than needful, almost as though he had Charles' pigeon, or even Charles himself, there on the plate before him. "But, of course," he said, from a full mouth, "Charles was always *too* amiable for his own good, wasn't he? Oh, definitely, my dear. Oh, yes. When he was here, that's what everybody in the department felt. Not an intellectual at all, really."

"Oh, I *know*." Mrs. Eustis passed around a few damp radishes in a saucer. "I found that out. Charming, to a degree, but not an intellectual. Of course, he was older than I was, and I had always looked up to him. I suppose he—dazzled me, don't you?"

"Mmn." There was a certain amount of acquiescence in Mr. Footewaite's "Mmn," but not much, and the glance he gave Mrs. Eustis at the same time contained a gay barb of disbelief and malice. "Why, of course," he said, and bent low again to his ham.

"I see it in Paul. And who," she demanded of them both, with sudden fierceness, "is ever going to want to marry *me*, with a child tagging along?" She turned to Mary. "If I were young all over again, believe me . . ."

Mary didn't feel young at all any more; maybe it was the sherry, or her long train ride, but she felt she must be aging right there in her chair, right before their eyes. Dust, dust and the breath of ashes were sifting softly and heavily and relentlessly down over everything there, down through the air of the bright, tiny, hot, disorderly kitchen, to rest on hair and hands, and trying to come to rest but sifting, shifting, softly sliding down the narrow, glassy shoulders of the bottle of red wine Mr. Footewaite had discovered on a shelf and brought to the table. How could they bear to be themselves, the girl wondered, and why had she tried, for a minute, to be one of them? She stared at Mrs. Eustis's face and could see no present assurance that she had ever believed the poetry she used to read, but if Mrs. Eustis had believed it, as her mother said, then what had happened? Had Charles— No. Mary began to believe she liked Charles better than either of these two, much better—better even, maybe, than many people she knew.

Mrs. Eustis turned her head and called over her shoulder, "Paul, go to bed!" There was no reply. "Oh, *you* go and tell him," she said to Mary, quick and irritable. "He should have been in bed hours ago. I simply have altogether too much to do."

Mary escaped. She found Paul upstairs in the guest room, playing with the fittings in her dressing case. "Are all these little bottles yours?" he asked, and when she said yes, he asked, accusingly, why she didn't keep stuff in them, ladies' stuff.

"I will, I guess, when I grow up."

"To be a lady?" He looked at her, speculating. "But even now you could put colored water in them," he said. "Paint water."

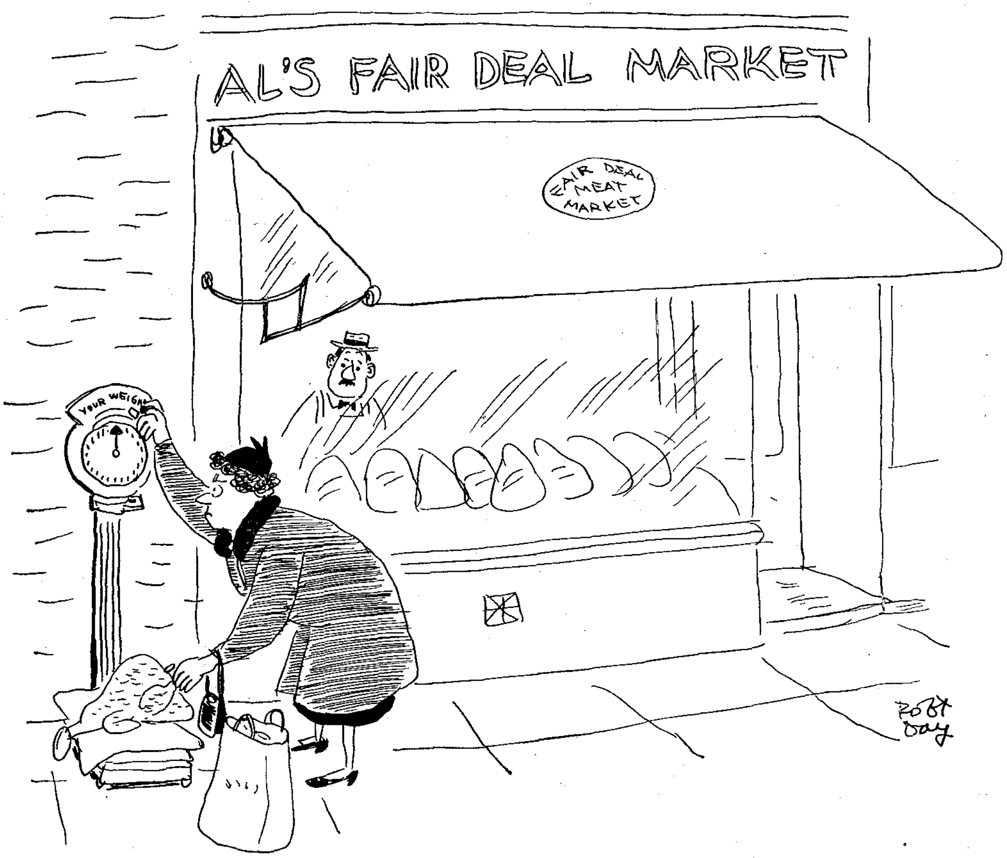
Inefficiently, and with the greatest delight, Mary undressed him in her room, pulling off the tight cotton jersey, the socks; she took him along the hall and inefficiently washed him, and persuaded him into bed in his cluttered room. His small bullet head turned toward the door, he grinned up at her where she lingered in the doorway, with a hand on either cream-colored jamb; she longed not to have to go back to the others; she hung in the doorway; all the soft, creamy woodwork of that house had a bloom of dust on it.

"I won't have the pillow!" he yelled, and rose up and flung it from under him to the cluttered floor.

"Well, don't! I couldn't care less."

He laughed and threw himself back, hastened to screw himself down until only his eyes and his miniature crew cut showed above the sheet. "*Good night, Mrs. Pussy*," he said, in a slow, deep, affected voice, from under the covers.

MARY went back downstairs, slowly down, her hand slipping along the banister, her foot poised unwillingly



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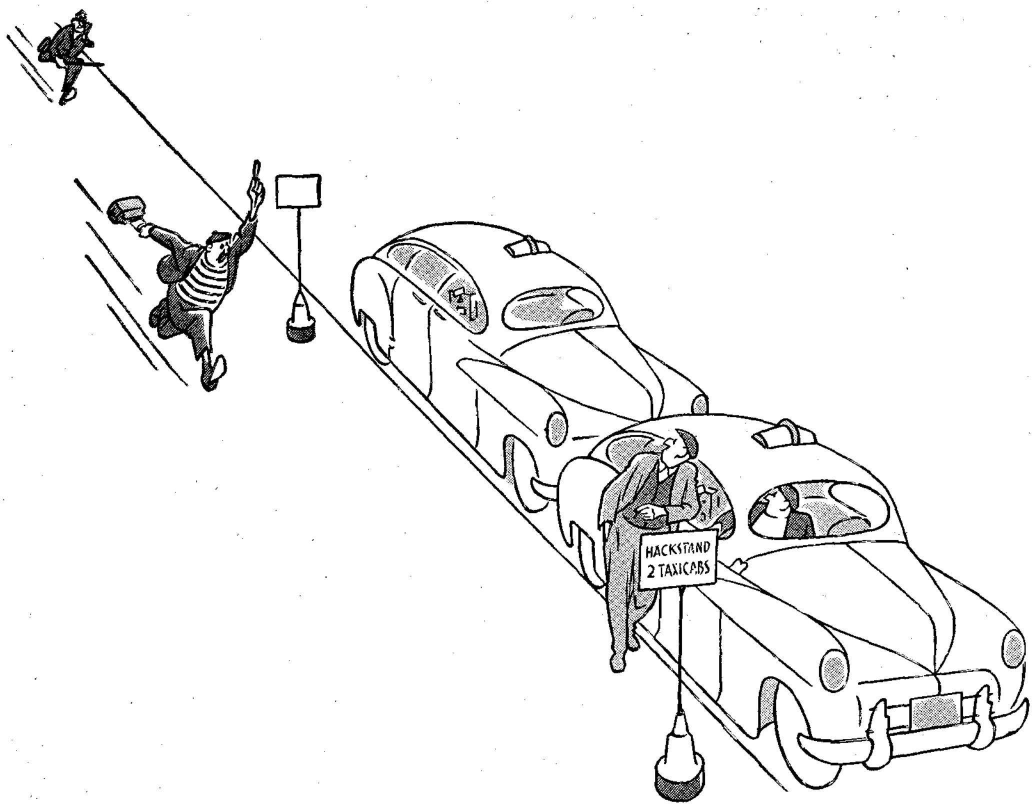

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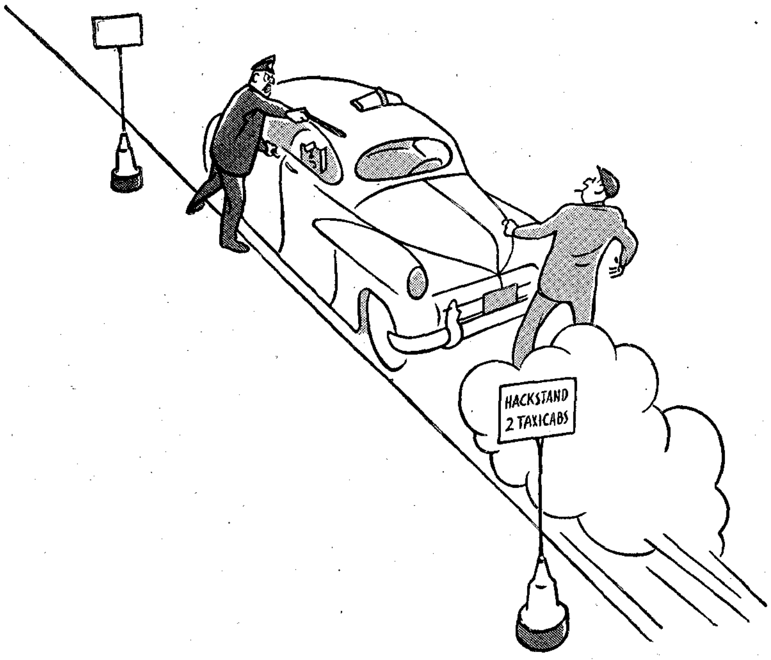

above each blue velvet step. What was there she could do, though, but set her feet down—one, then the other, one, then the other? She could tell from the sound of the voices in the kitchen that they had not been missing her; their stale, hateful singsong was going on without ceasing. The girl dawdling on the stairs had never experienced, even in a small way, the tired, ashamed trembling of this moment. In the center of her helpless, chilly disillusionment with them burned a shameful, hot flicker of anger against herself for her own corruptibility at having, even briefly, sought their approval. Then this small flare went out; such a relief, because it was *they* who had made her be that way, *they* who had let her in for it, and now she could be angry at only them. She heard Mr. Footewaite say shrilly, "But you know what Vera is! How could you not!," and was mortally afraid that when she slipped back into her place at the table, he would turn to her right away and tell her all about Vera, awful things about this Vera. He would make up a story, full of wine as he was, to impress a young visiting girl. She felt that something in him menaced her, not in the exciting, breathless way young men at dances were beginning to—not like a man at all. "He's some kind of a monster," she muttered, pausing on the bottom step, her hand on the post. Then, without knowing she was going to, she stepped, neat and silent, across to the front door, pulled it open, and was out on the sidewalk in the cold night, night as it was at home or at school or anywhere else she had ever been—cold, vast, impersonal, and dark. A busy small dog—probably doormat brown, though it was not easy to tell by streetlight—came wagging along the sidewalk, sniffing at the tires of parked cars. Though she thought he wasn't going to stop, in the end he did, for an instant, and whiffled at the toes of her new suède pumps. "Oh, dog," she said softly, grateful for his ordinariness. "Oh, you're so nice." He trotted away from her, off up the street, incorruptible and cocky, his stump tail wagging. She called to him to wait, ready to go with him then and there, wherever he might be going, away from the pretty house behind her, where the few rooms were full of alternate horizontal layers of cigarette smoke and malice. But unaccustomed high heels embarrassed her; what if she scuffed the suède toes on the uneven sidewalk? "Wait!" she called again; but then she looked down doubtfully at her toes. If she got even as far as the next streetlight, wouldn't she be lost?

She went back in, and nothing in the kitchen had changed, really. *He* was lower in his chair, with the heavy mouth closer to the soft, heavy belly; perhaps he was going to sit there all

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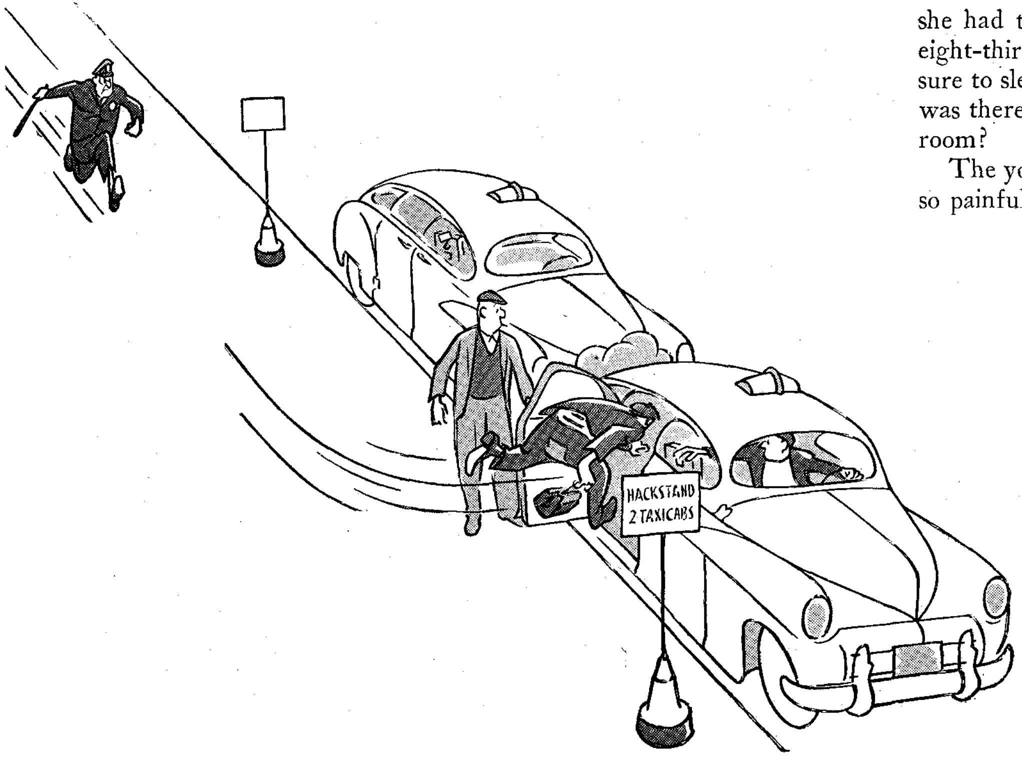

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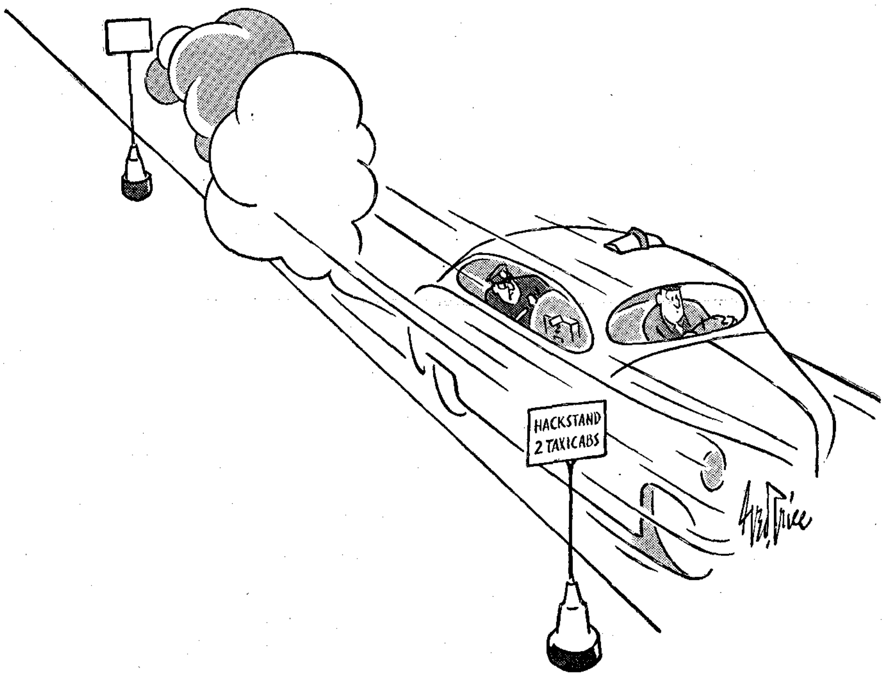


night, and, if so, the two would surely meet, and the beard would cover the belt buckle, which would gleam through. The ham was gone; bits of green leaves stuck to plates slick with oil; the paper napkins had gone down to defeat. Mary slid into her place at the table, silent—rude, perhaps. Mrs. Eustis asked her if she wanted some cake for dessert; what *would* she like?

"Mademoiselle is sleepy." Mr. Footewaite brought around his wandering gaze for a moment. "Look at those lovely, sleepy, flushed cheeks," he said.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" Mrs. Eustis exclaimed. "Of course you must be dead for sleep, with that long train ride. And a train ride tomorrow, too." She didn't listen at all when Mary told her that she had to get up early and catch the eight-thirty-five, but said she must be sure to sleep as long as she wanted, and was there everything she needed in her room?

The young girl, who had never been so painfully wide-awake in her life before, lowered her eyes and murmured, "Yes, I guess I am kind of sleepy."

EARLY the next morning, Mary slid out of bed, dressed without turning on the light, and bundled things into her suitcase helter-skelter, as she had been taught not to. She tiptoed downstairs through the chill, stale air that had hung in the hall all night. A light burned in the kitchen. *He* had gone, but in his place at the still littered table, Paul sat, eating the breakfast he had got for himself.

"Where is your mother?" Mary asked. "Isn't she up?"

He shook his head. "She sleeps and sleeps," he said.

"Oh, but I have to go, to get to school in time. I told her— Then, will you say goodbye to her for me—thank her, I mean? Tell her I've had a perfectly lovely time." He did not at once reply but slowly, with his dripping spoon, laid down a trail of milk-wet puffed rice, like wet seeds, on the plastic tabletop. "I don't want any breakfast," she said.

This did not surprise him. He put up no argument. He did not want breakfast, either. "O.K." he said.

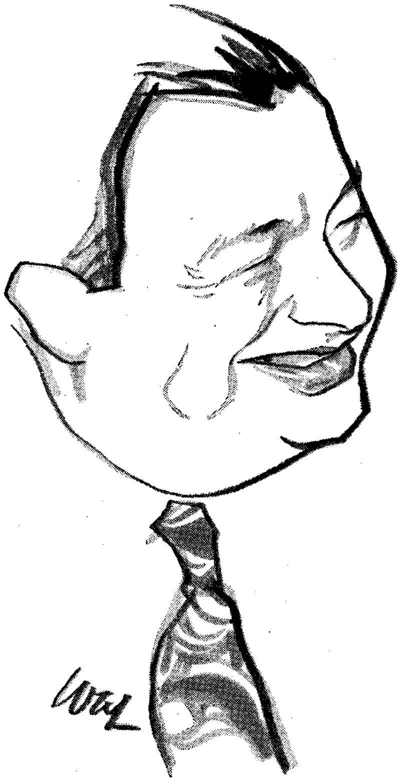
A minute later, Mary tiptoed across the porch and ran down the steps, forgetting her gloves, on the living-room mantel, and her shoe trees, in the bathroom. Though she did not find it out till late that afternoon, in among the things in her suitcase she had packed, by mistake, the small striped red and green and white cotton jersey she had pulled off Paul the evening before. She never did return it, and probably, in that house, it would never even be missed.

—LOUISE FIELD COOPER

PROFILES

TOOTS'S WORLD

II—FRIENDSHIP



Toots Shor's, the popular eating-and-drinking establishment that one literary customer has called "the saloon with a soul," occupies a three-story brick building at 51 West Fifty-first Street. The façade of the restaurant is modified American Colonial; the interior is unmodified Shor. Like its proprietor, the restaurant has an air that is expansive, robust, and genial; it reflects his interest in comfort before cash, and it is as devoid of subtlety and fussy trimmings as a boxing ring. The floors are plank oak and uncarpeted, the walls are faced with red brick and knotty-pine panelling, the rooms are clean and well lighted, and the whole building is air-conditioned. Shor, a mountainous man, planned the layout with his own maneuverability in mind, and as a result the restaurant is uncommonly open and uncluttered. On the ground floor, adjoining a large lobby, is a circular bar, fifty-four feet in circumference, surrounded by wooden stools upholstered in red leather. "That's my roulette wheel," Shor says of his bar, which is tended by three bartenders at lunchtime and four during dinner. There are three service bars elsewhere in the restaurant; all the bars served a total of approximately six hundred thousand drinks last year. A few steps from his roulette wheel and beyond a wooden archway is a dining room with a vaulted ceiling and a huge brick fireplace in the wall opposite the entrance; this room seats two hundred people and is where Shor spends the major part of his working day. Another dining room, seating two hundred and fifty and accessible from the lobby by an elevator and a wide staircase, occupies the second floor; its walls are decorated with murals, or what Shor calls "hand-painted pictures," depicting historic sporting events. The third-floor dining room seats three hundred and is used for banquets, meetings, and private parties. The restaurant has four kitchens—one in the basement and one on each floor. Shor's clientele is predominantly male, and his food, which is cooked American style, is substantial and straightforward. The menu is completely à la carte. Entrées begin at a dollar ten at lunch and at a dollar ninety-five at dinner. The restaurant opens at noon, except on Sundays, when it opens at four in the afternoon, and it closes at four in the morning, except on Saturday, when it closes at three. The staff numbers a hundred and eighty, and last year the place sold a million seven hundred thousand dollars' worth of food and liquor.

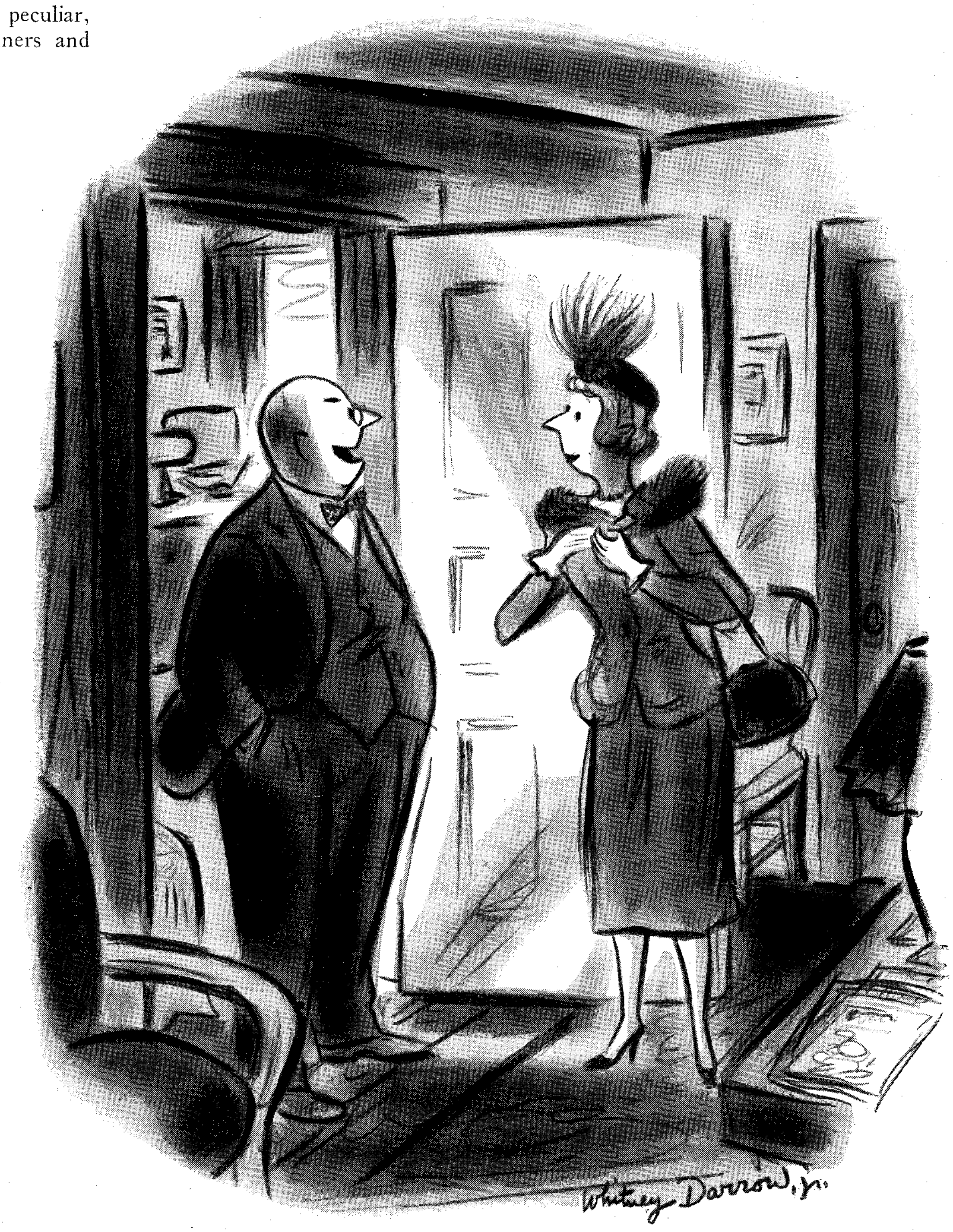
Although its fare, surroundings, and location have helped to make Shor's a successful restaurant, it is the proprietor and the rather large group of other people who regard 51 West Fifty-first Street as their home away from home that have made the place an institution dimly comparable to the Mermaid Tavern. Like the celebrated Elizabethan saloon, Shor's has the aspect of a club for men, and it exerts a practically irresistible fascination upon its coterie of regular and devoted customers. The charm of the Mermaid has been immortalized by Keats and Beaumont and many another literary fellow, but all their eulogies together do not add up to a prettier tribute than the laconic one paid to Shor's by Joe E. Lewis, the night-club comedian, while he was working in Ciro's, the elegant Hollywood cabaret. Someone asked him how he liked it there. "I'd rather be standing outside Toots's starving than sitting inside Ciro's belching," Lewis said. During the Second World War, Quentin Reynolds, who had been in England on an assignment, came back to New York before he was expected. "I had three good reasons for coming home," Reynolds said at the time. "I was homesick for my wife, my father, and Toots." When James Conzelman, a former football coach who is now an advertising executive in St. Louis, comes to town on business, he leaves his luggage at the Waldorf without stopping to register and goes directly to Shor's. "I don't feel right until I've checked in with Toots," he says. A few years ago, a pair of screen writers and Shor alumni, Sid Silvers and Fred Finklehoffe, were in the midst of collaborating on a picture in Hollywood when Silvers failed to return to his office after lunch one day; late that night he telephoned his collaborator from Shor's. "I got so lonesome for the gang, I just went out and got on a plane," Silvers said. "You know how it is." Finklehoffe said he understood.

In the opinion of many of the regular customers at Shor's, the restaurant's magnetic attraction is classically illustrated by the case of a press agent named Harry Sobol, a brother of the columnist Louis Sobol. Harry is a talkative little man who wears black-rimmed glasses, incessantly smokes big cigars, which he calls heaters, and is known affectionately to his friends as Hate, Inc., because of his great talent for knocking people. "You name him, I'll rap him," Harry often says. For many years, he and Shor were fast friends, and then, a couple of years ago, they had a misunderstanding over whether Harry once neglected to tip his hat to Shor's wife, and Shor abruptly stopped talking to his little friend and constant customer. Though Harry has since been continually and elaborately snubbed by the proprietor, he has not stopped going to the restaurant. "I can stand it if that big chowderhead never talks to me," he said the other day. "What the hell! I didn't speak to my own brother for six years because I didn't like the way he blew his nose. But what can I do? If I don't go to Toots's, I don't see my friends. Besides, I like the joint."

All these demonstrations of loyalty are pleasing to Shor, who has always maintained that he runs his restaurant primarily for his friends. He divides his patrons into two groups. The first, which is of lesser interest to Shor, is composed of the men and women who patronize his place but who also occasionally go to some of the twenty-two thousand other restaurants in the city. He refers to this group as "the civilians."

Shor seldom speaks to a civilian unless the stranger presents a letter of introduction or is otherwise recommended by someone who belongs to the second, select group. This consists of Shor's friends—the dozens of persons, almost exclusively men, who not only come to the restaurant with fanatic regularity for their food and drink but also make it their social headquarters. Shor speaks of the members of this group collectively as "our guys" and individually as "one of us." The same terms are used by our guys in referring to each other. Taken together, our guys make up a peculiar, cohesive society, whose manners and mores are as distinctive as the Polynesian and in some respects nearly as colorful. Shor is the acknowledged headman of this society, not only because he founded it but also because he is, in the opinion of the other members, its model citizen and elder statesman.

THERE are few formal requirements for admission into the Shorian society, aside from a firm interest in sports, but the membership rolls are permanently closed to any man who doubts that life's dearest treasure is friendship. "I have an expression—I say, 'Friends are better than money,' " Shor has often observed, setting forth a dictum that has filtered down through the society and has the force of a sacred pronouncement. To Shor and his followers, friendship, which in its highest state they call palship, is an almost tangible thing. It is a subject they discuss often and without reticence in their conversation and correspondence. "You know, Toots, there is just one thing in life a guy wants," a sports promoter once wrote to Shor, "and that's the thing you look around for from coast to coast and from sea to sea. You know what I mean—friendship. And, Toots, there is nothing I want from you except that—so when you see me on the street, you will say hello." Phil Silvers, a comedian who has his serious side, said a while ago in a letter to Shor, "If it's true that the most valuable thing in the world is a friend, then I'm really loaded. I know that your big hunk of body belongs to a great many others who also love you, but I'm very grateful for my small share." Pat O'Brien, the film actor, has also expressed his gratitude to Shor for being a friend. "Somehow or other over the years your palship has been a deeper something than the ordinary association," he once wrote to Shor. "I guess it's because we both came from the other side of the tracks, and through the decades we can still hear the whistle of the train. The same whistle that, when we were kids, told us with its eerie blast that somewhere along the rocky road we'd find what we wanted. Well, finding it is one thing, and keeping it is another. And with you, I got paid off both ways. Brother, we sure got the best of it." Scores of other people have taken pen in hand to tell Shor what it means to them to be friends of his. A priest wrote, "You are the precious grain among the chaff;" the president of a Detroit advertising agency wrote,


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

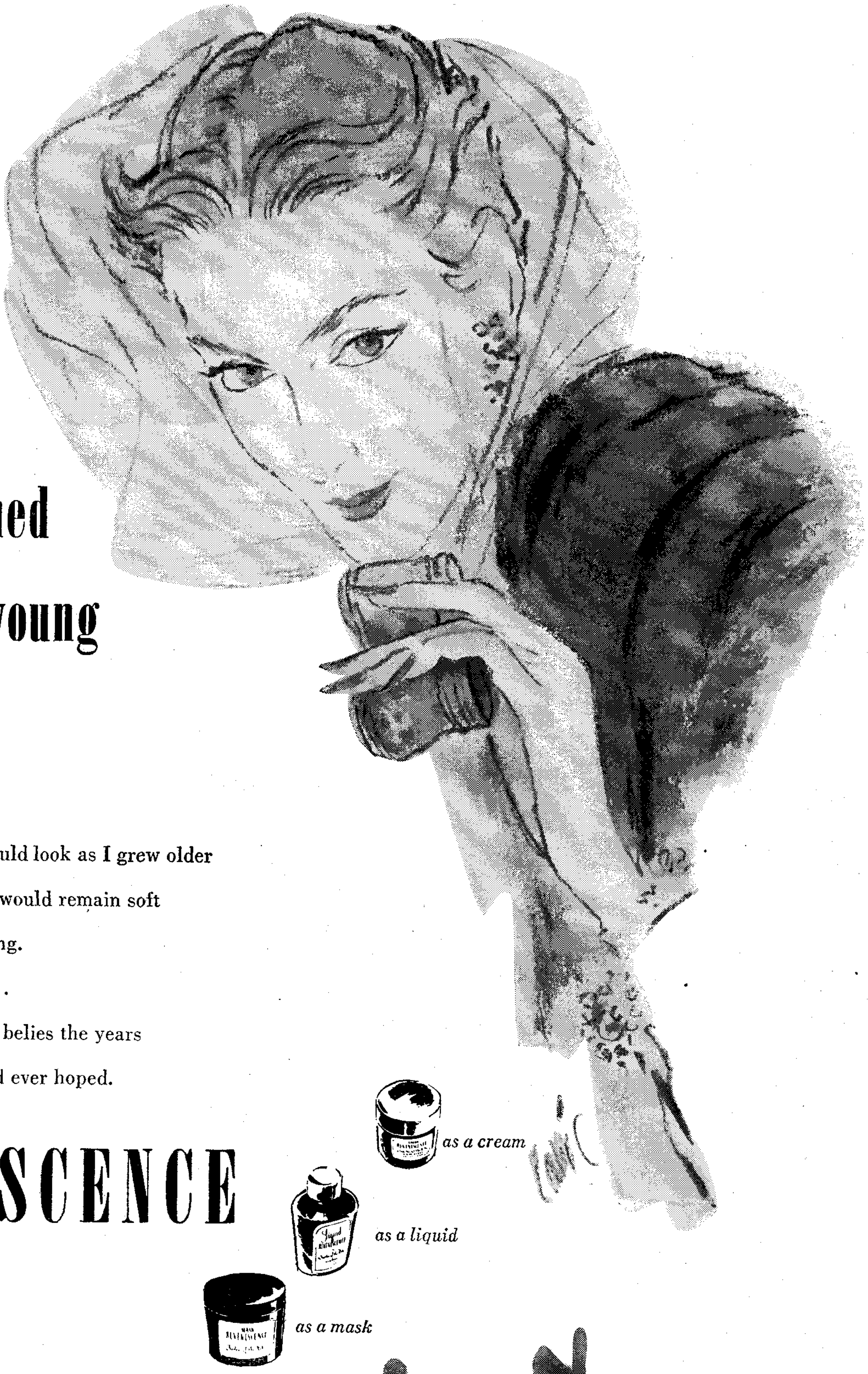
"I think you'll find that we've got that kleptomania under control, Mrs. Barclay, but if you should have a little relapse, would you mind picking up a nice desk clock for me?"

"You're the only guy whose heart is as big as he is;" a sports commentator wrote, "The Good Lord lost the mold after bringing you into the world;" and a lawyer with a flair for the original phrase wrote, "When they get around to awarding you a degree, Tootsie Boy, it will have to be a Ph.D.—Doctor of Phriendship."

Shor, in turn, is never remiss about assuring his friends that he is glad to be their friend. "You have given me more thrills than all the rest of the champions put together," Shor wrote last year in a note to Joe DiMaggio on the occasion of a celebration in DiMaggio's honor at Yankee Stadium. "You always won the Big Ones and never knew how to choke up. You are the biggest guy I know and the biggest thing about you is your heart. You gave us baseball fans the greatest moments we have ever had but something more than that, Joe, you gave me your friendship." As a rule, the protestations of friendship that Shor composes are somewhat less flowery than those he receives. To a man who took a couple of pages to make the point that "you are the best friend God ever created," Shor replied, in full, "Your letter was one of the nicest I ever received. Thanks for thinking so much of me, and the feeling goes both ways." In answering letters that deal with the glories of being his friend, Shor employs three more or less standard forms, ranging in intensity from "I am glad to call you my friend" to "I am proud to call you my friend," and on upward to "It is an honor to be your friend." He often winds up letters to someone with whom he has a palship by remarking, "I love you. I miss you. Come on home."

When a pal does come home, Shor welcomes him with a bearlike embrace, a smack on the cheek, and a roaring cry of affectionate invective. "I love ya, ya creepy bum!" Shor often shouts while scuffling with the pal and pounding him on the back. "If the folks down in Dallas saw me getting hugged and kissed like that," a burly Texan who receives this treatment has said, "they'd think I'd gone plumb crazy." Whatever the uninitiated may think of it, Shor's tumultuous performance is accepted as the conventional form of greeting within the society. The parting ceremony is also demonstrative, and not infrequently tearful. Weeping induced by thoughts of friends is not considered unmanly in the Shorian society; on the contrary, the act has tribal sanction because it is a visible sign of affection. Nearly everyone who knows Shor at all well has seen him cry over friends, both living and dead. The late Rags Ragland, one of Shor's revered friends, used to say, "You can make him cry with card tricks." In 1941, on the first anniversary of the opening of his restaurant, a hundred of Shor's friends chipped in ten dollars apiece to give a surprise party for him. By pretending that they were going to hold a banquet on behalf of a motion-picture company, they were able to have the party in Shor's second-floor dining room. After they had all assembled, the radio writer Jerry D. Lewis, one of the friends who had helped to arrange the affair, went downstairs and told Shor that some trouble requiring his attention had developed at the banquet. When Shor walked into the dining room, his friends, standing with highball glasses in their hands, began singing "Happy Birthday to You." Shor looked at them and, starting to sob, turned around and left the room. Lewis followed and helped Shor, who was then weeping heavily, to his office. "There was nothing you could do about it," Lewis has since remarked. "For ten minutes, he was crying like people in a cemetery." Regaining his composure at last, Shor returned to the party and joined in the festivities, which reached a high point when Rags Ragland put a lemon-meringue pie in Shor's face.

In speaking of the party, Shor sometimes affectionately says, "Imagine them creepy bums payin' ten bucks apiece to humor a saloonkeeper." The celebration was for him a moving and historic experience, largely because it was a demonstration of friendship in a palpable form. His friends had honored him in a way that could be seen, heard, and touched, and, by including the food and liquor, even smelled and tasted; for Shor



I never dreamed
I'd look this young
at my age

● I'd often wondered how I would look as I grew older . . . wondered how long my skin would remain soft and smooth and youthful-looking.

But — no need to wonder now . . .

my Revenescence-cared-for-skin belies the years more beautifully than even I had ever hoped.

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it was therefore an almost perfect act. The pursuit important above all others in the Shorian society is the relentless effort to transmute friendship from an abstract concept into a concrete commodity. One manifestation of this unceasing endeavor is a furious exchange, among members, of gifts and services. Being the chieftain, Shor is both the leading recipient and the foremost giver. His collection of the trophies of friendship is imposing. It includes several gold watches, including one given him by Frank Sinatra, who had it resourcefully inscribed "Any friend of Sinatra's is a friend of mine. Frankie," and one that bears the inscription "To Pretty Boy Toots. Your Pal George Raft." Shor is also the proud possessor of the late Mark Hellinger's favorite timepiece, which was presented to him by Hellinger's widow, the former Gladys Glad. The late James J. Walker, who spent a good portion of his last years at Shor's and always addressed the proprietor as Beautiful, willed him a pass, made of gold and signed by Tex Rickard, to all sporting events at Madison Square Garden. Horace C. Stoneham, the president of the New York Giants, gave Shor a gold lifetime pass to the Polo Grounds, and Shor annually receives from Stoneham and Tom Yawkey, the president of the Boston Red Sox, season passes to all the ballparks of both the National and the American Leagues. Shor pays his way into all sporting events, but he treasures the passes as keepsakes. John Broderick, a former city detective who was known during his years on the force as "Broadway's one-man riot squad," has given Shor, among other things, a detective's badge, and Shor has also received, from Casey Stengel, manager of the Yankees, a badge with a diamond in the middle making him a deputy sheriff of Alameda County, California. The Yankees' leading player has given Shor an alligator travelling bag, as well as a gold watch chain, on one end of which is a small plaque reading, "To My Guy Toots—Joe DiMaggio." Several of Shor's friends have given him money clips; Tony Martin, the singer, gave him an imported portable radio; and Ragland gave him a pair of monogrammed gold cuff links, each inscribed "To My Friend. Rags." Abel Green, the editor of *Variety*, gave him a pair of cuff links made of French francs, and Ben Hogan, the golfer, presented him with a pair made of gold Saint Christopher medals. Shor also carries a gold Saint Christopher medal the size of a silver dollar, which bears the inscription "Toots Shor. With You Always. Robert E. Hannegan."

Shor lives with his wife, who is known as Baby, and their two young daughters and one son in an apartment at 480 Park Avenue. The apartment is a museum of palship. An oil portrait of Mrs. Shor hangs on one of the living-room walls; the painting was given to Shor by Mark Hellinger, the frame by Jerry D. Lewis. The living room also contains a gigantic television-radio-phonograph combination, a gift from David H. Marx, the millionaire toy manufacturer. On the grand piano are three leather photograph albums, presented by Pat O'Brien, and a Chinese vase, presented by Harry Sobol. "I went five bills for that," Sobol has recently remarked, with only a touch of bitterness. Sobol and O'Brien are further represented in the room that serves as the apartment's bar, which has professional appointments, is papered with bold black-and-white wallpaper picturing an English hunting scene, and conveys the feeling of an intimate cocktail lounge. Sobol's donation to this room is a wastebasket shaped like a gentleman's old-fashioned hatbox. O'Brien is spiritually present in the form of an eight-piece set of sterling-silver bartending equipment, which reposes in a box lined with purple velvet; on the cover of the box is a plaque reading, "To Toots and Baby—Our Kind of Folks. Faithfully, Eloise and Pat." Against one wall of the room is a small upright piano, bearing a plaque that says that the instrument was presented by Eddy Duchin and Quentin Reynolds; the piano bench, according to a plaque on it, was presented by Robert Low, a *Life* editor. On the shelves behind the bar are two dozen outsize crystal glasses, presented by Joseph D. Nunan, Jr., a former Commissioner of the Bureau of Internal Revenue and now a lawyer practicing in New York, and a dozen silver beer mugs, given by Robert D. Levitt and his wife, Ethel Merman. On display elsewhere in the bar and in other rooms of the apartment are silver tea and coffee services, china, books, cigarette boxes, autographed photographs, and other gifts from numerous friends, including Sid Luckman and Creighton Miller, former All-America football players; Bobo Newsom and other baseball players; the late Joseph V. Connolly, a Hearst executive; Earl Wilson; Robert Considine; Frank Graham; Henry McLemore; Bill Corum; J. Edgar Hoover; Clyde Tolson; Cardinal Spellman; and President Truman.

Shor's most recent personal acquisition is a gold watch, his sixth, which was presented by James Conzelman, who used to coach the Chicago Cardinals, a professional football team. "I wanted to give Toots something, but I'm not rich, so I couldn't give him a big present," Conzelman explained to a friend not long ago. "I decided on the watch because the Cardinals gave it to me when we won the Western Division championship, and it meant a lot to me. It's probably the last athletic award I'll ever receive. I gave it to Toots because it was something that hurt me to part with." Conzelman had the watch inscribed "To Toots from Jim," and sent it to him with a short letter. Shor replied, "The watch and your letter are the most cherished gifts of friendship that I have ever received. I know what the watch meant to you and now I know how you feel about me. That goes double for me."

A mass demonstration of friendship was staged in Shor's honor in 1943, after the O.P.A. discovered that he had overdrawn his red-ration-point allotment by a hundred and three thousand points, the equivalent of about twenty-three thousand pounds of meat, and ruled that he could serve no rationed meat until the overdraft was made up. It took Shor a little over three months to square his account; meanwhile, his menu was somewhat monotonous, the entrées being confined to poultry, eggs, and fish. Many long tons of the stuff were dutifully downed by Shor's friends during this critical period, in the interest of palship. "It's touching," Dorothy Kilgallen said in her column, "how Broadwayites have been flocking to Toots Shor's eatery to demonstrate their sentiments in the matter of his difficulty with the O.P.A.—which are that obviously Toots was a victim of his own honest intentions, and if the recent decision isn't reversed in his favor, there ain't no justice." Louis Sobol was also touched. "Amazing is the loyalty exhibited by the hundreds of Shor's friends," he wrote. "This doesn't follow the usual picture of Broadway's callous indifference and fickleness." Ed Sullivan joined the crusade for fish,

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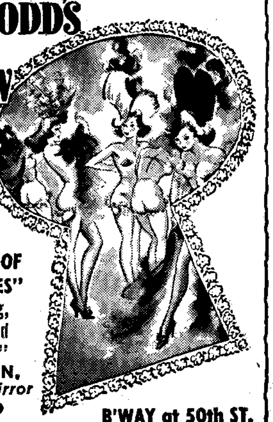

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PEEP SHOW
Staged by
HASSARD SHORT
Comedy Directed by
BOBBY CLARK
with a
CAST OF 100
including "A NUMBER OF COMELY YOUNG LADIES"
"A smash hit! Big, Beautiful, Breezy and Brash Extravaganza."
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NEW YORK 19

fowl, and friendship. "The Stem figures that big Toots, likable and decent, has been given a bum deal, so now his restaurant is minus meat, but not minus customers," he wrote. "Mrs. Toots, who is as tiny as her husband is huge, has been badly worried by the crisis through which their restaurant has been passing. The baby, Bari Ellen, 5 months, 14 days old, continues to coo and gurgle happily. She doesn't know that her Pop's been on the spot." As a result of the friendship rally, Shor's business during the meatless period fell off only thirty thousand dollars, as compared with the year before. "All that publicity made a lot of people think I got rapped for buyin' in the black market," Shor said recently. "I was one of the few guys in town that didn't do that. I made a mistake, an honest mistake, but I ain't beefin' about what happened. That thing certainly showed what friendship means to a guy. The letters I got. Hundreds. And Grad Sears, he sent a telegram: 'I don't love meat. I love you.' Jimmy Walker, he told all his friends, 'Now we gotta eat at Toots's twice a day instead of once.' It was a real 'Hey, Rube.' Any other guy in that fix would've probably had to go out of business, but my friends, they stuck by me. That's the friendship way of doin' business."

SHOR lets his friends know how he feels about them in a number of practical ways, one of the most important of which is lending them money. He has a reputation for never failing to respond when a friend asks what is known in the society as the Big Question. "The great thing is if you need fifteen hundred, he'll get it up for you without any dialogue," a sportswriter who has had his ups and downs, has said. "I will make a bet he is owed more money than anybody in town, except maybe the Morris Plan." Shor's personal correspondence files bulge with grateful notes, some tearstained, from friends who, in the words of one of them, have been given "a push to the top of the hill" by Shor. Harry Sobol was asked the other day if he considered his erstwhile friend a generous man. "He's a swift man with a shilling, and a big spender," Sobol replied. "No doubt about that. But when it comes to generosity, yes, I am glad to say, he has a fault, and I have to rap him. Within thirty minutes after somebody makes a touch, everybody in the joint knows about it. To me, that cancels the debt. His secrets are just like his kisser—big and open." The fact that Shor does not keep all his financial transactions as private as the Friendly Loan Company is, in the opinion of his friends, balanced by the fact that he keeps no record of the money he lends and has never been known to ask for repayment. "When I loan a guy something, it's out of my mind," Shor says. "And I don't think I've ever been cheated. What the hell! If I haven't got it back, it's still owin' me."

Besides being willing to answer the Big Question, Shor makes a determined effort to put solidity into his relationship with his friends by frequently reminding them of his interest with gifts, letters, phone calls, and other tokens, and by constantly urging them to use him as their man Friday. "Don't ever stop asking me for anything," he once wrote to an old friend in Sacramento. A couple of years ago, when Robert Considine was in the South on a writing assignment, Shor wound up a telegram to him by remarking, "Anything you want you can always have from me." One of the things that Shor's friends, especially those who live out of town, most often want is theatre tickets, which he is almost always able to obtain, through George (Gentleman George) Solotaire, who runs the Adelphi Theatre Ticket Service and is a member in good standing of the society, or through other friends. Shor gets seats in the first row center for "South Pacific" direct from the Shuberts. "I can get tickets when millionaires can't," he says. "It's the result of friendship." More often than not, he refuses to let people pay for their tickets. He estimates that he gives about ten thousand dollars' worth of theatre tickets to his friends every year. The day before the opening of the last World Series, he received over a hundred and fifty phone calls and telegrams from people wanting tickets, and he gave away around two thousand dollars' worth of them. For the second Joe Louis-Billy Conn fight, Shor bought twenty tickets at fifty dollars apiece, which he gave to the teen-age sons of some of his friends, and he passed out to adult pals eighty ringside seats, which cost a hundred dollars each. On his way to work, he occasionally stops in at Miss Brogan's shop, on East Fifty-fourth Street, to buy clothes for his children, and while there he also has a few dresses and suits sent to friends who have young children. "Toots does more kind things accidentally than most people do on purpose," Quentin Reynolds has remarked.

One thing Shor did on purpose during the war was send packages of re-

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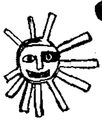

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freshments to friends overseas. "I'll never forget the package I received from Toots just before Christmas in 1944, when I was stationed on Saipan with the B-29s," Major General Emmett J. O'Donnell, Jr., once said in a letter to a friend. "As I remember, the package contained six bottles of Haig & Haig Pinch, six bottles of bonded bourbon, and eight boxes of assorted sizes of Ramon Allones cigars. It wasn't easy to get things into the combat zone, and how Toots did it, I'll never know." Some of Shor's gifts are charged off as business expenses, but many are not. A few years ago, when Rags Ragland was taken sick in California, Shor assumed the expense of bringing him to New York for medical treatment. "Our boy friend, Rags, is in town and I have had him to the best doctor possible," Shor wrote to Bing Crosby. "The doctor has taken more pictures of him than M-G-M ever did, and I just got a report yesterday. It isn't too favorable. Rags' body is in bad shape. The ginger ale ruined him. The doctor said he should have started taking care of himself fifteen years ago. My answer to that is, 'Look what fun he would have missed.' " After Mark Hellinger's death, Shor flew to California and spent ten days helping his friend's widow straighten out the estate. A few weeks ago, Shor gave John Broderick a six-hundred-dollar Patek Philippe watch that Broderick had once, in Shor's presence, admired in a store window.

On the opening day of the baseball season, scores of players, managers, coaches, and owners receive telegrams from Shor, wishing them luck. When a friend goes to the hospital, Shor not only sends him flowers, telephones him, and visits him but also, as soon as the patient's appetite returns, feeds him from the restaurant. Shor has a waiter, named Louis, who makes the hospital route. He travels by taxi, taking along dishes, linen, silver, and a portable food warmer, and provides the patient with room service. Shor has let some of his friends, including Joe DiMaggio, Bill Corum, Frank Sinatra, and Barney Ross, know what he thinks of them by giving banquets in their honor. He seldom forgets a friend's birthday or anniversary. On Jock Whitney's most recent birthday, Shor sent him a Western Union money order for ten dollars and the message "If you need more, call me." He usually remembers sentimental occasions with flowers. His florist bill last year amounted to thirteen thousand five hundred dollars. The floral displays he sends out are impressive. He ships them

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"KING SOLOMON'S MINES"
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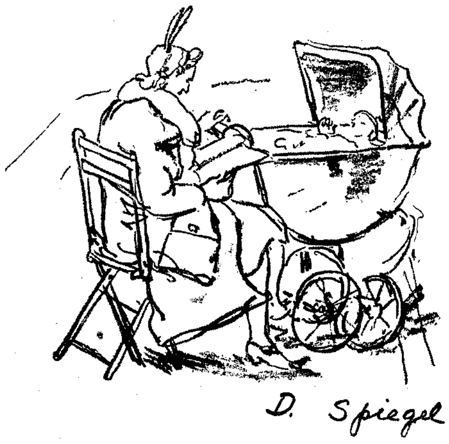
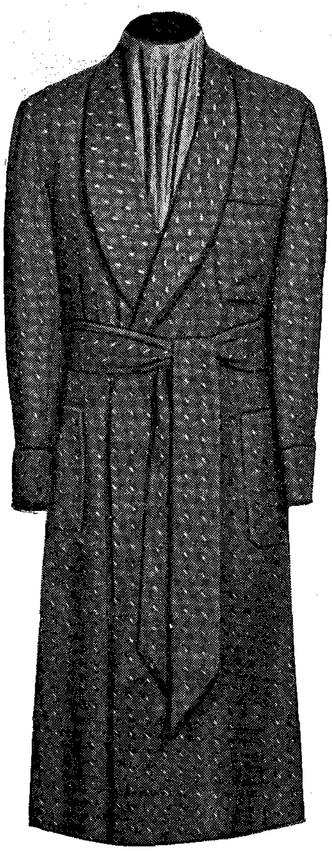
around by the dozen on Christmas and Easter. When Gradwell L. Sears, the general sales manager of United Artists, and his wife celebrated their silver wedding anniversary, Shor had his florist design a tree bearing twenty-five orchids and send it to them. He sends flowers to Bill Corum's mother, whom Shor calls Mother Corum, on her birthday and several other times during the year, and he remembers the mothers, wives, and other relatives of numerous friends. "It's heart-warming every Easter to have the flowers arrive for Eloise," Pat O'Brien said in a letter to a friend, "and it was thrilling when my daughter was given a string of pearls for her birthday. My mother, who is eighty-five, smiles as though she were fifty-five when Toots sends her flowers on Mother's Day. A Saint Christopher medal, which is one of my choice possessions, bears the inscription 'Toots.' No inscriptive endearments. Just 'Toots'—because he knows that I know the name spells 'Lifelong Devotion.' "

Doing favors for his friends is, in Shor's opinion, implicit in his profession, which he describes as saloonkeeping. "I say a saloonkeeper in the city is like a minister in a small town," he recently observed. "If you're havin' trouble at home—things not goin' good with the Missus—you come to the saloonkeeper. You have some whiskey and talk it over. If you need a couple hundred, you come to the saloonkeeper. With the saloonkeeper, you don't feel no obligations." Actually, many of Shor's friends feel that friendship with a saloonkeeper can be stiffly demanding. Shor likes to play the role of Damon, but he requires his friends to be no less responsive than Pythias. When, as has happened in times of business stringency, Shor has asked a friend the Big Question in the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars, he has expected an immediate, affirmative reply. He will not listen to an iota of criticism of his pals, and he takes it for granted that they will be fiercely faithful to him. If a friend comes to town and doesn't promptly get in touch with Shor, he is peeved, and makes no effort to disguise his feelings. Should a friend make an important move in his personal or professional affairs without consulting him, there is a perceptible cooling in the relationship. Following the death of James J. Walker, Shor was elected to take his place as a member of the board of directors of Majestic Records, a post that he held for several months. "The minute Toots got tied up with Majestic," a musician who is an old friend of Shor's has said, "he just assumed that Sinatra and I and all the other guys would right away break our recording contracts and rush over to Majestic. He made us feel that that was what he would do, and probably he would have. He's a very nutty loyal person."

To Shor, the quick, acid test of a friend's loyalty is whether or not he tends to visit restaurants other than the one at 51 West Fifty-first Street. If he does not eat and drink there regularly, or at least report in, his loyalty, according to Shor's uncompromising standard, is suspect. The one thing he will not tolerate is inconstant attendance. He regards anything more than an occasional appearance by one of his flock at what he calls "those other joints," by which he means places like "21" and the Stork Club, as a crime equal to desertion, and his friends are under the impression that he has an intelligence apparatus that will discover their infractions. A customer of Shor's once met Joe DiMaggio running down Fifty-second Street, headed west, and stopped him to ask what was up. "I had to eat lunch with the Yankees at '21,' and I want to get over and tell Toots before somebody gives him a bad report," DiMaggio said, taking off again at high speed. Absence owing to lack of cash is an excuse flatly unacceptable to Shor. "I love a guy who's signin' and keeps comin' in," he says. His reputation for extending credit is widespread and much admired. "When you go there some cold winter night," a Hearst columnist has soliloquized, "and you haven't got it, and maybe you got some old girl you picked up in the night, and Toots trusts you and lets you go on the cuff, that's pretty big." At one time or another, Shor has carried a large portion of his regular customers on the cuff. "Once, when I was out of action, I went six months without paying a tab," Paul Douglas, the actor, recalls, "and I never got a bill until I asked for it." First offenders against the rule that prohibits hanging around other restaurants are punished, on their return to Shor's, by being pointedly snubbed by the proprietor. Multiple offenders soon find themselves waiting an hour for a table and then being seated in a corner near the kitchen. If they persist in their waywardness, they are made to feel like pariahs, and Shor eventually reads them out of the society with some such parting remark as "Go on back to the East Side, ya bum. Billingsley deserves ya."

NO member of the Shorian society has ever been expelled, nor has any aspirant to it ever been blackballed, for being an accomplished drinker. At Shor's, drinking assumes the characteristics of an everyday tribal rite, and anyone who doesn't participate is, unless he has other qualifications of a high order, looked upon with some suspicion. The ritual begins at midday, when the members begin to assemble around the circular bar; by one o'clock it is always crowded, often two deep. As the three white-garbed bartenders move deftly about within the circle, mixing and passing out an assortment of libations, there can be heard the low, steady beating of the gums of the members, who are seldom silent except when swallowing. The number of indigenes participating in the ceremony diminishes during the afternoon but picks up sharply around five, and from then until closing time the performance continues at high tempo. Sometimes, after all the civilians have left and the doors have been locked, Shor entertains a dozen or so of the elders until daybreak. In the Shorian society, the word "drunk" is taboo, because the members feel that the forbidden word connotes a lack of strength of character, like cowardice in a professional soldier. No matter how much liquor a Shorian consumes, he is expected not to falter; his head may become muddy but it must remain unbowed. "Toots's philosophy," James Conzelman has said, "is 'Drink, certainly, and drink a lot, but *hold* it.' " The Shorian term for the condition of a person who has drunk a lot and is holding it is "loaded." There are several variations, such as "He has his load on," "He is half loaded," or "He has a three-quarter load on." A person who is half loaded and uncommonly merry is said to be "bouncing." When the load is increased to somewhere between three-quarters and full, and merriment gives way to exaltation, the state is called "winging." If a person who has been winging becomes surly and obstreperous, he is described as a "cleaner-outer," meaning that his actions tend to





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drive off the premises the members who are just quietly loaded or happily bouncing.

Though Shor manages an air of modesty about many of his other talents, he publicly prides himself on being a masterly drinker. The only person he ever paid the slightest deference to in this field was his late companion Mark Hellinger. "I think Hellinger and I are the two best drinkers who ever lived," Shor once said. "There may have been two other guys who drank as much, but nobody ever drank more." Shor is especially proud of his record because he had the disadvantage of a late start. "I didn't drink until I was twenty-six," he says. Today, at forty-seven, he is the society's undisputed drinking champion. He last defended his title a couple of years ago, when three contenders—an actor, a publicity man, and a radio comedian—separately challenged him during a single week. Shor took them on one at a time. All the bouts, the simple point of which was to determine who could drink the most liquor without losing consciousness, were held at the restaurant, and the proprietor won each of them handily. The third contest began around two o'clock one afternoon and ended about four hours later, when Shor's opponent, who had risen from the table where they had been drinking and had started for the men's room, collapsed under the archway between the dining room and the bar. A waiter and a captain hurried to offer assistance, but they were restrained by the proprietor. "Leave the bum there," Shor said. "I want everybody to see him, so it'll be a lesson to any other creep who gets any ideas about messin' with the champ." During the next twenty minutes or so, the customers coming in for dinner were obliged to step over the supine form on the barroom floor. Shor finally put the contender into a taxi and dispatched a waiter to see him home. No challenges have been issued since.

Shor's friends occasionally become concerned over how the leader's drinking may affect his health, but that seems to worry Shor, who is in good condition, not at all. He has a cheerfully matter-of-fact attitude toward drinking, possibly because he long ago accepted liquor as an item as necessary in his diet as milk in a baby's. A friend of his who works for a liquor concern in California once invited him to come out for a visit. "Some day I'll take you up on your invitation," Shor wrote in reply, "and just have plenty of whiskey, as I will be in a drinking mood when I get to California. I love whiskey when I'm out of town. I'm only playing with the stuff when I'm around here." Shor uses the word "whiskey" as a generic term embracing all liquor. In his restaurant, he is seldom served anything but fifteen-year-old Monnet brandy, which he drinks with soda. The number of drinks he has in the course of his day, which extends from around ten-thirty in the morning to the early hours of the next morning, varies from none to a couple of dozen or more, depending on circumstances and his mood. Visits from out-of-town friends, births, and deaths increase the consumption; it is often reduced by the press of business, as it was during the 1949 World Series, when he didn't have a drink for four days running. The pattern is not easily predictable, because it follows Shor's belief that "whiskey helps you when you're feelin' good and when you're feelin' bad."

Regardless of how late Shor stays up or how much he drinks at night, he never fails to arrive at work the following morning at his customary time. This is a point of honor in the Shorian society. According to the code, a member is expected to be able to drink all night like a gentleman and still get up and do his work like a man. Shor is proud of the fact that he occasionally stops drinking, which he describes as "going on the dry." His periods of abstinence range from a few days to, at the longest, a couple of weeks. Once a year, in the early spring, he and his wife take a two-week vacation at Hot Springs, Arkansas, during which he drinks no liquor, takes the baths, and loses about fifteen pounds, which he regains within a few weeks after his return. When he is on the dry, he drinks a couple of cases of Coca-Cola a day. Whether on the wet or on the dry, he ordinarily has a bottle of Coke on arising, instead of orange juice or coffee, a beverage he never touches. "Coke is the greatest thing there is after a tough night," he says. "They oughta advertise it for that." Shor rents a house in Deal, New Jersey, as a summer residence for his family and his wife's parents, and uses it as a weekend rendezvous for himself and his friends. On Friday afternoons, his father-in-law drives in from Deal in a station wagon to pick up meat, liquor, and other provisions at the restaurant. One afternoon last August, a friend saw six cases of liquor being put aboard, and asked Shor if that was the usual weekend supply. "We'll need all of that," he said. "I'll be there for the weekend, and I'll drink—oh, I'll drink enough. It don't hurt me. Maybe it's a little harder gettin' up in the morning, but I never

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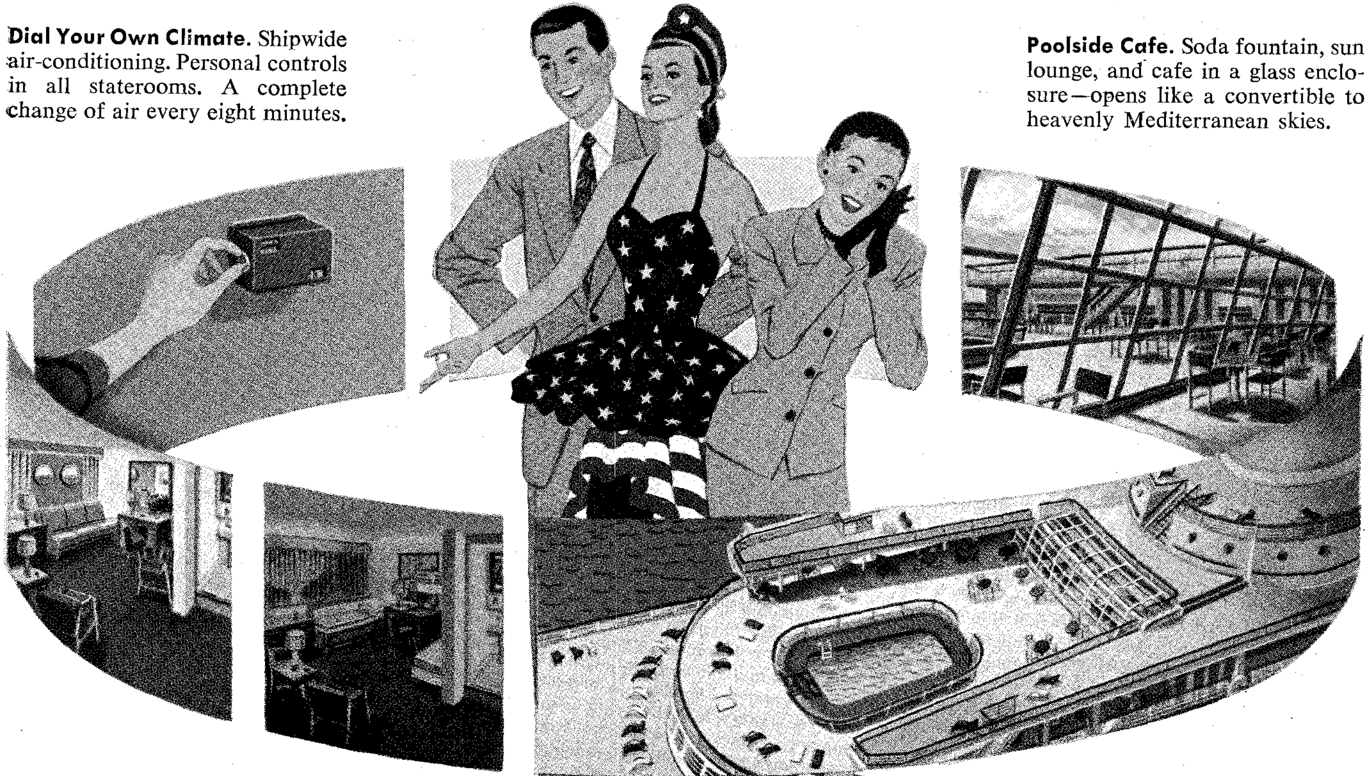

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had to stay in bed from drinkin'. What the hell, you're drinkin' and laughin'! As long as you're laughin', it's all right."

EVEN a man who possesses the required reverence for sports, friendship, and drinking will never get into the Shorian society if he doesn't have what the members call "class." It is the indispensable qualification, but even Shor finds it hard to define it precisely. "Class is a thing when a guy does everything decent," he once said. Though resisting definition in words, class is demonstrable in actions. When Larry MacPhail, who had had a falling out with Shor, was president of the Yankees, he let it be known among members of the team that he didn't look with particular favor on their eating at Shor's. One day, MacPhail asked Joe DiMaggio to have dinner with him that evening. "Thank you, but I can't make it," DiMaggio said. "I'm having dinner with Toots." DiMaggio's action, which was duplicated under less poignant conditions by a number of other Yankee players, is often cited at Shor's as an eloquent illustration of class, one important element of which is loyalty. Outward modesty is another. Practically no one around Shor's, including the leader, suffers from holding a meagre opinion of himself, but exterior self-effacement is de rigueur. Shor sets the tone for public unpretentiousness by, for example, always calling himself a saloonkeeper instead of a restaurateur. His habit of low-rating himself in public is contagious, but though it is widely emulated, it has never been matched. On a recent afternoon, he was having a drink with Charles Berns, one of the original partners of "21," and a few other friends. Berns remarked that he had decided early in life that he was qualified for two occupations—running a shoeshine stand and running a restaurant. "I like to eat, so I became a restaurant man," Berns said. "Look at the high-tony bum," Shor said. "He's a restaurant man. Me, I'm nothing but a crummy saloonkeeper. I'm just a common, ordinary filthy bum." No one present tried to top that. In private, Shor is less harsh with himself, but even then he adheres to tribal etiquette by prefacing any remark that might be considered boastful with the phrase "I ain't braggin', but . . ." After showing a visitor around his restaurant one day, Shor said, "I ain't braggin', but I think I got the best joint in New York, and to me New York is America."

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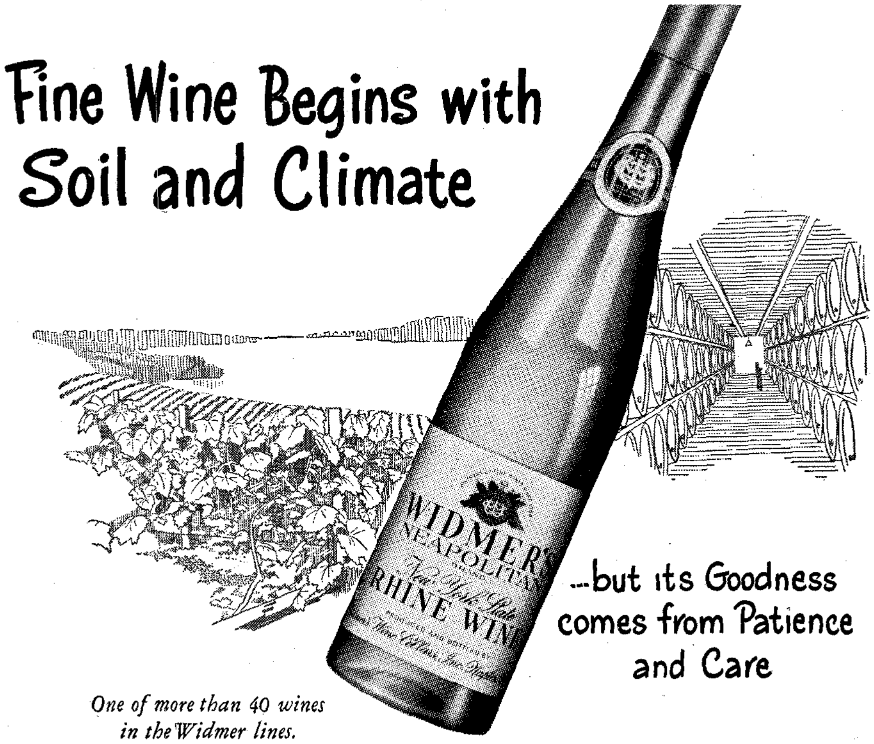

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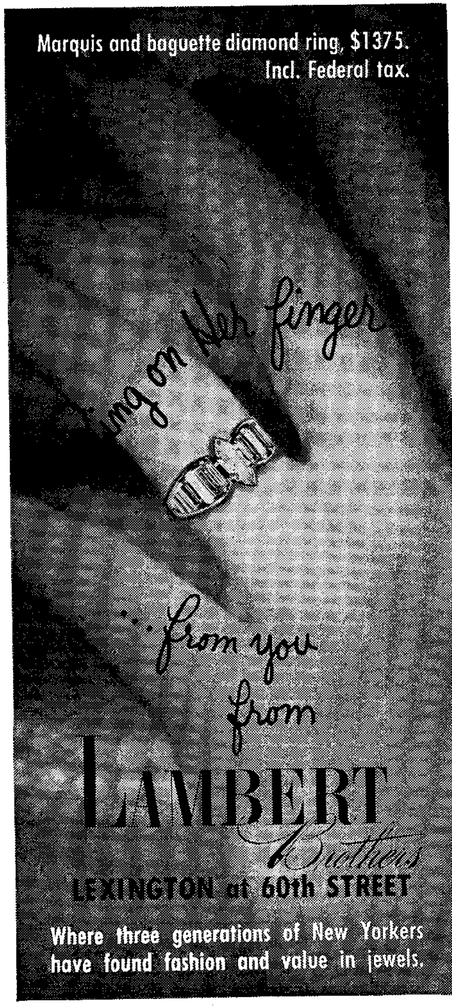

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class. Jack Kearns, the fight promoter, gave a practical demonstration of this one Friday night in Shor's after the fights in Madison Square Garden. A young fighter managed by Kearns had made a good showing at the Garden, and Kearns wanted to celebrate by treating the sportswriters and some of his other friends to drinks. Being low on cash, he borrowed a hundred dollars from Shor. "What class!" Shor says. "He borrows a hundred from me so he can pick up the tabs in my joint." Class also calls for a certain spiritual generosity. During the period when Shor and MacPhail were not on speaking terms, the head of the Yankees saw to it that Shor never failed to receive his customary large allotment of World Series tickets whenever the Yankees were in the contest. "That was a classy thing to do," Shor says. Class has mysterious shadings. When Shor's wife went to the hospital to have her first child, Sherman Billingsley, whom Shor has regarded for twenty years as his natural enemy, sent her flowers, an act that was interpreted by some of Shor's objectively minded friends as one, like MacPhail's, that transcended pettiness and was therefore quite classy. Shor, who is the society's supreme arbiter of what constitutes class, puts a contrary interpretation on Billingsley's bouquet. "To me, that don't denote class," Shor says. "The way things are, it would have been classier if Sherm didn't send anything." Shor does not, however, make it a rule to withhold the accolade from a man solely because he dislikes him. "I don't like him, but the bastard's got class," he has remarked of a Hollywood figure. To thus rise above personal prejudice is regarded in itself as a classy thing to do. "Class" is plainly a very flexible term, the application of which is apparently determined as much by emotional as by ratiocinative processes.

The highest compliment that a Shorian can bestow on anyone is to say, "He's a champion with class." In the lexicon of the society, a champion is a person who stands at the top of his profession, whether it is sports, theatre, business, politics, or any other field, including saloonkeeping. Champions are comparatively plentiful; champions with class are scarce. It is possible for a champion who has class to lose it by committing a social or professional error, and be reduced to the rank of plain champion. That happened to a well-known prizefighter whom Shor at one time rated at the top but whose performance in one important bout he found wanting. Con-

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versely, it is possible for a champion without class to become a champion with. Joe DiMaggio is Shor's favorite example of a champion who acquired class. "When Joe came up to the Yankees, people thought he was surly," Shor has said. "He wasn't. The kid was shy. He just didn't know how to talk to people. But he made up his mind to be sociable, and he kept drivin' at makin' friends. He *attained* class." Some people, Shor feels, are born with class and go on to become champions with class, a category in which he places Franklin D. Roosevelt. Truman has also enjoyed a high rating. As a token of esteem, Shor, along with two of his friends, presented the President with a gold watch after his election. However, some members of the society feel that the President suffered a temporary diminution of class last fall, because he didn't go to St. Louis to attend Robert E. Hannegan's funeral. One night, a champion sportswriter with class, who is such an old and trusted friend of Shor's that he is allowed special freedom, was sitting in the Stork Club talking with Sherman Billingsley. Shor's name entered the conversation, and Billingsley said, "What's he got that I haven't got?" The sportswriter replied, "Class. And Toots is a champion." Shor has been known to repeat this story, but only after making it clear that he is not bragging. —JOHN BAINBRIDGE

(*This is the second of a series of three articles.*)

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THE THEATRE

VERSE AND VIOLENCE

SELDOM has a reviewer been the repository of so many mixed opinions as this one was after the opening of "The Lady's Not for Burning," Christopher Fry's poetic comedy, at the Royale. There is, I think, no question that Mr. Fry is capable of writing stretches of remarkably accomplished and lighthearted verse. Since the management was kind enough to furnish the critics with advance copies of the text, I am able to produce samples of this rare and welcome gift. The following excerpt, to take one of those that pleased me most, is delivered by the appetizing young heroine, in the course of defending herself against a charge of witchcraft:

They also say that I bring back the past;
For instance, Helen comes,
Brushing the maggots from her eyes,
And, clearing her throat of several thousand years,
She says 'I loved . . .;' but cannot any longer
Remember names. Sad Helen.

This, and a great deal more in the play, strikes me as admirable, but unfortunately there are almost as many passages that seem forced and vacant, full of contrived images, tedious alliterations, and devious sequences of thought rather perplexing to the ear, at least when spoken in a theatre:

There it is,
The interminable tumbling of the great grey
Main of moonlight, washing over
The little oyster-shell of this month of April:
Among the raven-quills of the shadows
And on the white pillows of men asleep:
The night's a pale pastureland of peace,
And something condones the world, incorrigibly.

In fact, it might be said that every felicitous Helen is offset and diminished by a pale pastureland of peace, and that the result is what the vernacular of our day likes to call a Mexican standoff.

In the matter of humor, the play is more or less balanced between expert and gratifyingly civilized comedy and a sort of primitive Elizabethan clowning, with its childish attachment to ornate polysyllables, staggering puns, and heavy-handed epithets. A nice specimen of the first is an exchange between one of the subordinate characters and her son:

NICHOLAS
I must tell you
I've just been reborn.

MARGARET
Nicholas, you always think
You can do things better than your mother.

It is impossible to isolate all the qualities of the second in a brief quotation, but the ensuing, from the mouth of the hero, may give you some idea of how wearing Mr. Fry can be when he really puts his mind on it:

You bubble-mouthing, fog-blathering,
Chin-chuntering, chap-flapping, liturgical,
Turgidical, base old man!

Or this, emitted by perhaps the most relentless of the comics:

The whole thing's a lot of amphigourious,
Stultiloquential fiddle-faddle.

It is only fair to say that the true wit is more abundant than this painful and strangely adolescent horseplay with words, and the chances are that you'll laugh far more often than, as Mr. Fry once puts it, you'll be as bored as the face of a fish. The fact remains, however, that the author at this stage in his development is still, like Saroyan, the victim of his own uncontrollable fluency. He needs an editor, and I hope he gets a good one, because his talent, properly disciplined, could easily be one of the most engaging in the theatre.

This, I'm afraid, is all the space that can be devoted here to style. The plot needs even less consideration. The action takes place in a fifteenth-century English market town called Cool Clary. The principal characters are a world-weary soldier, back from seven years of bloodletting in Flanders, who wishes to be hanged for a couple of imaginary murders as his personal protest against the superstition and corruption of his day, and a lively young woman who is about to be burned as a witch and doesn't wish to die at all. Aligned against them are the village bureaucrats—the mayor and the justice of the peace—about whom Mr. Fry is sometimes neatly satirical and sometimes just a little obvious and dull. Also present on the scene are an ancient violin-playing cleric, who is certainly the funniest member of the cast; two brothers, who reminded me of Shakespeare's Dromios and depressed me almost as much as this pair has in the past; their mother, a scatterbrained matron of fairly standard design; a noisy and unintelligible drunkard, who is resurrected from the dead for reasons we won't go into here; and two young lovers, who have scarcely anything to do with the main theme of the play but are very attractive all the same. In the end, the warrior saves the witch from the fagots, she to some extent corrects his cynical attitude, and they go off happily together, trailing pentameters, into the dawn. As you can see, this is a frail and airy piece of work, but since Mr. Fry's intent is clearly literary adornment rather than dramatic activity, it serves its purpose well enough.

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John Gielgud, who also directed the play, gets a very effective combination of dry humor, romantic ardor, and bombastic fury as the disillusioned soldier, and physically, of course, he is ideally suited to the part. Pamela Brown, as the witch, is a supernatural delight from beginning to end, and she, too, could hardly be more fortunately cast. Of the others, I was especially pleased by Eliot Makeham, as the cleric; George Howe, as the mayor; Penelope Munday and Richard Burton, as the children in love; Nora Nicholson, as the mother of the Dromios; and Peter Bull, as the justice, in approximately that order. Oliver Messel's set, while adequate, doesn't add a great deal to the atmosphere of the piece.

THE corrosive effect of drunkenness on talent has always had a strong attraction for writers, who are, generally speaking, suckers for romantic ruins, and Clifford Odets, usually preoccupied with more cosmic matters, has brought the subject up again in "The Country Girl," at the Lyceum. To judge by the ecstatic tone of the majority of the reviews and the fervent applause on opening night, this is destined

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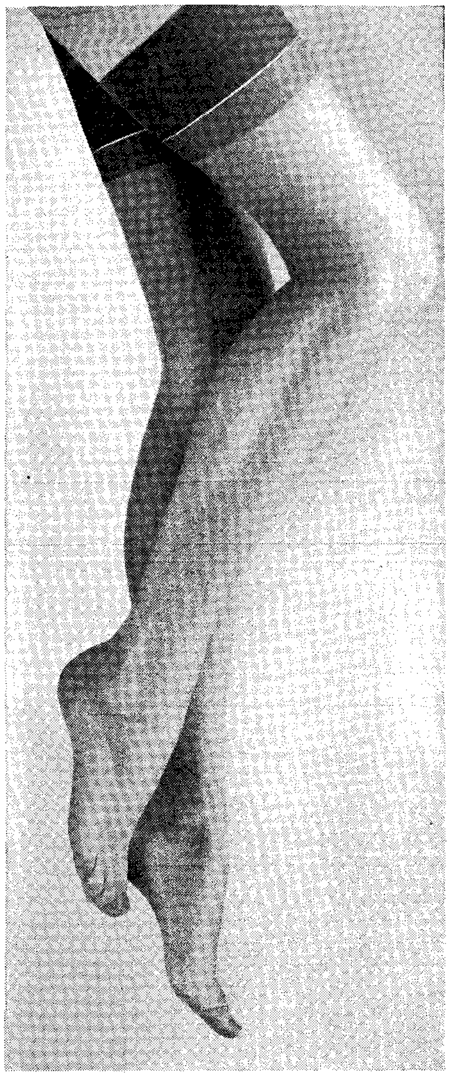

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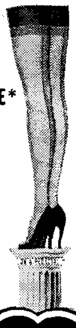

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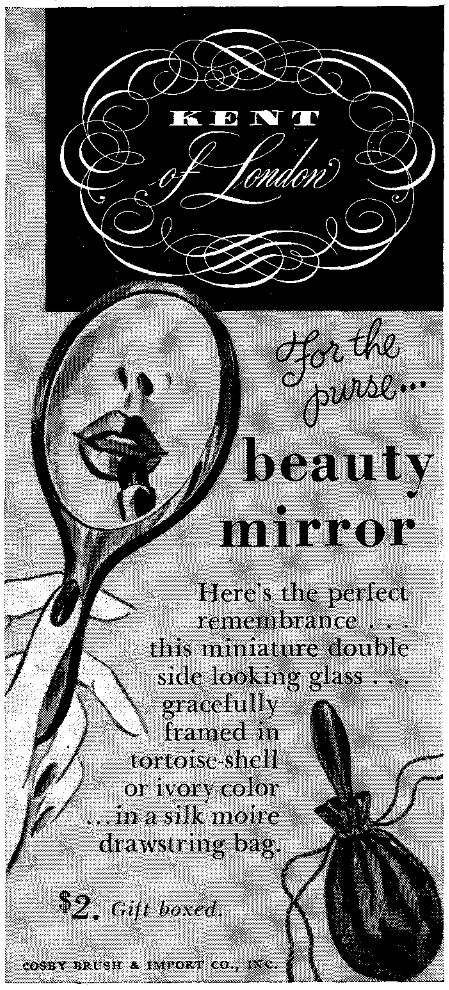
to be a successful enterprise, but my own enthusiasm for it is, I'm sorry to say, only temperate. For one thing, the piece is so crowded with the special terminology of the theatre and the unique problems of those employed in it that it is hard to believe it will be wholly comprehensible or entirely fascinating to the untutored audiences that will attend it later in the run. For another, I can't help feeling that Mr. Odets' dialogue is less an actual rendering of human speech than a stylized and somewhat overemotional approximation of it, full of compassion for the damned, appreciation of the tragic irony that so often dilutes genius with alcohol, indignation at a system that places the gifted at the mercy of the solvent, mournful recognition of the fact that few men can face life alone, and, indeed, practically every high-class literary stencil in the book. For still another, the nature of the play is such that almost every character in it is tormented by something or other from beginning to end, and the result is a steady level of desperate conversation, of pleas, denunciations, threats, and confessions, that defeats itself by its very violence, achieving, in fact, only a sort of angry monotone. And, finally, the plot is so profuse in dramatic clichés and so predictable in nearly all its developments that it seems scarcely worth discussing. The reader, however, has a right to a certain amount of information, and so we will discuss the darn thing, but we will do it as briefly as possible.

The structure is the familiar one of a play within a play. When the curtain rises, rehearsals are in progress on a work having something to do with a corrupt and ruthless old politician and his fight to prevent his granddaughter's marriage. For some reason, possibly as a form of criticism, the actor originally hired for the part has withdrawn from the cast, and the producer and the director, an earnest young man called Dodd, are confronted with the problem of replacing him. The director's choice, vehemently opposed by his colleague, is a performer named Frank Elgin, who was once a star but now, because of some basic insecurity, is apparently a hopeless slave to drink. After a good deal of argument, this man is employed, and the producer's misgivings are borne out in the course of the Boston tryout, when Elgin gets blind drunk on the night before the opening. The director, proficient at his trade but rather innocent in the ways of the world, is convinced that his star's downfall can be laid to his wife, who he thinks is jealous



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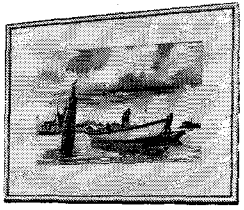

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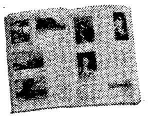

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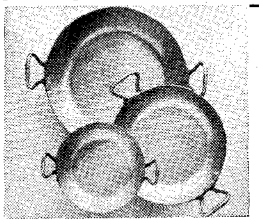

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of her husband's career and determined to destroy it, an idea he got from Elgin's habit of transposing his own past to her—of describing her, that is, as an ex-alcoholic, whose picturesque behavior has been largely responsible for the wrecking of both their lives. Under this delusion, the young man orders her back to New York but discovers at the last moment not only that she has been the one saving force in her husband's career but also that he, Dodd, loves her himself, though she loyally refuses to love him back. In a manner perhaps not entirely clear, this straightens everything out. The actor is retained in his part; the play moves on to New York, where, of course, its star scores a triumph said to resemble that of the late Laurette Taylor in "The Glass Menagerie;" and the producer is repaid for his villainous reluctance to employ a notorious souse in the leading role of his play by being obliged to take off his hat and apologize.

The action also involves a young playwright, who possesses the unusual knack of being able to operate a typewriter on his lap; a stage manager, who nobly refuses to allow the producer to berate Elgin for being drunk; and a pretty little ingénue, who dislikes getting beaten up on the stage, even in the interests of a great performance. These, and the producer, are only supernumeraries, however. "The Country Girl" is concerned almost exclusively with its three leading characters, Elgin and his wife and the director. Of them, I thought that Uta Hagen was really superb, playing throughout with a fine, restrained intensity and rising in one scene to an emotional crescendo as effective as anything I have seen for a long while. Paul Kelly, as Elgin, has a difficult assignment in that he is asked to make the audience believe simultaneously in a weak, petulant, and rather stupid man and an artist of considerable imagination and stature, but I think on the whole he manages it very successfully. Young Steven Hill, as Dodd, has another hard part, a peculiar combination of personal hysteria and professional competence, and though I suspected from time to time that he was a little beyond his depth, his work was satisfactory enough. Peter Kass, Louis Veda Quince, Joseph Sullivan, Phyllis Love, and Tony Albert are spirited in their subsidiary activities, and Boris Aronson's sets—two dressing rooms, a bare stage, and what appears to be a cold-water flat—do everything but smell of grease-paint, alcohol, and cabbage.

—Wolcott Gibbs

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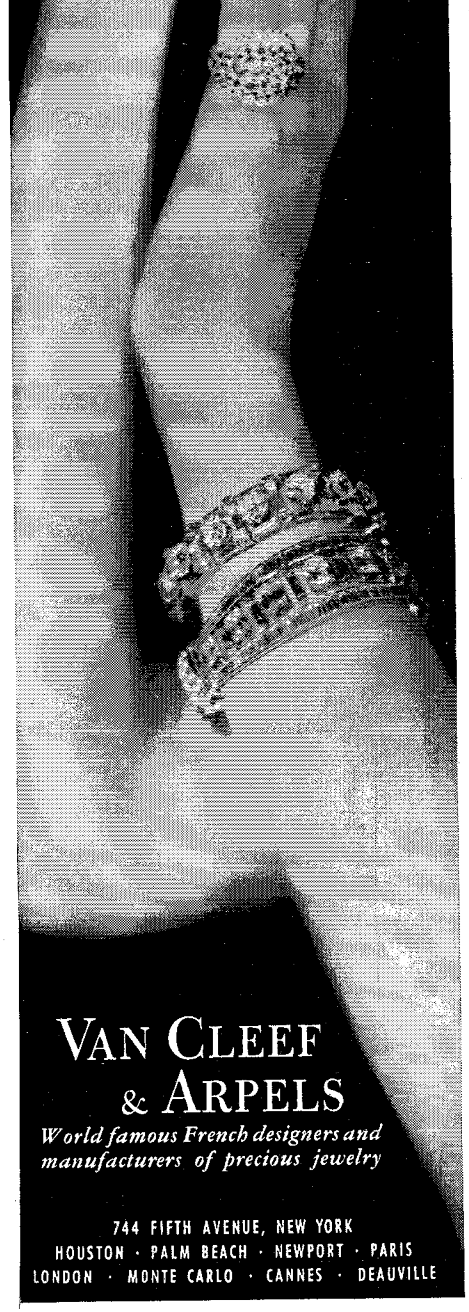

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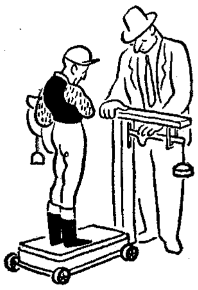

THE Westchester Handicap, won by Palestinian at Jamaica last weekend, was notable, for a number of reasons. For one, it brought together the best collection of horses seen around here in weeks; and for another it was a good race to watch whether you bet or no. Hirsch Jacobs, who trains Palestinian, deserves full marks. As you may remember, Palestinian developed leg trouble last season and had to be taken out of training. Ever since—for more than a year, in fact—Jacobs has worked over the colt to bring him back to top form. Palestinian certainly went well last Saturday, following the pace closely for a mile of the mile and three-sixteenths, then going into the lead and winning by a neck from Sunglow. In a purely dispassionate spirit, however, I must say I thought Sunglow was unlucky; he was boxed in on the turns. Little things like that happen in every big field—there were fourteen horses in this one—and they are just enough to affect the result one way or another. Well, Calumet Farm isn't sorry about the outcome. You see, the Brookmeade Stable, which owns Sunglow, is now leading Calumet on the list of winning owners, and the difference between picking up $25,100 in first money (which Sunglow might have done) and $6,000 in second money (which he did) hardly need be pointed out. For the rest, Chicle II was third, and Piet, One Hitter, Gaffrey, Three Rings, and Lights Up were among the also-rans. It was quite an afternoon for Jacobs, who saddled three other winners—Chaldia, Rope Trick, and Dentifrice. None of them paid large odds, because even though Jacobs is having one of those off years that come to all trainers, he still has a following among the Saturday horseplayers. Anyone who bet two dollars on each of his horses (and I fancy that a good many people did) would have wound up exactly $22 ahead.

It was quite an afternoon, too, for Keith Stuart, an up-and-coming young man from Bermuda. He rode five winners: Myrmidon in the first race, Chaldia in the second, Kadir in the fourth, Rope Trick in the fifth, and Dentifrice in the seventh. If you had put two dollars on all his mounts (he had eight) and also had taken a ticket on his horses in the daily double, your profit would have been $64.30.

THERE is little need for extended comment on the Comely Handicap, which was run at Jamaica earlier in the week. It was Long Island's last big prize of the season for fillies and mares, and Siama led all the way, winning comfortably from a dozen runners. Another race that turned out pretty much as expected—by me, at any rate—was the Golden State Breeders' Handicap at Hollywood Park, in California. In this, Your Host beat Next Move, and that hard-working old war horse On Trust was third. Partial as I am to Next Move—in my book she's still the best three-year-old filly—I've never had any illusions about her ability to beat colts. The only times she finished out of the money this year were in the Discovery Handicap at Aqueduct, won by Sunglow, and the Wood Stakes, won by Hill Prince.

I suppose Aunt Jinny couldn't go on winning forever, but I hardly thought she'd be beaten by Carolina Queen, a 20–1 chance, in the Marguerite Stakes at Pimlico on Saturday.

THE Pimlico Futurity, the final important race for two-year-olds in the East this year, will be run at Baltimore on Friday, and this department's choice—the obvious one—is the Greentree Stable's Big Stretch, who finished second to Battlefield in the Futurity at Belmont Park last month and recently won the Breeders' Futurity at Keeneland. Of course, if you're looking for tips, I daresay you can get one on every starter in the race. Brookmeade Stable's Bold, who won by lengths at Jamaica early last week, will have a sizable New York following. However, the latest paddock whisper I heard was that he is a doubtful starter. A colt about whom I've had good reports is C. V. Whitney's Mameluke, who won at Louisville last Saturday. By the way, the last time Mr. Whitney won the Pimlico Futurity was with Top Flight, in 1931. What a race that was!

—AUDAX MINOR

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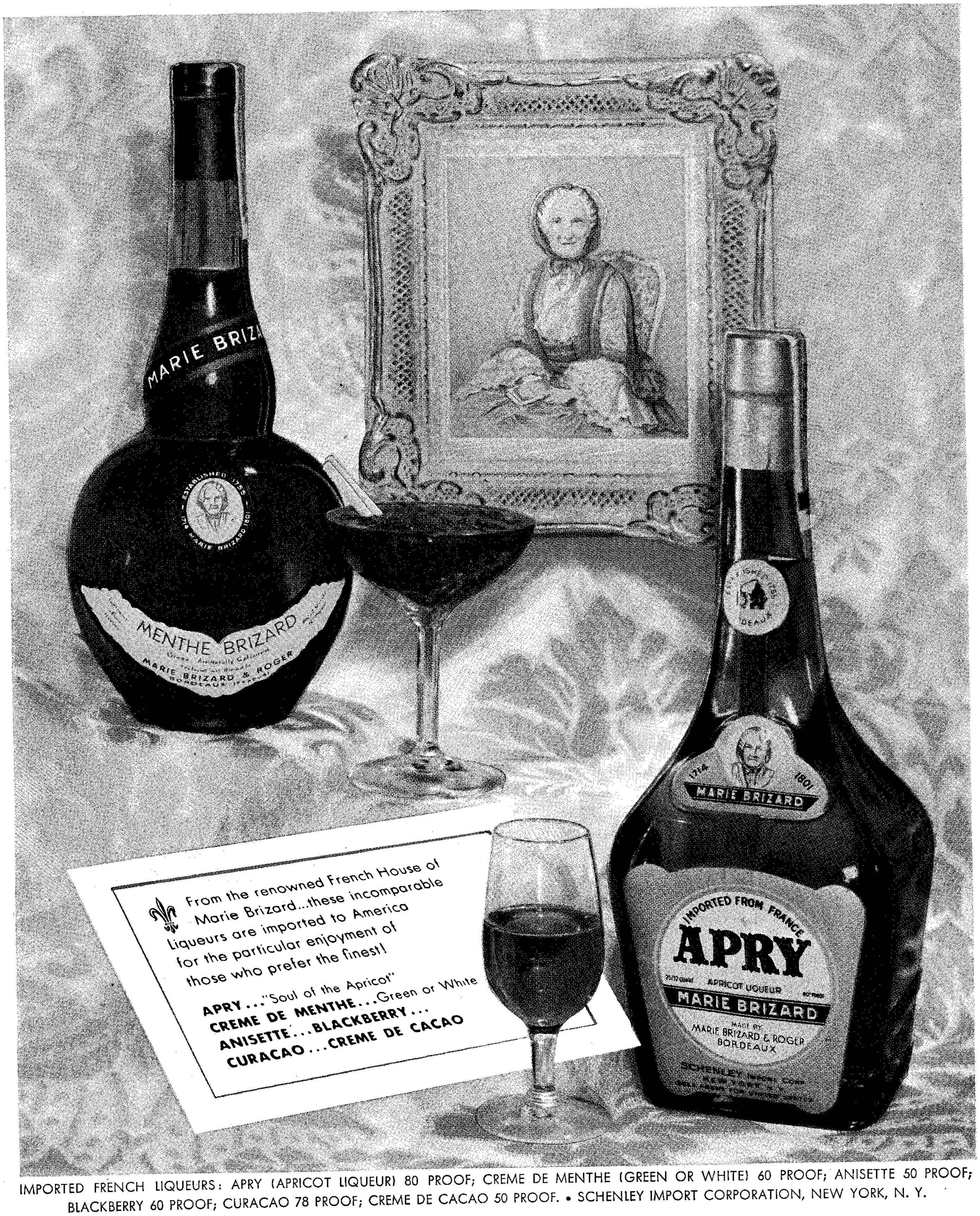

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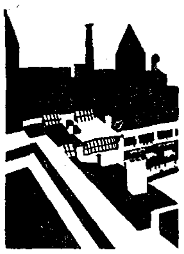
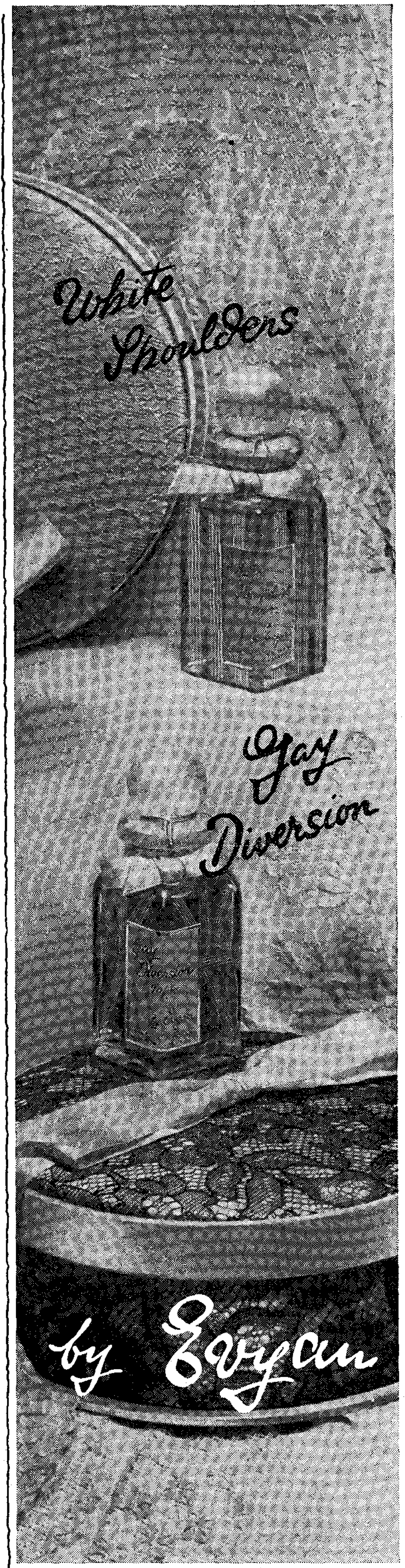


TWO recent exhibitions of architecture at the Museum of Modern Art were both worth pondering, for they offered a clue to the past and the future of modern architecture that is not so easily discernible in the jumble of current building. One of these exhibits was a modest wall panel of sketches and plans, in memory of the architect Matthew Nowicki, Polish by origin, American by adoption, whose career was brought to a tragic and untimely end in a plane wreck near Cairo a few months ago. The other was a full-scale exhibition, with giant photographs and handsome models, of the work of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, one of the three or four big American architectural firms whose performances of the last half-dozen years have been bold, distinguished, and memorable. The work of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill is scattered over the whole country; it includes a New York Life Insurance Company housing development (not yet in process), a number of factory and administrative buildings, the Brooklyn Veterans' Hospital, and the New York University-Bellevue Medical Center. It is not possible, of course, to judge the internal qualities of buildings at an exhibition such as this, but it can be said that the outstanding quality their elevations reveal to the eye is an aesthetic purity of line and volume; they all seem to be the firm, clean decisions of one mind, operating on all the problems presented in exactly the same fashion, with a mathematical precision that insures unity and order, but without any thought of place, of people or occupations, of climate or regional characteristics.

These buildings seem to me the end product of the minor renascence of mechanical and geometric forms that Le Corbusier inaugurated, in literature rather than in building, when he published "Towards a New Architecture" a generation ago. What is pure in this architecture cannot be further purified; nothing is more rectangular than a rectangle, more circular than a circle. In one sense this architecture is timeless; it belongs to a platonic world of form. But in another sense it is already dated, for it is the kind of architecture men were designing when they still believed that the machine, left to its own devices, would solve all human problems, and when the slogan was "Let mechanization take command!" This sort of clean, crystalline order has its own kind of beauty, and some of the quality the architects of the period achieved in their work will be a natural and inevitable part of every future architectural expression. But human measure and feeling are absent. This is as true of the Skidmore, Owings & Merrill Chicago housing development as it is of so many of our own Manhattan housing developments. These developments fulfill the major physical requirements—sunlight, open space, view—but they lack the intimate mediating architectural touches that bring it down to the human scale. The architectural means are skillfully applied, but the view of man's needs implicit in these forms is obsolete.

The work of Matthew Nowicki really begins where, in a sense, Skidmore, Owings & Merrill—and even Le Corbusier—leave off. From the start, Nowicki was involved in the modern movement. All its insights, preconceptions, and clichés were part of his first equipment. Indeed, he assimilated the formal and constructional contributions of modern architecture so fully that he was able to use them without being obsessed by them, and so was able to go beyond the self-imposed limitations of the new formalists. He was completely at home in the world of the machine, and he regarded standardization, the use of modules and repeating units, as an essential discipline for the modern architect, but he was also at home in the rich world of human history; he revered Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture" as well as the bright neon light of modern form before which most of his contemporaries worship. Nowicki was not afraid of the past or of the future; he accepted the past with respect but not blindly, just as he accepted the future world of the machine. Palladio, therefore, had still something to teach him, and when he thought about public places for the new American city, his mind turned lovingly to the Venetian Piazza San Marco—not for the buildings, as such, but for the quality of space and human relationship.

Nowicki was one of the group of eminent architects who served as consultants on the design of the United Nations headquarters, and though he was by comparison a young man, he was in every way the peer, and in some distinctive aspects the superior, of his



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professional colleagues. In a very special sense, he represented not Poland but the United Nations, for what he brought to the task in his own person transcended the narrow ties of place, culture, and habit that have for so long worked against human unity. He was born in Poland, spent some of his youth in the United States (his father was for a time the Polish Consul in Chicago), then became at home everywhere in Europe and travelled about Egypt and Brazil. He came back to this country to serve with the United Nations Board of Design Consultants and eventually headed the department of architecture at the renovated School of Design at North Carolina State College. He went to India to help prepare plans for the new capital of East Punjab, and was on his way back to America when he was killed. In short, he lived and died a man of One World—not the world made uniform by the machine but the world that will in time be united by human sympathy, tenderness, and insight of the kind that he so abundantly displayed both as architect and teacher.

The few sketches in the Modern Museum memorial wall panel only faintly indicated the range and quality of Nowicki's mind, but they plainly embodied that combination of simplicity and aesthetic brilliance, of technical daring and human feeling, that is so far to seek in the work of most of his contemporaries. Take the plans for a California shopping center, done in collaboration with Clarence S. Stein—a big covered market surrounding an open court planted with trees. The roof is a series of square, framed skylights depending by cables from posts, a device by which Nowicki avoided the use of heavy trusses or a great number of obstructive columns and made the fullest use of natural lighting. Nothing could be purer than this design, and nothing more functional,

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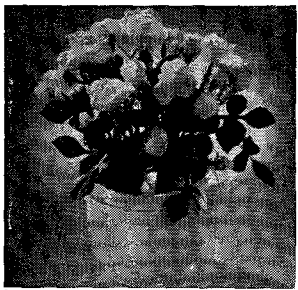

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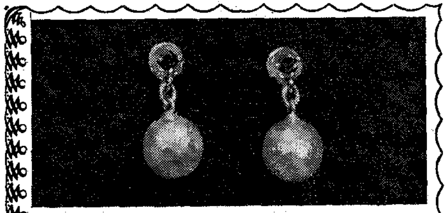

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but only an artist like Nowicki would have thought of the need for a sunny central area, with foliage, where people may sit down to rest or talk in the midst of their activity. Clearly, both the special aesthetic and the social aspects of the place were as significant to Nowicki as the provision of a maximum amount of clear floor space.

In everything he did, Nowicki's sense of human requirements took away the inhuman quality of so much mechanical modern design. Take the final work he did with Albert Mayer and Julian Whittlesey in India. Most modern architects, if they had been asked to consider the East Punjab capital, would probably have designed buildings and groups of buildings in no way different from what they would have designed for a capital in Sweden or Africa or South America—in effect, a neuterized, mechanized version of Sir Edwin Lutyen's New Delhi. Nowicki, in designing the East Punjab House of Parliament, used a characteristic modern form for roofing a big structure—the parabolic arch—but a few touches on the walls suggest a geometric ornament in relief, rich and variegated, that transforms the bare interior by its mere suggestion of the carved surfaces of Indian temple forms. With such little acts of aesthetic grace and insight, he made the universal forms of the machine both regional and personal. And with the same imaginative freedom, he passed from the magnificent to the minute. The series of small houses—not shown in the exhibition—he designed for the first neighborhood unit in the new capital display the same insight into local potentialities, revealed through modern, not archaic, forms.

Nowicki's dictum that the client makes an important contribution to the building and deserves part of the credit stemmed from his profound respect for ordinary men and their ways, and this was fully rewarded by the popular response his personality and his work evoked. Even in the conservative South, long hypnotized by the classic-genteel tradition, his daring plans for the arena and the grandstand for the permanent State Fair buildings in Raleigh (done in collaboration with William Deitrick) met with enthusiastic acceptance from people who, though architecturally unsophisticated, could nevertheless appraise the quality of the man they were dealing with. This sense of the specific human occasion is what gives to Nowicki's designs a variety unmatched by anyone this side of Frank Lloyd Wright. But it was a talent potentially greater than

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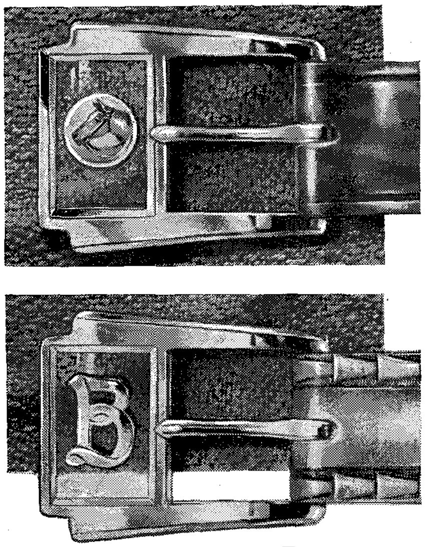

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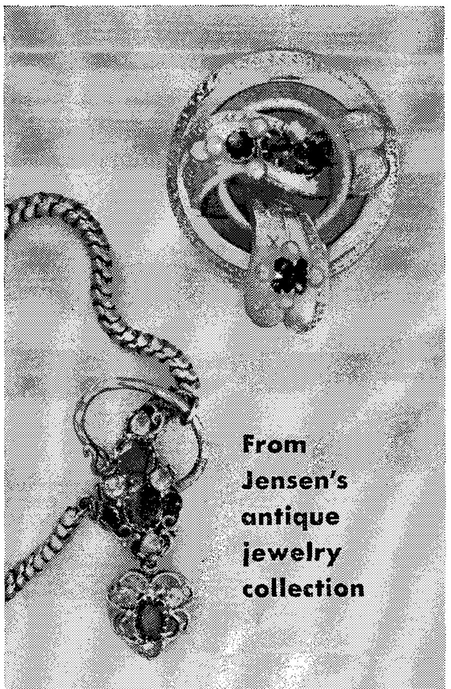
Wright's, just to the extent that Nowicki's humility was a greater quality than Wright's arrogance.

No other architect of our time has offered such rich promise for the future as Matthew Nowicki—for America's future and the world's future. I quote Albert Mayer, who persuaded him to go to India as his collaborator: "Matthew was certainly an architectural genius of an order to match anyone in his generation, fully as bold, fully as original. But these other men of talent whose work I have known lack a sense of discipline, a sense of the living importance of the great past, an integral and pervasive and dynamic impulse from it, a textured habit and feeling that we are building a projection into the future of the great work of all ages and places. Matthew was not *merely* original, *merely* bold, *merely* an innovator, but an architect whose work was organically connected with the greatest contributions to all architectural time." Friendship could say no more; justice could say no less.

STAMO PAPADAKI's new book, "The Work of Oscar Niemeyer" (Reinhold), deals with the Brazilian architect who was one of Nowicki's colleagues on the United Nations Board of Design Consultants. It is a confirmation of my thesis that the restoration of the personal and the symbolic is the new mark of modern architecture. As Nowicki once said, "If it is true that form follows function, it is also true that function follows form." Function, that is, adapts itself to the human need for symbolic expression and communication. Though Niemeyer's planning concepts sometimes reveal too much of Le Corbusier's arid and dogmatic influence, most of his work, such as the National Athletic Center in Rio de Janeiro, demonstrates technical audacity and human feeling comparable to Nowicki's. Niemeyer, conscious of a living connection with the traditional baroque colonial forms of Brazil, does not hesitate to use curves and rondures. His Church of St. Francis of Assisi, at Pampulha, of which one external wall is completely covered by a ceramic mural of Portinari's devising, is a nest of parabolic vaults. This is a building of great plastic beauty and significance. Like Nowicki, Niemeyer has absorbed the discipline of modern form and works beyond "commoditie and fitnesse" to the stage of pure delight.

Two other recent books deserve mention: "The Architecture of Bridges," by Elizabeth B. Mock (Museum of



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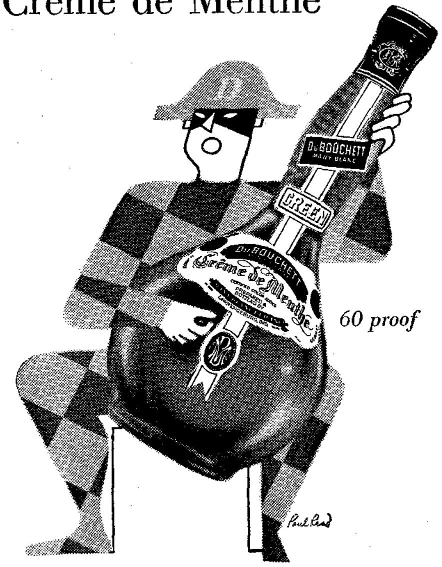

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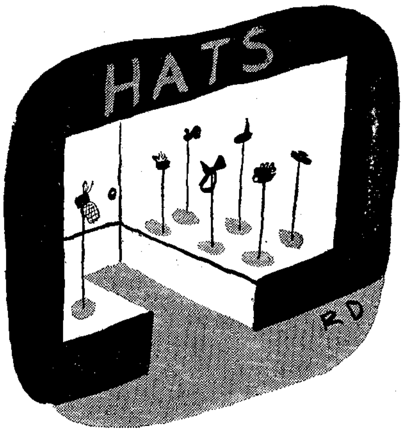
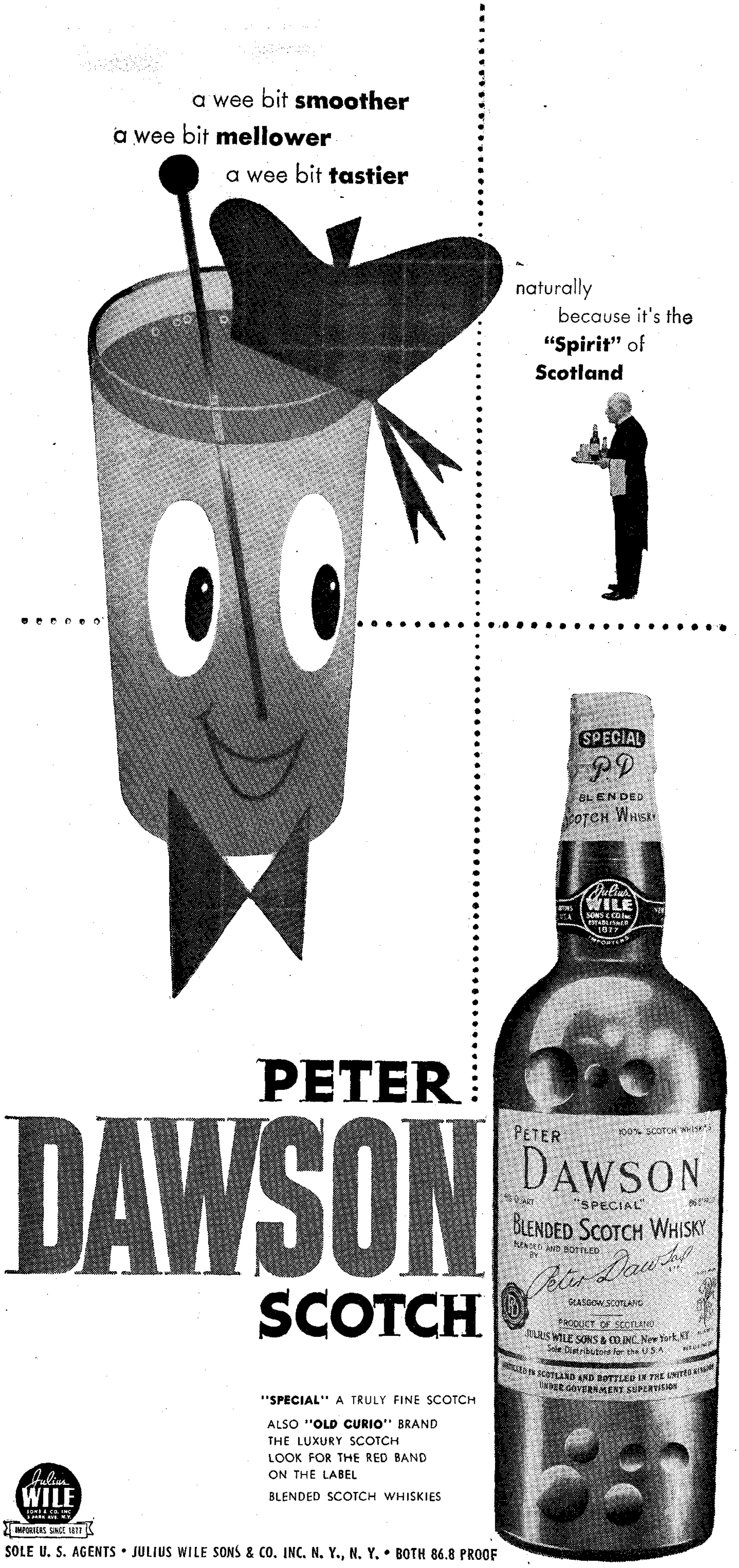
Modern Art), which is as excellent in its selection and critical evaluations as it is weak in its typography, and G. E. Kidder Smith's "Switzerland Builds," a handsome monograph, full of acute appraisals, that does more than any other recent work to connect the strong traditional forms of past epochs with the modern innovations that spring from the same needs and the same convictions. A book of this order on American work would perform a great service.

A YEAR ago, I made some extensive observations on the New York Life Insurance Company's new Long Island community, or neighborhood unit, called Fresh Meadows, which I thought a great relief after an examination of the dismal practices of urban redevelopment exhibited in Stuyvesant Town and the New York City Housing Authority's projects. My praise of Fresh Meadows was not unqualified, but some of my architectural friends considered it excessive; therefore, now that Fresh Meadows has been completed, I have taken another look at it. In all the larger aspects of planning, including the scale and placement of public buildings and the aesthetic disposal of parking space, this is—apart from the incomparable Chatham Village, in Pittsburgh—by far the best development I have seen in the East. Though it contains but two buildings of any positive architectural quality—Bloomingdale's department store and the nursery center—the community as a whole is a collective work of art.

For builders of future Fresh Meadows, it might be useful to publish a check list of things to be done and to be left undone. First of all, I would avoid apartment houses over six stories high in a development in which most buildings are on a modest, dwelling-house scale. I would avoid big garages with unbroken brick walls, even when "relieved" at intervals by vertical slabs of

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As for the positive injunctions, some of these have doubtless already occurred to G. Harmon Gurney and the firm of Voorhees, Walker, Foley & Smith, the architects of Fresh Meadows. One is to provide more generous private garden space. And one of the most obvious of all, so it would seem to me, should long ago have occurred to a corporation concerned with health—a small nursing home and a maternity hospital, adjacent to its medical center, so that childbirth and motherhood can be redomesticated, with a great lessening of strain and tension all around.

There are, in sum, faults to be found with Fresh Meadows. But I was aware of most of them when I expressed my approval of the project a year ago, and despite the qualifications I have noted, I see no reason that I should alter my opinion. —LEWIS MUMFORD

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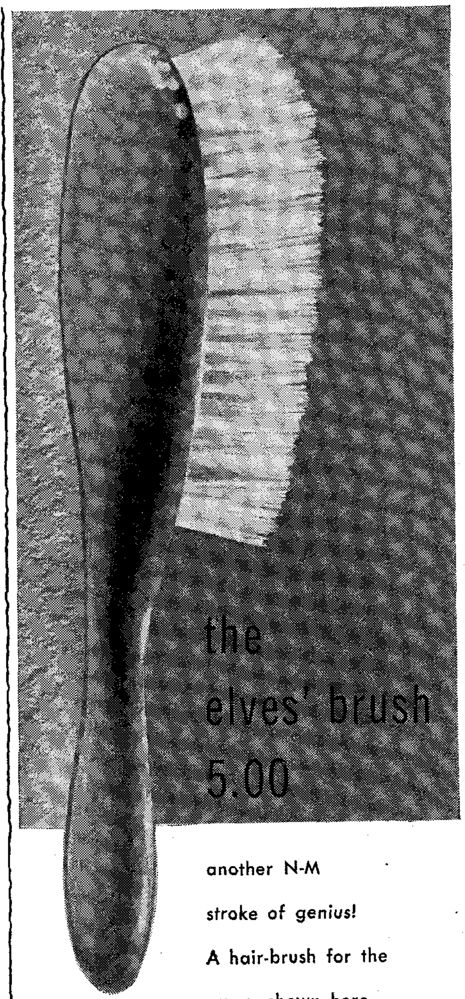

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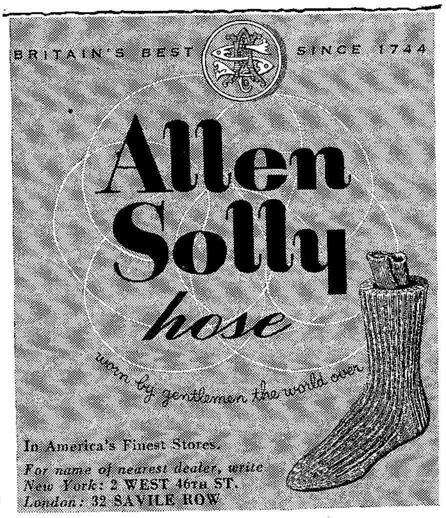
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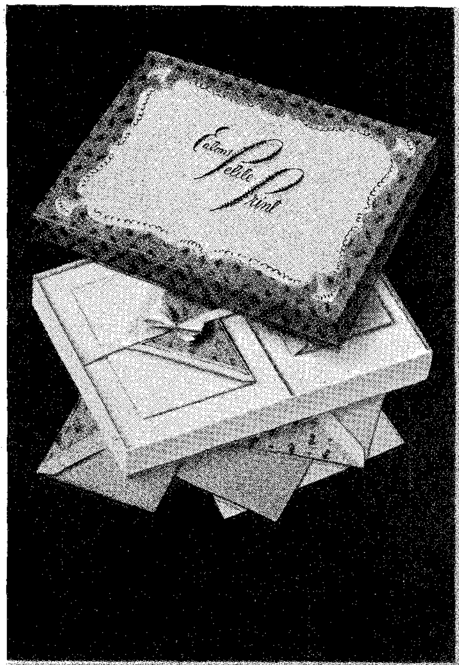

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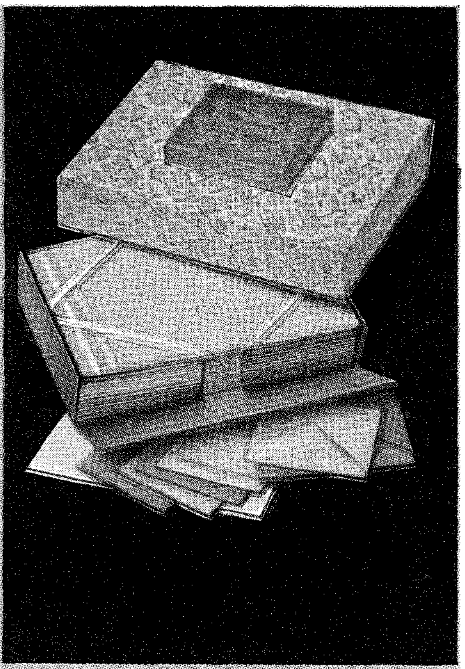

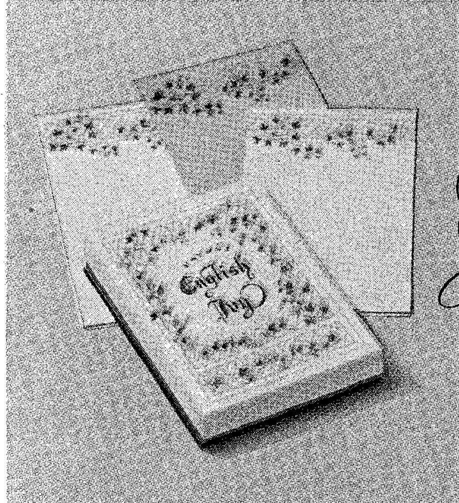

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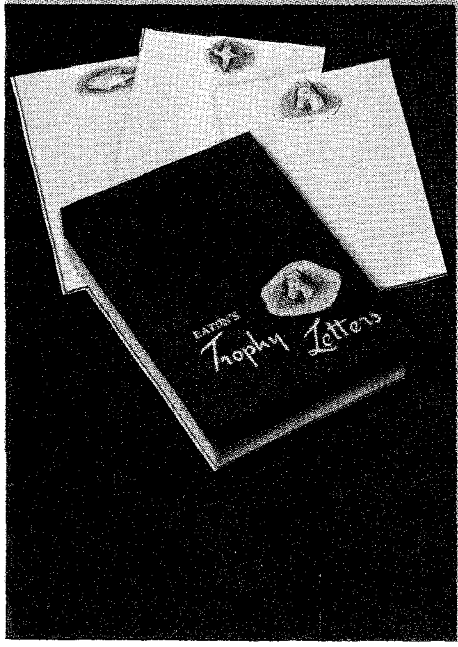

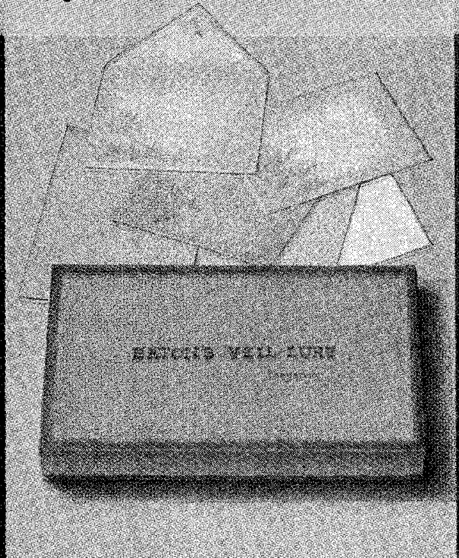

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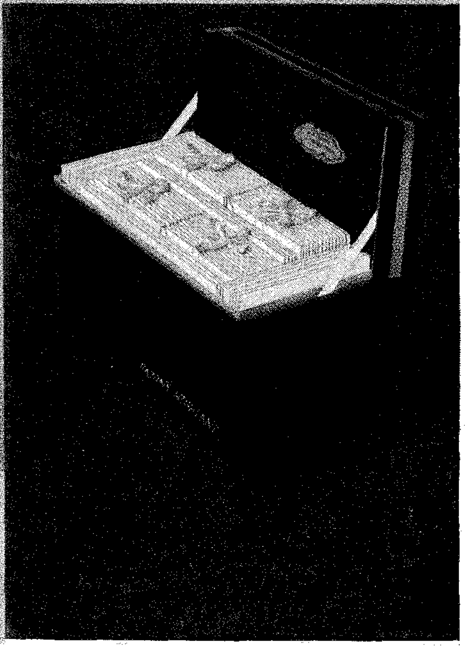

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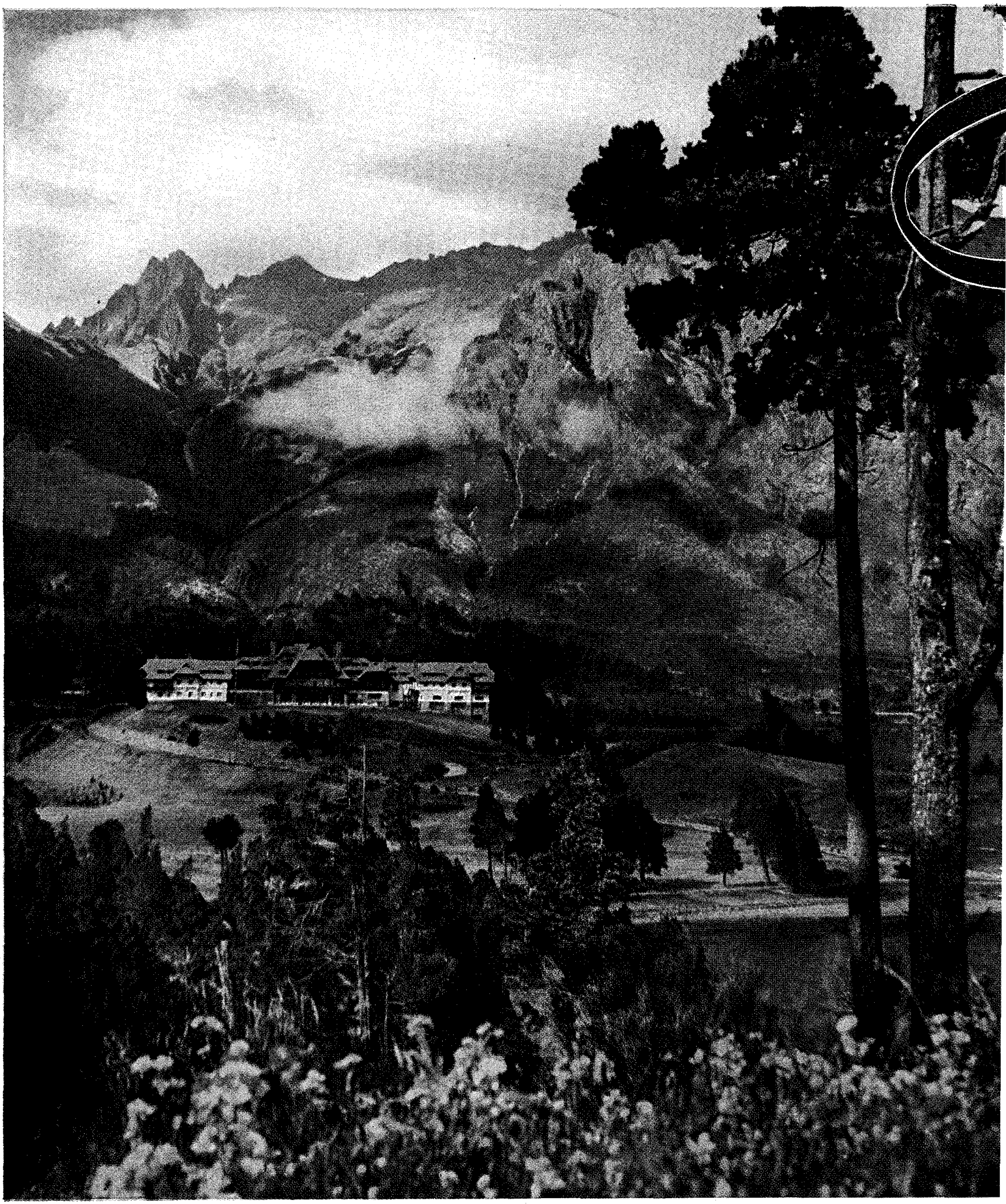

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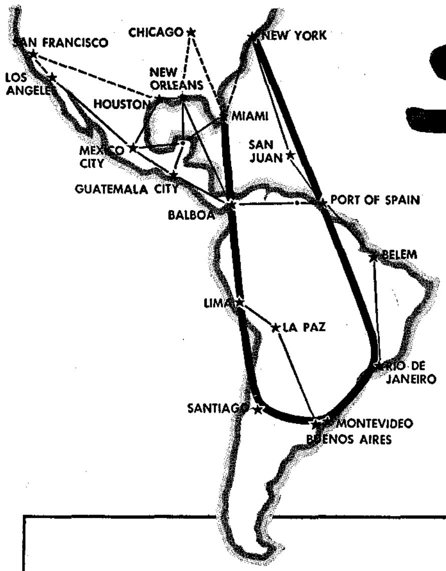
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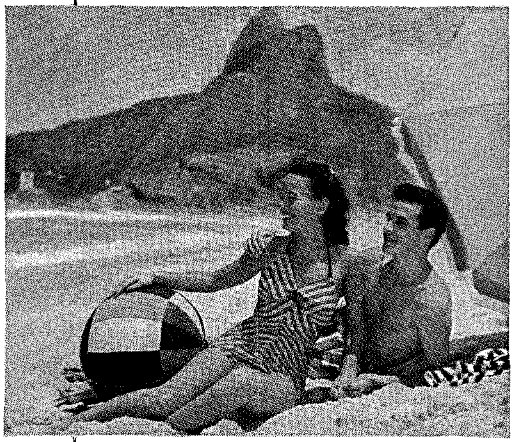

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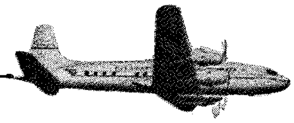

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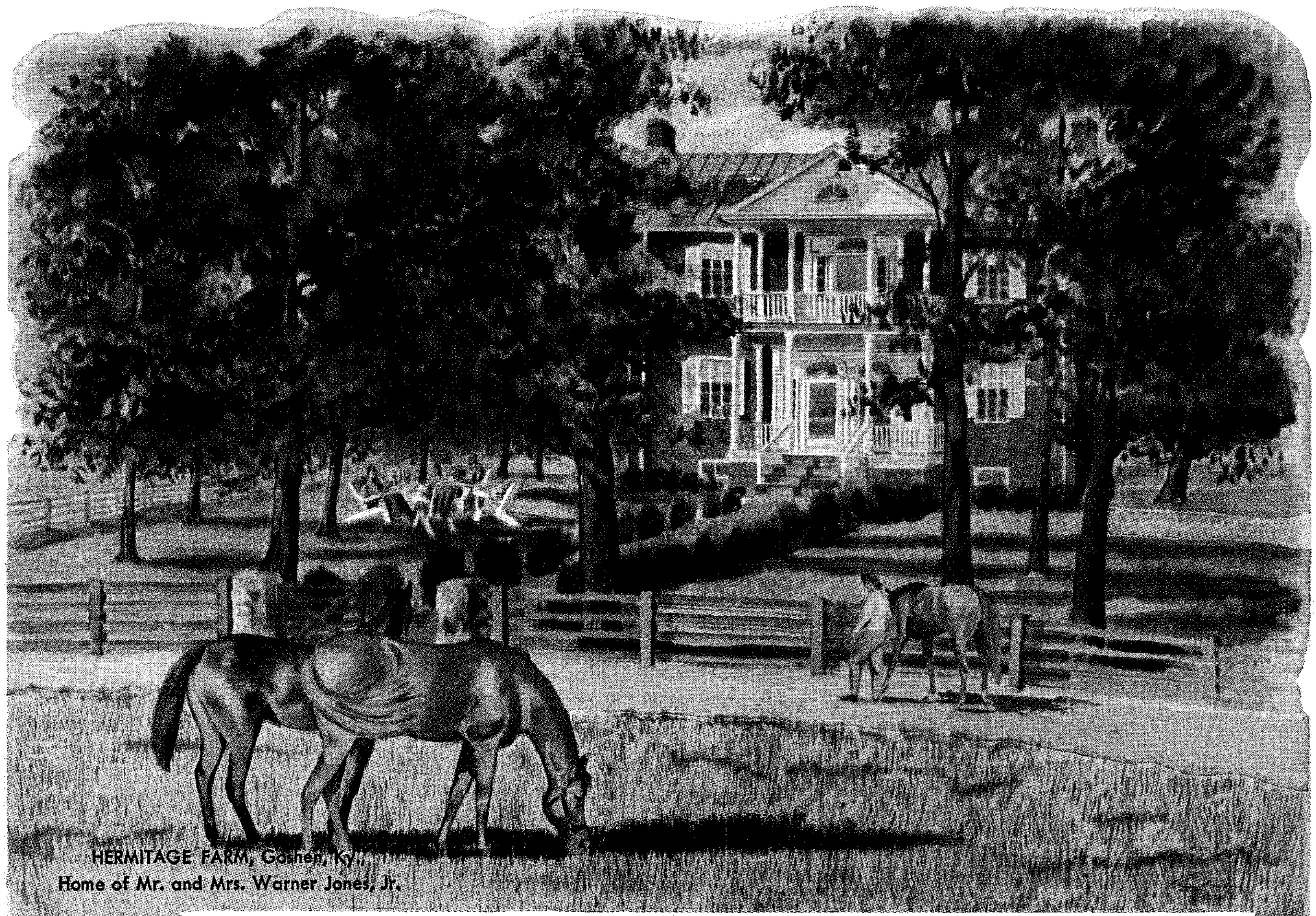

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"I SUPPOSE you heard about the party," said James Allen. He pushed his hat back and rested his elbows on the bar.

"No," said Charles Belden. "I don't think so. What party do you mean?"

"The party Denny Davis is giving for Kay and me. You and Virginia are invited. It's going to be quite a rat race."

Belden took out a cigarette, lit it, and then sipped his highball. "How come he's giving *you* a party?" he asked. "What's the occasion?"

"It's our anniversary next week," Allen said. "He asked who we'd like to have, so— there you are. You're going to have to dress, I'm afraid."

Belden grimaced, and took another swallow of his drink. "Oh, fine," he said.

Allen laughed. "You don't know the half of it," he said. "Denny asked me to keep an eye on you. He's nervous about you."

"Nervous about *me*?" Belden asked. "What the hell is he nervous about *me* for?"

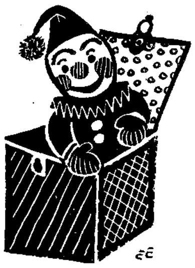
"Well, remember that party when you got so sore at George Haskins?" Allen asked, and Belden nodded vaguely. "It appears he's going to have Haskins there at our party, and he just wants to make sure you don't start any trouble."

"Why, that son of a bitch," Belden said. "I got sore at Haskins only because he was being loud and offensive. *I* didn't start any trouble. As a matter of fact, there wasn't any trouble at all. I just said to—"

"I know, I know," Allen said. "I thought it would amuse you, or I wouldn't have mentioned it. Forget about it. I thought it was kind of funny."

"Funny, hell," said Belden. He brooded a moment. "Look," he said, "if it's going to make anybody nervous, I don't have to *go* to the party, you know. Virginia and I can—"

"It's too late," Allen cut in, smiling. "Virginia's already accepted for you. Now, for God's sakes, relax and forget about it. I'm sorry I brought it up."



Belden was silent, and took a big drink of his highball. "Of all the crust," he muttered. "Doesn't he think I'm old enough to know how to behave at a party? Does he think I'm—"

"Listen, will you stop it?" Allen said. "Here"—he motioned to the bartender—"let's have another round, please."

Belden finished his drink and put the glass down. "O.K.," he said, and then he smiled. "You keep an eye on me and just watch. I'll be so good it'll be painful. I'll make the rest of them look like a class reunion from Devil's Island."

"That wouldn't be hard," Allen observed. "But you won't have any fun that way. Just be your own sweet self and the party'll be a success."

THE night of the party, the Allens stopped by for the Beldens, and the four of them took a cab to the apartment building Davis lived in. When the cab stopped, Belden got out first and paid the driver. Then he buttoned his overcoat neatly, patted his tie into place, and took his wife by the arm and followed the Allens inside the building and into the elevator. As the elevator surged upward, Belden squared his shoulders, took a deep breath, and looked at the ceiling.

Allen, who was watching him, smiled. "Remember," Allen said, "strike only those people who strike you first. And no hitting old ladies who wear glasses."

"I always knock old ladies' glasses off before I hit them," Belden said sourly. "What do you think I am—a rotter?"

"What's all this about?" Kay Allen asked. "Who's going to hit whom?"

"You never can tell," Allen said. "Charlie may take a poke at our host, just by way of saying thank you. That right, Charlie?"

"Could be," said Belden. "Could very well be."

"What's the matter with you?" Virginia Belden asked. "What are you so nervous about?"

"I'm not nervous about anything," Belden snapped. "I'm fine. What the hell do you mean, nervous?"

"Nothing," said Virginia, after a pause. "Nothing at all."

DENNY DAVIS was a television producer, and guests at his parties usually included actors, producers, writers, and other people who would lend an air of talent to the gathering. There were several people in the apartment when the Allens and Beldens arrived. Davis greeted the newcomers cordially, then introduced them around the room. Belden stood very straight, gave each man a firm handshake, and bowed formally to the women, smiling as though each introduction were a genuine pleasure. He was especially

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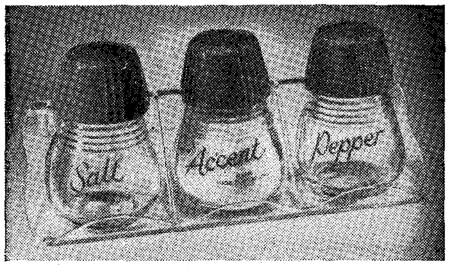

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genial to George Haskins, and started an animated conversation with him, aware that Davis was watching him closely and listening to every word. A waiter came up with a tray of cocktails, and Belden started to reach for a Martini, then drew back his hand.

"I guess I'll have a highball," he said. "Scotch-and-water, please."

The waiter bowed and disappeared, and Belden took out his cigarette case, offered a cigarette to Haskins, then lit both Haskins' cigarette and his own. "I think we ought to have lunch sometime," Belden said, loudly enough for Davis to hear. "Why don't you give me a call next week?"

"Sure. Love to," said Haskins, who looked bewildered. "Any time you say."

"Well, give me a call whenever you're clear," Belden said. The waiter reappeared with the highball, and Belden took it, patted Haskins on the shoulder, and drifted away. "That ought to keep Davis happy for a while," Belden said to himself. "Maybe he'll stop watching me now." He took a sip of his drink, and realized that he was holding the glass unnecessarily tightly. "Come on, relax," he said to himself. "You've made your gesture. Everybody's friends again." He took another drink, and looked around. In one corner stood Luke Fisher, a man he had known for several years, and Belden walked over and greeted him.

"Hello, Charlie," Fisher said. "Long time no see."

"That's a new expression," said Belden. "Did you just think it up?"

"I used it on purpose," Fisher replied. "I just heard you giving Haskins the we-must-have-lunch-one-day routine, so I figured no holds were barred. What are you trying to do—get yourself elected Miss Rheingold?"

Belden looked around the room for Davis, then lowered his voice and explained Davis's worry about his behavior.

"Why, that bum!" Fisher said indignantly. "If I were you, I'd tear the joint apart, just to show him."

"Not so loud," Belden said. "He's got his ears out."

"Very well, then, *I'll* go and be rude to Haskins," Fisher said. "Nobody's told *me* I've got to be nice to him."

"For God's sakes, tone it down," Belden whispered.

Fisher subsided. "Really!" he said.

Belden sipped his drink. "Well—" he began just as Davis appeared between him and Fisher, taking each of them by an arm. "Come on, you two," Davis said. "You've been a stag line long

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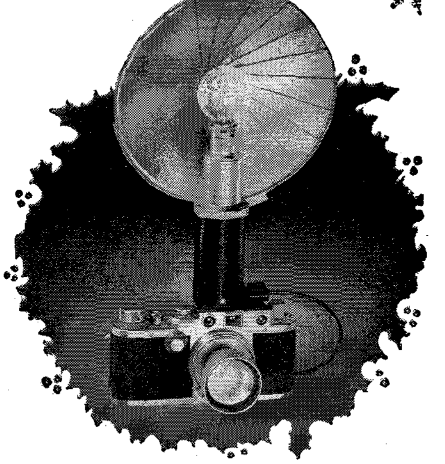

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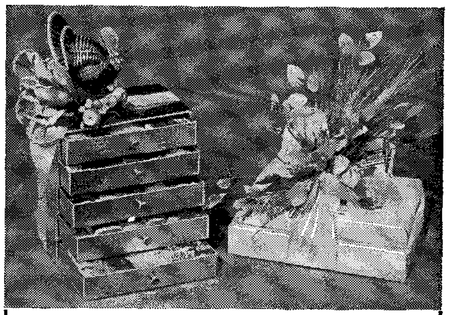

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enough. I have some beautiful women for you to meet." Belden stiffened but did not resist as Davis steered them across the room to where a blonde and a brunette were sitting on a couch, staring vacantly at the other guests. Davis introduced Belden and Fisher to the women, neither of whose names Belden caught, and then left them.

"Well," Belden said, and smiled. The women looked expectantly at him, and he cleared his throat, took out his cigarette case, and offered it around. The brunette held up an already lighted cigarette; the blonde took a cigarette from the case. Belden fumbled in his pockets for a match, shifting his drink from hand to hand, but before he could find a match, Fisher had snapped out a cigarette lighter and lighted the blonde's cigarette. "He beat me," Belden said, and laughed.

Fisher put his cigarette lighter back in his pocket, and then he, too, cleared his throat. "Mr. Belden and I were just saying—" he began, then realized there was no point going on with the story, so concluded, "What a nice apartment Denny has here."

"Yes, isn't it?" said the brunette, and there was a silence.

"Here, let me get you a drink," said Belden to the blonde, whose glass was nearly empty.

"No, thanks," she said. "Not just this minute."

Belden straightened up, sipped his drink, and looked idly from side to side over the rim of the glass. There was nobody nearby whom he could bring into the conversation.

"Have you known Denny long?" the blonde asked him suddenly.

"Ah—well, yes," Belden said. "On and off, I guess you'd call it. Nice guy."

"Oh, I adore him," she said. "I think he's simply lovable."

"Yes," Belden said, smiling. "Very nice guy."

There was another silence, and Belden finished his drink in one big gulp. "Are you sure I can't get you anything?" he asked, holding out his hand toward the blonde's glass.

"No, really," she said. "Not right this minute, thanks."

Belden looked at the brunette and at Fisher. "Anyone want anything?" he asked. "I might as well take all the orders I can."

"The man with the drinks will be around in a minute," Fisher said. "You needn't bother."

"I don't trust him," said Belden. "I'll be right back." He moved away, and Fisher shot a quick glance at

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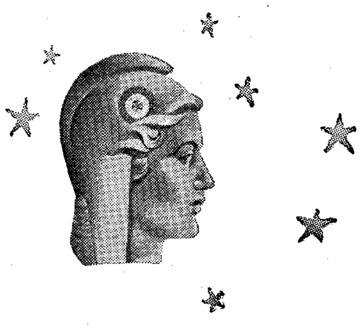

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him. "I'll be right back," Belden repeated, and made his way through the by now crowded room toward the bar. The drink had relaxed him a little, but he still felt that he was under scrutiny, and he was careful not to spill other people's drinks as he brushed past them. At the bar, he found Allen, who was talking with a motion-picture director and every now and then laughing uproariously.

Belden listened for a while, and then turned and moved back into the center of the room. The guests were clustered in tight little conversational groups, and although people moved from one group to another fairly constantly, he found that all he could do was hover quietly on the fringes of the various conversations. He drifted uncertainly about for a while, and finally wound up at the couch, where Fisher was telling the blonde and the brunette a comical story about a party he had been at in San Diego. They all had fresh drinks, and the uneasy atmosphere had completely disappeared. Belden listened while Fisher told his story, and then the brunette told one, and although she acknowledged Belden's presence, she was obviously telling the story to Fisher. Belden stood by and sipped his drink quietly, and when the brunette finished her story, he laughed politely and said, "That reminds me—" but the blonde had already launched into a story, and Belden stopped what he was about to say. The blonde's story wasn't particularly good and Belden felt a little stunned by the time she was through telling it, but Fisher and the brunette laughed as though they had really enjoyed it. Belden looked at his drink, of which he had finished only about a quarter. "The hell with this," he said to himself, and took a big gulp. He felt someone standing close behind him, and turned and saw Davis.

"Everything all right?" Davis asked pleasantly.

"First-rate," said Belden. "Fine party."

Davis smiled and turned away, and Belden looked at Fisher, who was laughing at something Belden hadn't heard. Belden took another drink—this time a sip—and lit a cigarette. Then he took one more drink, and smiled at the blonde, who, it turned out, wasn't looking at him. "I'm really getting left behind here," he said to himself, and took a big swallow.

AFTER a while, Davis announced that dinner was ready. It was a buffet affair, with the table set in an alcove at one end of the room, and

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Belden and Fisher volunteered to get food for the blonde and the brunette. As they made their way toward the elaborately decorated table, Belden sidled close to Fisher and said, "What are these dames' names, by the way?"

"I don't know," Fisher said. "I think the brunette is Mrs. Glatzer, or Gassner, or something like that. The other one, I have no idea."

"Oh, well," said Belden. "Small difference." He looked around and saw his wife in spirited conversation with Kay Allen, while two strange men hovered over them. From somewhere across the room came an excited laugh that was unmistakably Allen's. Fisher said something that Belden didn't hear.

"I beg your pardon?" Belden said.

"I said," Fisher repeated, "that I thought you'd taken a powder on me when you went off to get that drink."

"Oh, hell, no," Belden said. "I was just—thirsty, that was all. I wouldn't run out on you."

"I just wondered," Fisher said. "You had that trapped look."

"No," said Belden. "Nothing of the sort." His second highball had made him feel a little better, and a glow of friendliness was beginning to spread over him.

There was champagne with the food, and Fisher and Belden managed to carry two plates and two glasses apiece back to the couch.

"Oh, my!" said the blonde when Belden handed a glass to her. "This will make me tiddly if I drink it all."

"Nothing of the sort," Belden said gallantly. "In France, they give it to children."

"Have you been there?" the blonde asked. "To France, I mean?"

Belden drank his champagne and nodded. "As a matter of fact, a rather funny thing happened to me one time there," he said, and went on to tell about a postmaster in Antibes who had refused to acknowledge the existence of Boston, Massachusetts, because one of the "B" pages in his directory was missing. "Boston, Indiana, *oui*," Belden quoted him, "*mais* Boston, Massachusetts, *ça n'existe pas*."

Fisher and the brunette laughed heartily, and the blonde tittered. "How absolutely fascinating," she said.

Belden followed up with a story of an automobile accident in which he had been involved with a White Russian named Georgetsky, and this time the blonde was able to grasp the point with little or no trouble. By the end of dinner, Belden had told three more stories, all of which were successes, and he was enjoying himself immensely. Then some

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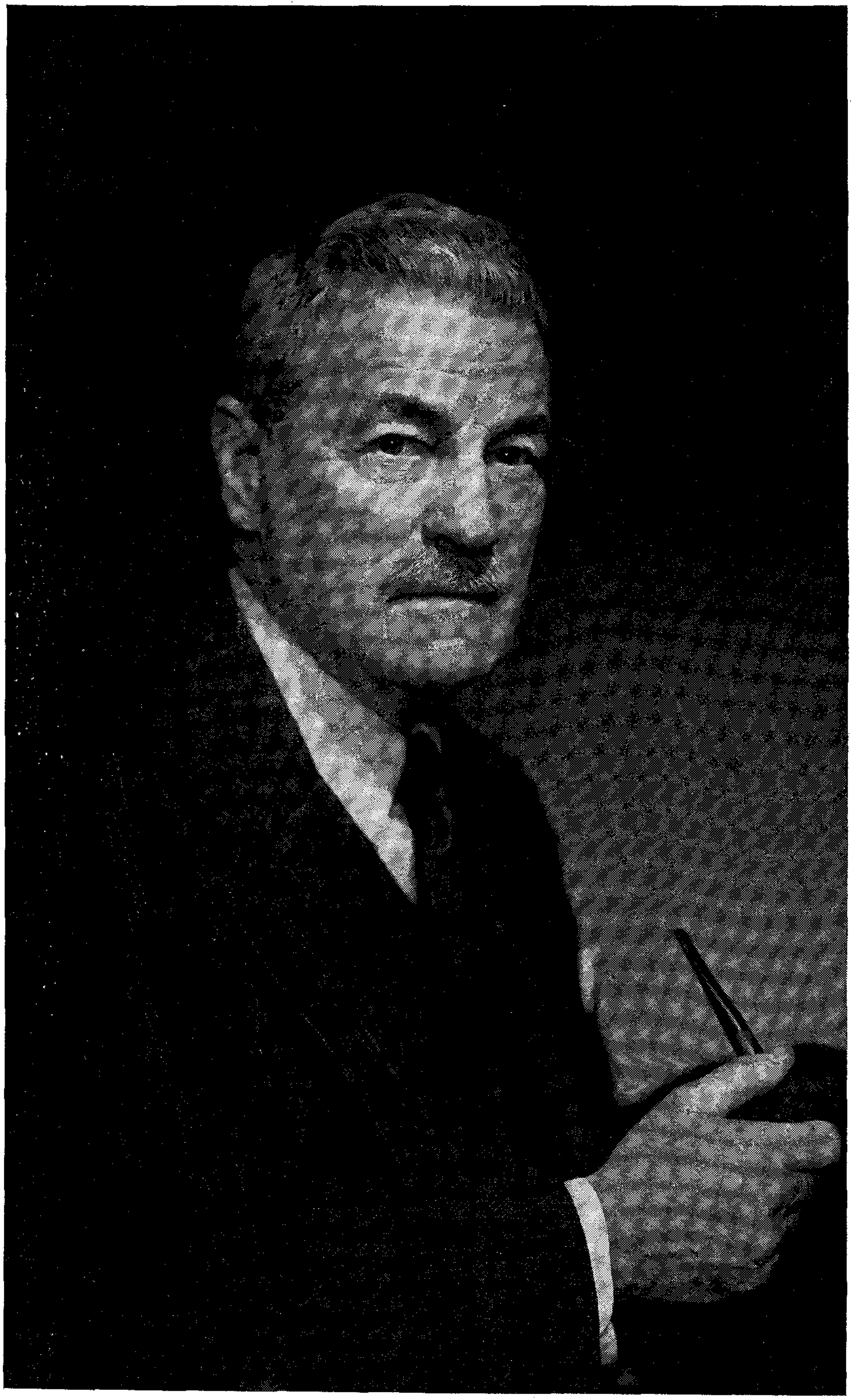

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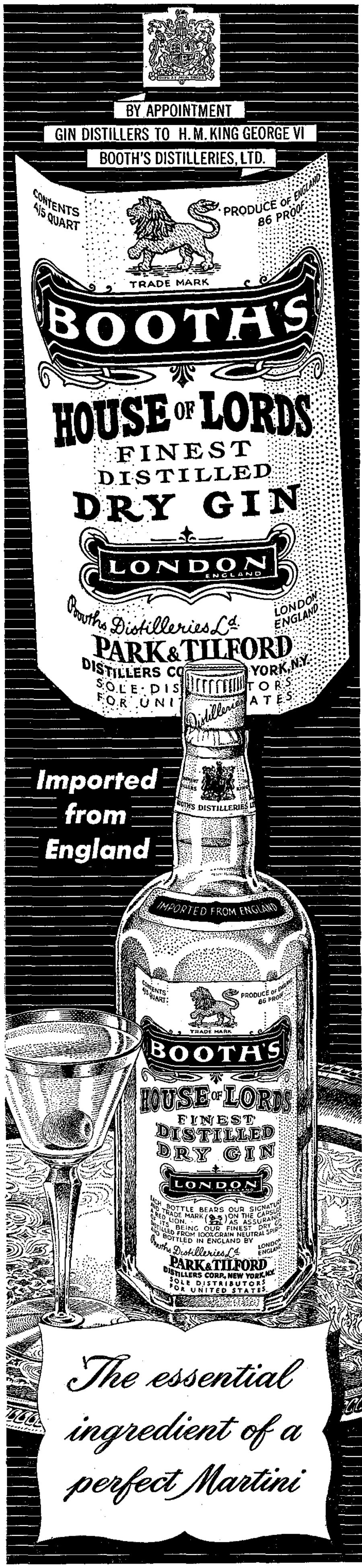
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friend of the blonde's came up and started to talk to her, and Belden drifted over to the bar for a highball.

At the bar, he met Allen, who was holding a brimming champagne glass and fumbling with a pack of matches. "Who's your blonde friend over there?" Allen asked him.

"No idea," Belden said happily. "I haven't the faintest notion."

"It looks as though the guy with her is explaining the alphabet to her," Allen said, "and is about at the letter 'C' right now."

Belden exploded into laughter, and when he finally stopped, he saw that Davis was looking at him from across the room. Go ahead and look, he thought. This proves I'm having a good time at your goddam party. To Allen, he said, "You should have been with us during dinner. Every time she said 'I see,' you knew she was in over her depth. By God, she's willing to laugh, though. I'll say that for her."

"I guess that's about all you could expect," Allen said. "I wonder where Denny dredged her up from."

Before Belden had time to speculate about that, a theatrical producer he knew slightly appeared at the bar, and Belden greeted him warmly. The producer was affable and seemed to want to talk, and before long he and Belden were deep in a discussion of the theatre, with Belden maintaining that the producer's latest play had been shamelessly cheated out of the Pulitzer Prize. The producer was quietly pleased, and suggested they have another drink, after which Belden quoted a few lines from the play, which he said were worth the Pulitzer Prize in themselves. He was about to pursue the subject further when Davis walked into the center of the room and clapped his hands for silence.

"Let's all try to find seats somewhere," he said. "We're going to have a little music."

There was a general movement toward the sides of the room, and two people pushed a piano out into its center. When the guests had quieted down, Davis called for Mark Lincoln, a songwriter, to come to the piano, and there was scattered applause. From somewhere, Lincoln was heard to say, "Oh, no," and the applause increased, and Davis said, "Come on, Mark, don't be bashful." Lincoln continued to demur until almost everybody was clapping; then he said, "Oh, Christ," and stood up and went to the piano. He had just started his first song, a comedy number, when the doorbell rang, and Davis zipped out of the room and into the hall-

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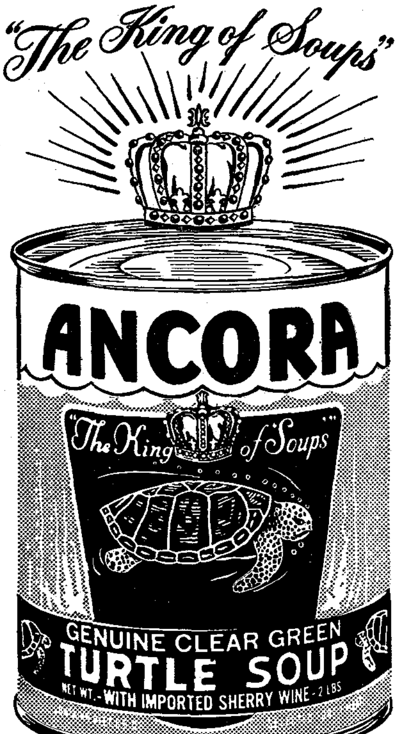
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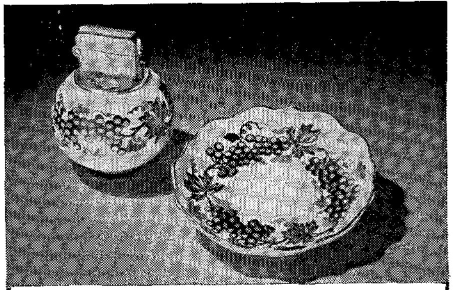

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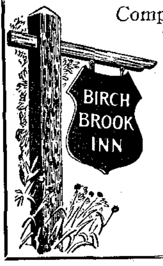

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way. Belden, who was sitting on a couch facing the hall, saw Davis open the door and admit Ellen Duryea, an actress with whom Belden had been wildly in love when he was thirteen. When she came into the room, everybody recognized her; many people knew her personally, and there was a great deal of smiling and nodding while Lincoln was singing. Belden stood up and offered his seat to Miss Duryea, and she smiled her silent thanks to him and took it. Finally, Lincoln finished his song, and everybody applauded loudly, and then several people called to Miss Duryea and said it was good to see her, and all of a sudden Lincoln left the piano and went back to his seat.

"Please go on, Mark," Miss Duryea said. "I'm terribly sorry I interrupted you."

Lincoln said nothing, and while the others were trying to coax him back to the piano, Belden turned to Miss Duryea and said, "By the way, my name is Charles Belden. May I get you a drink?"

"I'd love one," she said. "You're very kind."

BELDEN went to the bar and got a drink for Miss Duryea and a fresh one for himself, and by the time he returned to the couch, Lincoln had been persuaded to play some more and people were shushing one another. Miss Duryea took her glass, then moved over and made room for Belden to sit next to her, and he put his drink on the coffee table in front of the couch and settled down. He was, by this time, feeling utterly charming, and during the applause following Lincoln's next song he leaned toward Miss Duryea and said, "I hope you don't mind, but I've been in love with you for several years."

"That's very sweet of you," she said. "Thank you."

"It's nothing," he said. "I just thought you ought to know."

Lincoln began to play again, this time a rhythmic patter song, and Belden folded his arms and listened, at the same time thinking of other things to say to Miss Duryea. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw her take out a cigarette and reach for a match on the coffee table. He leaned forward quickly to get the match for her, and his hand struck his highball glass and knocked it over with a ringing crash. For some reason, the glass didn't break, but the drink poured out onto the table and splashed over onto the rug. Everybody turned and looked, and Belden closed his eyes and

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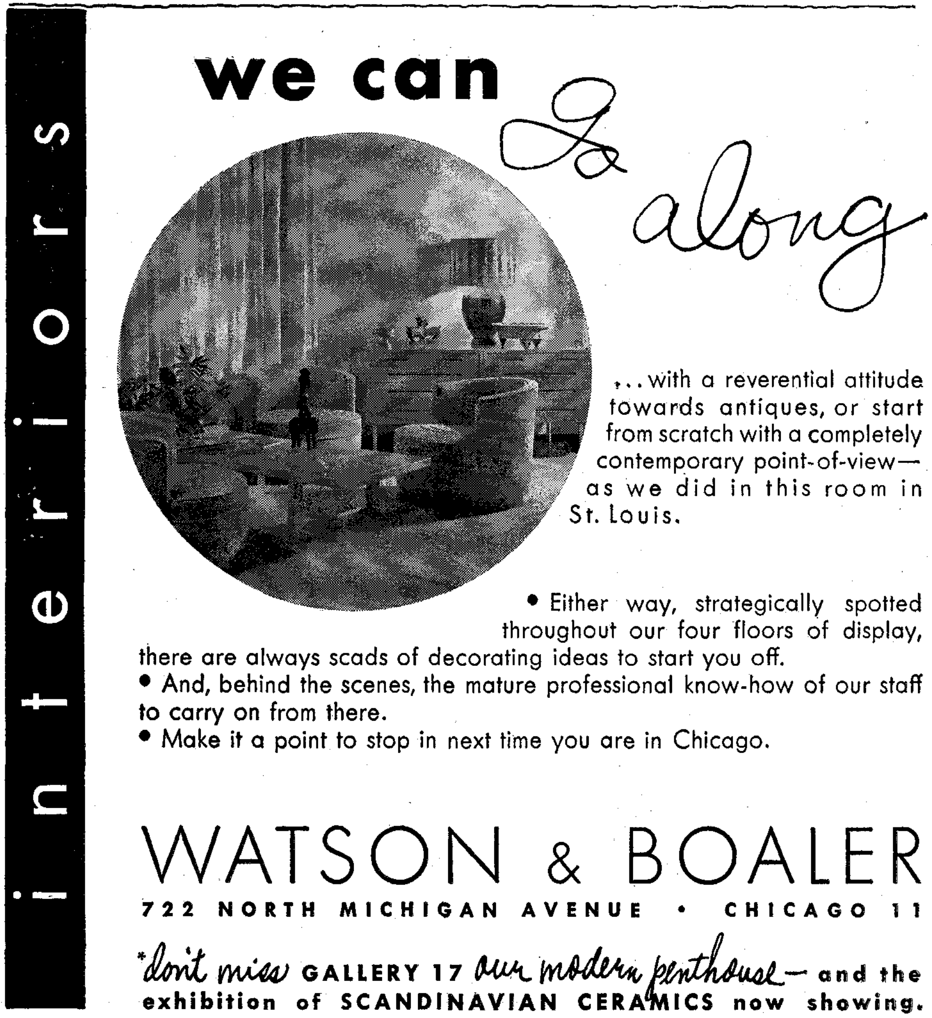

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stopped breathing. When he opened his eyes again, Davis was crouching beside the table, mopping the rug; Davis then mopped the table, picked up the empty glass, and took it away, and at that instant Lincoln slammed down the keyboard cover and stood up. "Jesus *Christ!*" he said as he strode across the room and sat down.

Davis, still holding Belden's empty glass, followed Lincoln to his seat. "I'm sorry about that, Mark," Davis said. "It won't happen again, I promise you."

Lincoln shrugged. "Forget it," he said.

Davis put Belden's glass on an end table. "Please, let's have some more," he said. Then he lowered his voice, but not enough to prevent Belden's hearing him say, "I'll see that you have quiet." Several people chimed in and pleaded with Lincoln, but he didn't move.

"Come on, let's give him a hand," Davis said, and everyone applauded.

"No," said Lincoln. "The hell with it. Let someone else play. I'm no good as a saloon pianist."

Slowly, and with as much dignity as he could muster, Belden stood up and went over to Davis. "I guess we'd better be going, Denny," he said.

Davis turned and looked at him, and there was silence in the room. "Oh. Well. Can you find your coats all right?" Davis said.

Belden nodded and looked at Virginia, who had already stood up, and together they left the room. When they came back into the room, Davis was waiting for them, and he accompanied them to the front door.

"I'm sorry about that drink," Belden said lamely.

"Oh, I guess things like that are to be expected," said Davis. He looked coldly at Belden. "Everything considered, that is," he added.

Belden's throat tightened with sudden rage, and he swallowed hard before replying. "Well, it was damned nice of you to have us," he said, at last. "We won't forget it, I promise you." He opened the door and let Virginia go out, and as he joined her, it was all he could do to keep from slamming the door behind him. —NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

•

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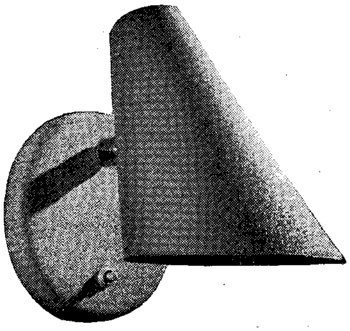

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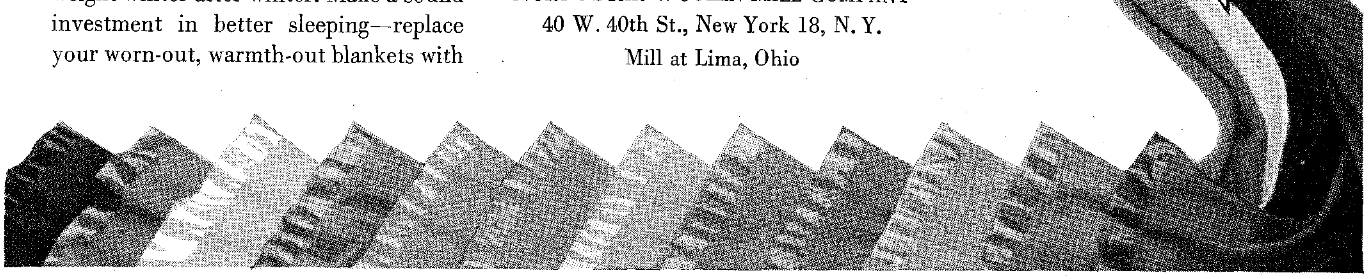

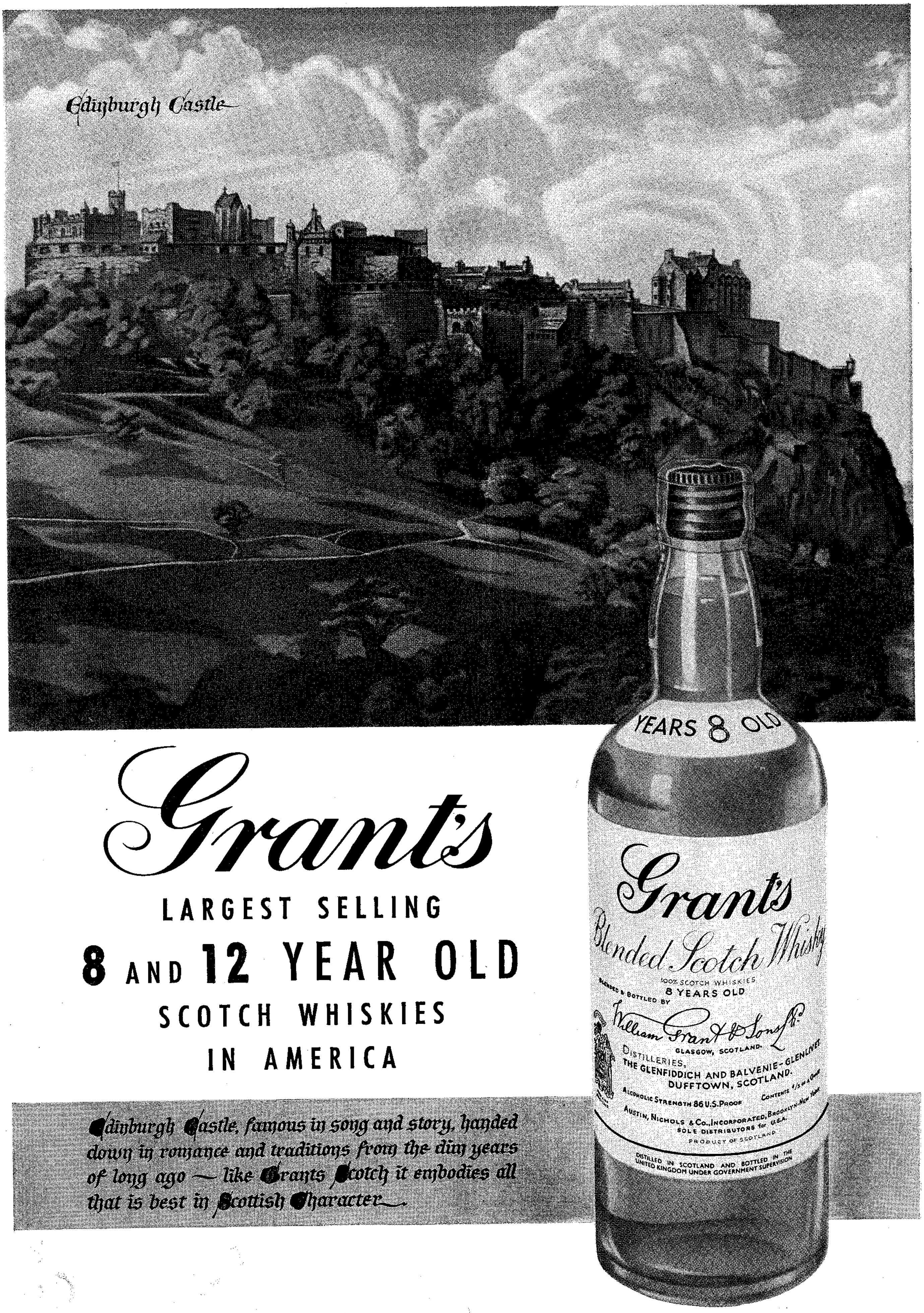
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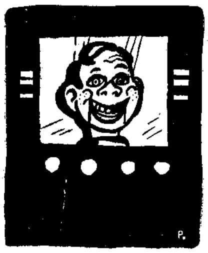
TELEVISION

Counting the Votes



THE local polls closed at 7 P.M. on Election Day, and a few minutes thereafter I switched on my television set, took a seat hard by the little screen, so that I could easily turn from channel to channel, and waited for the returns. On the Du Mont network, Captain Video and his stalwart associates were engaged in high-level interstellar intrigue. "Baluga calling Orbit control, Baluga calling Orbit control!" cried one man. "I understand, Hermes," said another. "Rest now." Sherman Billingsley was table-hopping at the Stork Club, over C.B.S., interrupting his guests while they ate. Over N.B.C., Kukla, Fran, and Ollie were having a high old whimsical time. A man on Channel 7 was playing the piano. WPIX had its mind on the election; it was exhibiting newsreels of the mayoralty candidates casting their ballots earlier in the day. All candidates predicted rousing victories for themselves. WPIX suddenly shifted to the *News* city room—a large room filled with many men working quietly in their shirt-sleeves—for an important bulletin: Lynch was ahead of Dewey in a Syracuse election district. WPIX suddenly shifted again, this time to Republican headquarters in the Hotel Roosevelt. The place was empty except for a half-dozen ladies sitting on banquet chairs. All the ladies wore big hats and looked like the ladies who sit in Coney Island buses for several hours before the buses depart. "The Governor is dining at the home of Mr. Roger Straus, as is his Election Night custom," said the announcer. Back to the *News* city room for a bulletin: Lynch and Dewey neck and neck. On C.B.S., Douglas Edwards showed us a relief map of Korea. He had some glum news from Korea, plus the announcement that the latest count showed Lynch leading Dewey by three votes. At 7:45, on N.B.C., Mr. John Cameron Swayze opined that it was too early to tell just what *would* happen, and we were shown the N.B.C. newsroom, a teeming hive of hundreds of people, all sitting at desks and busily passing papers back and forth. (N.B.C. had evidently spared no expense.) Mr. Ben Grauer, in the newsroom, gave Dewey forty-five thousand votes to Lynch's thirty-five thousand, with two per cent of the vote outside New York City counted. N.B.C. then went to Republican national headquarters, in Washington. "Here," said an announcer, against a background of intricate charts, "all has an air of quiet confidence."

Just before 8, at C.B.S., Miss Faye Emerson unburdened herself of a most special bulletin. "I would like you to meet the man I am going to marry," she said, introducing us to Mr. Skitch Henderson, a band leader. "I thought this was a good way to announce it, as I wanted you to know first. I will let you know later about our plans and the date of our wedding." At 8:02, WOR-TV announced that Impellitteri was ahead by two hundred votes. We were shown pictures of smiling donkeys and elephants, and sad donkeys and elephants. (WOR evidently was taking no chances.) An 8:10 WOR bulletin from the Eighteenth Congressional District revealed that Marcantonio held a tiny lead over his opponent, Donovan. "The important question," a man with glasses said sonorously, "is: What will the final answer be?" WPIX, at 8:25, moved its cameras to Madison Square Garden and the Horse Show. The horses were lovely. At 8:30, the A.B.C. newsroom, a teeming hive of hundreds of people sitting at desks and busily passing papers back and forth (A.B.C. had evidently spared no expense), came into view. Mr. Robert Montgomery, looking extremely dapper, began to read an essay on the significance of the election. "There is a deepening crisis," he said, and disappeared from sight, being replaced by Mr. Elmer Davis, whose coat was off and whose collar was open. Mr. Davis was calm, and wonderfully brief. "About four per cent of the votes have been heard from," he said. He added that he considered this a fragmentary return, and went on to announce that Senator Lucas's lead, in Illinois, was far from safe, that Senator Tydings, in Maryland, was running behind, and that, in his considered, 8:47 E.S.T. opinion, there would be small comfort this evening for the Democrats. Mr. Davis, as usual, was right as rain. A 9 P.M. bulletin, read by somebody or other, announced that at 8:30 the *Mirror* had claimed that Impellitteri was the winner.

On Du Mont, a live cockatoo was strutting about the screen with an American flag in its mouth. Several other cockatoos were on a miniature merry-go-round, whirling. A miniature building caught on fire, and the rescue of a trapped cockatoo was skillfully exe-

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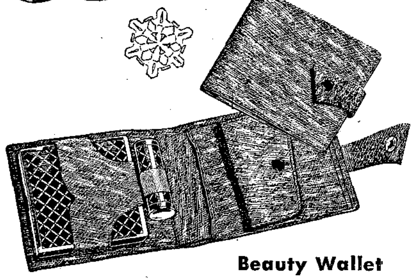

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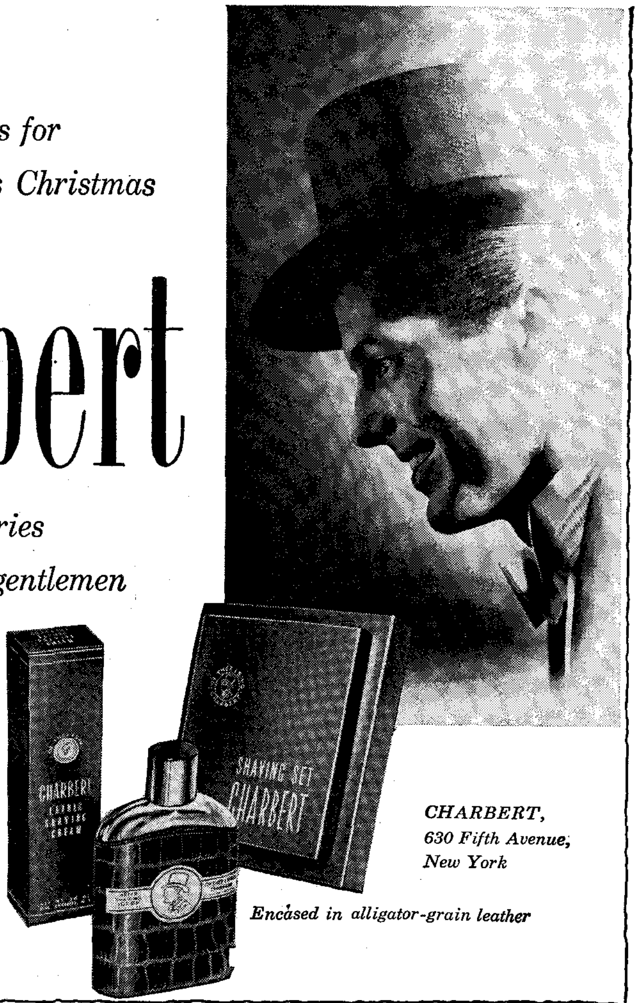

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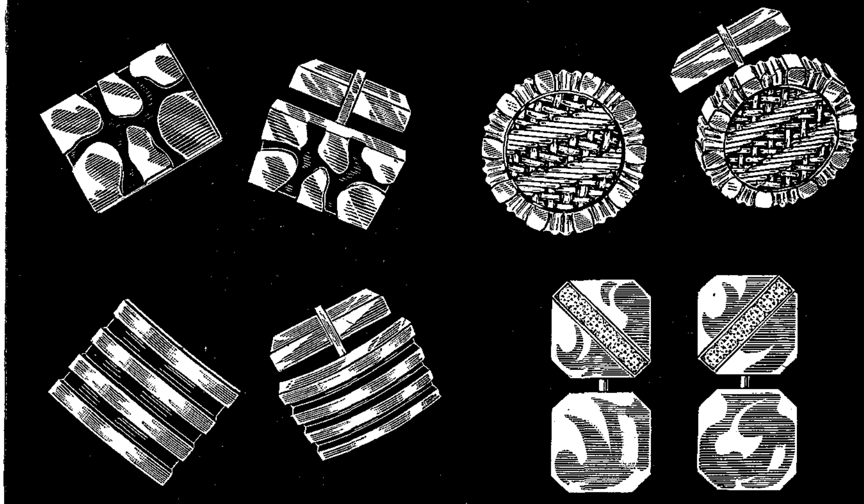

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cuted by several brave cockatoo colleagues. At 9:24, an announcer interrupted the cockatoos to announce that the *Mirror* claimed that Impellitteri was the winner. The cockatoos collected their ladders and went away, and the announcer returned to say that Marcantonio had been defeated. Over at the Horse Show, a moonlight bay named Moonlight Bay, with Miss Lee riding, was taking some jumps. A moving teletype strip crept across the bottom of the screen, just below the bay, announcing that Marcantonio was leading. "Think back on the past year," a C.B.S. announcer was saying. "How many cavities did you have? How many cavities did your children have?" On N.B.C., a man put a violin bow in his mouth and violently scraped a violin against it, producing a tune. "Here's a cigarette you've elected to smoke," said the master of ceremonies, striking a timely note. "Keep on voting for a treat instead of a treatment!"

By eleven o'clock, the local election figures were conclusive, and WPIX took us to the Impellitteri headquarters, in the Hotel Abbey, where, addressing a cheering throng of the faithful, the Mayor-elect thanked one and all for their support. "When we started, we had a hundred and thirty dollars in the treasury," said Mr. Impellitteri. "Then the campaign gained momentum." Struggling to gain momentum, he told us at some length how his campaign had gained momentum. At ten minutes to twelve, all networks repaired to Dewey headquarters, where the happy, smiling Governor was receiving the plaudits of the faithful. Mr. Dewey was in a chipper mood. He said that he was humbly grateful. "This election," he said, "is a triumph for good-d govern-MENT." At 12:25, Senator Lehman, at *his* headquarters, said that he, too, was grateful. At ten minutes to one, in the teeming hive of the A.B.C. newsroom, Elmer Davis, still maintaining a cucumber expression, said that if the election proved anything, it proved that you can't beat somebody with nobody. A gentleman at an adjoining desk, whose glasses were pushed far down along his nose, said, "There is no point in clogging your head with figures from the West." A.B.C. then signed off. This seemed a sensible move, and I went to bed.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

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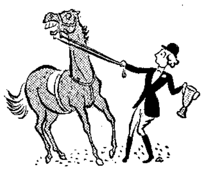
—*Brattleboro (Vt.) Reformer.*

In good, strong terms, we hope.

HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Minuet in Gee-Gee



WHEN the customary parade of the teams competing for international trophies ended the eight-day run of the National Horse Show, in Madison Square Garden, last week, the final animal to leave the arena—a police horse—stepped on manager Ned King's foot and broke two of his toes. So King spent the next forty-eight hours in bed, where he received congratulations for having staged the finest National since the days of E. Berry Wall and Ward McAllister. Perhaps the cop's horse was irritated by the somewhat overstringed way Stanley Melba's sixteen-piece dance orchestra had played "The Star-Spangled Banner" a moment before, when the United States team of Norma Mathews, Mrs. Carol Durand, and Arthur McCashin won the coveted International Perpetual Challenge Trophy.

Melba had a good excuse for using an unusual number of stringed instruments in his band. Colonel Alois Podhajsky, head of the Spanish Riding School of Vienna, insisting that his Lipizzan stallions respond only to Old World airs, authentically played, handed Melba a Bizet composition arranged for an eighty-six-piece symphony orchestra and said his long-tailed prima donnas would not take one step to any other version. In a heroic effort to please, Melba switched three saxophonists over to the violin section and borrowed Maurice Ancher, a second fiddle in Toscanini's orchestra, to help out. Ancher, a dead-game fellow, managed, with his violin, all the passages assigned to French horn, flute, oboe, and other missing instruments. But while Podhajsky and, conceivably, the horses were grateful, the effect on Melba's crew was such that their playing of almost everything, even the national anthems, sounded like a European orchestra struggling with "Baby, It's Cold Outside." The fact that more than a hundred thousand people flocked to the show indicates that no harm was done. The Spanish Riding School, which received nothing but expense money for coming here and putting on its exhibitions, will nevertheless return to Austria some four thousand dollars richer, and it can use the money, for riding schools aren't very profitable in Europe these days. The sale in the Garden of Podhajsky's book about his school, and an auction, at the Waldorf-Astoria, of paintings of the horses, donated by Austrian artists, accounted for the windfall.

AS was expected, the Mexicans dominated the team jumping, winning on five nights. Lieutenant Eva Valdés, on Arete; Lieutenant Joaquín D'Harcourt, on Tolteca; and Captain Alberto Valdés, on Chihuahua, scored one victory each, and Cadet Roberto Vinals, riding Altena, won twice. The United States team, riding Reno Kirk, Country Boy, and Paleface, won the three-day low-score competition as well as the final night's challenge trophy. Ireland's Captain Michael Tubridy, on Rostrevor, nosed out McCashin, on Paleface, for the Individual Military Championship, and England's Lieutenant Colonel Harry Llewellyn, on Monty, won the West Point Challenge Trophy. Monty is named after Field Marshal Montgomery, whom Llewellyn served as liaison officer with the Americans.

Wing Commander, who won the five-gaited-saddle-horse class, drew the loudest cheers of the Show every time he went into a rack; he fairly flew around the arena. Circus Rose, the winner of the jumping championship, was sold, during the course of the Show, to August Busch, Jr., who changed her name to Miss Budweiser and generously let the United States team have her until after the 1952 Olympics. Now, I suppose, Miss Rheingold will have to take up pole vaulting.

JOTTINGS: Best team ride in the show was given by Morton W. Smith, on his Jerry's Pride, and Mickey Walsh, on Miss Eleanora Sears' Reno; in the class for hunter pairs, which they won, they rode so close together that their stirrups were touching as they cleared the fences. . . . When Mexico's amazing seven-year-old Vicky Mariles finally fell off her horse one night while jumping the big International course, which toppled dozens of veteran riders, a jealous old-Army man remarked, "Well, at least *that's* comforting."

—T. O'R.

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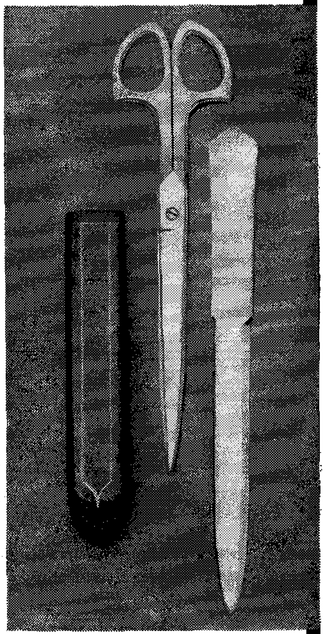

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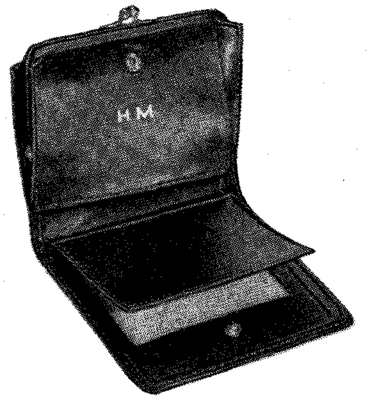

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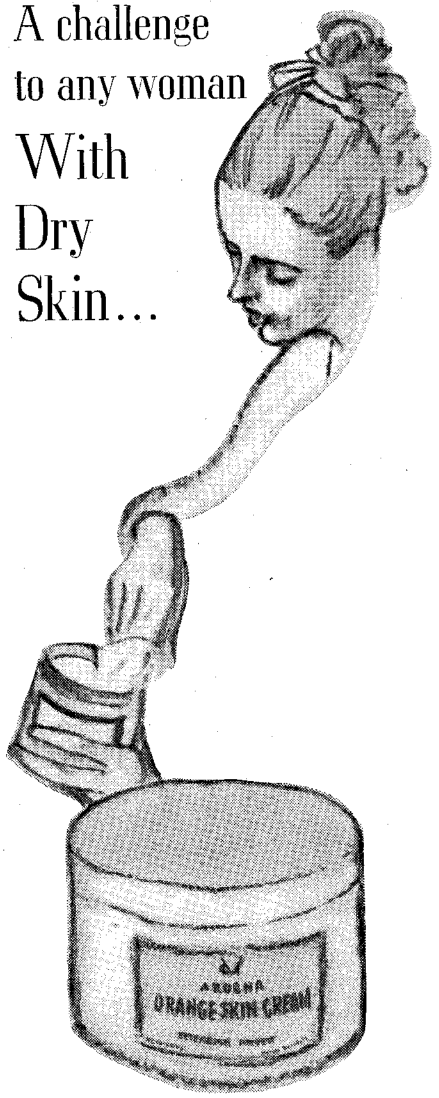

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Storm and Strife

THE Metropolitan Opera got off to a handsome start last week. A striking production of Verdi's sombre "Don Carlo" began the new season on Monday, and three nights later an imaginative revival of Wagner's "Der Fliegende Holländer" came along. Both operas had been out of the repertory for many years. To deal with "Don Carlo" first, it is a far from winning work and is surprisingly lacking in dramatic interest, considering the characters and events involved. It is set during the Spanish Inquisition, and has to do with the crown prince Don Carlo's continuing infatuation for Elizabeth of Valois even after she has ceased to be his fiancée and has become the wife of his father, Philip II, and with the mess this situation creates around the court. Despite the proddings of the frequently brilliant score, the story develops coldly and remotely. It has its moments, however, the chief of them being the first scene in the third act, when Philip, alone in his study, eats his heart out because of Elizabeth's coolness, and then discusses with the Grand Inquisitor what should be done about Don Carlo. Verdi summoned up some of his darkest, strongest music—on a par with "Otello"—to make this scene memorable. There are other effective spots, too, such as Princess Eboli's aria "O don fatale" (the most familiar music in the opera), and, here and there, some majestic orchestral passages. On the whole, though, it is an eruptive, menacing score, which seldom levels off enough for such expressive songs as are to be found in, for example, "Aïda," which was composed later. Verdi had a lot of difficulty with "Don Carlo," and did three versions of it over the years. This particular version, the second and by no means the longest, contains well over three hours of music..

I learned from some notes on the production in *Opera News*, a sort of Met house organ, that Margaret Webster, the director, and Rolf Gerard, the scenic designer, got together and decided to do it big. Miss Webster is quoted as saying, "We tried to create the effect of El Greco's paintings, the sense of size, and the rather frightening feeling of spiritual darkness in a society where the power of king and church is absolute." In the same issue, Gerard says, "To give this impression [of size] I depend on the use of line, on springing Gothic arches in black, gray, and mauve velours. The sets are thirty-two feet high—the highest they have ever been at the Metropolitan—and they make the people look like dwarfs." They certainly do, and that may be why I haven't even thought about discussing the singers up to now. The first effect of these towering sets and of Miss Webster's picturesque groupings within them is stunning and overpowering, and I have a suspicion that the director and the designer walked away with the production, which is carrying things a bit too far. Verdi's powerful music, conducted in a masterly way by Fritz Stiedry, was of comparable size, but, as Gerard said, the people were dwarfs; they were dwarfed by both the stiff libretto and the massive dimensions of the scenery.

As for the cast, I was most impressed by Cesare Siepi, an Italian bass, making his début here, in the part of Philip, partly because of his wonderful scene in the study and partly because he cut such a stylish figure throughout. He sang with grandeur. Two ladies—Delia Rigal, a soprano, who had the role of Elizabeth, and Fedora Barbieri, a mezzo-soprano, who was heard as the Princess Eboli—also made their débuts. Miss Barbieri is a forceful singer with an earthy style, but I wouldn't say she contributed anything special to the performance. Miss Rigal did. She lent what I can describe only as queenliness to her part. Her heavy-lidded eyes, her bearing, and her delicate mannerisms all helped the illusion in a most gratifying way, and, although at other times her singing was undistinguished, she did some excellent work in her big second-act scene. Robert Merrill, who sang Rodrigo, and Jerome Hines, who was the Grand Inquisitor, both are blessed with exceptional voices and both gave strong performances. Jussi Bjoerling, in the title role, was a bit unsteady vocally and rather unconvincing histrionically. Still, it was a good cast, for the most part. If any of you are curious about the special qualities Miss Webster, who is one of our leading Shakespearean authorities and Broadway directors, brought to the opera, all I can do is point to the neat group pictures and the orderly handling of the mob scenes at the end of Act II. In a hammy work like "Don Carlo," the singers are bound to revert to type, lurching forward and backward now and then, and clutching their breasts. And these singers did.

A GERMAN baritone named Hans Hotter, singing here for the first time, and some splendid scenery, deriving from sketches by Robert Edmond Jones, contributed most, I think, to the enjoyment of "Der Fliegende Holländer." Hotter, as the spectral Dutchman who puts in to land every seven years in resolute quest of an honest woman, was an awesome figure of a dandyish sort. Pale of face and clad in black, and moving almost continually in a green light, with a cape riding his shoulders, he struck me as a man easily capable of making this part a full career, the way Bela Lugosi did with Dracula. Hotter has a large, round voice, which he can make sound hollow or rich, as the occasion demands, and I thought he was marvellous. The directions call for a rock-bound Norwegian harbor, into which a sailing vessel rides and anchors alongside another; a room in a sea captain's house; and another harbor setting, involving the departure of a ship and its abrupt sinking. This is usually followed by a Little Eva effect depicting the ascent to Heaven of the Dutchman and Senta, an honest woman he sold short. In the present production, however, we are spared that; it couldn't possibly be anything but unnerving anyway. We see nothing more than a few streaks of light between sky and sea to indicate what is happening at the final curtain. Fritz Reiner conducted admirably, and the whole thing went off like a charm. Astrid Varnay, a dramatic soprano with a luscious voice but a slightly stolid stage presence, played Senta. A newcomer, the Swedish bass Sven Nilsson, was exactly right as Daland, the avaricious captain who makes a deal with the Dutchman. Set Svanholm was bouncy and a bit colorless vocally in the part of the young huntsman who simply can't get Senta's mind off the fascinating seafarer of the title. The approach of the Dutchman's ship, cutting fast and straight across the choppy waters, was done very effectively with a projector. Then the ship itself hove into sight on the stage, its sails red and menacing. At the close, the ship—seen from another angle this time—pulled out of sight, and a few seconds later the projector showed it far away, sailing jauntily along in the background and splitting asunder when Senta leaped into the sea.

—DOUGLAS WATT

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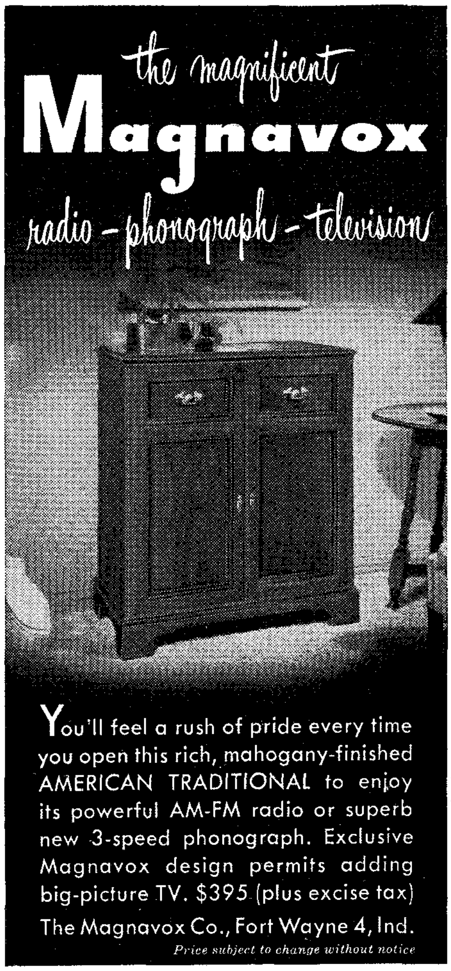
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PEG AND SOCK

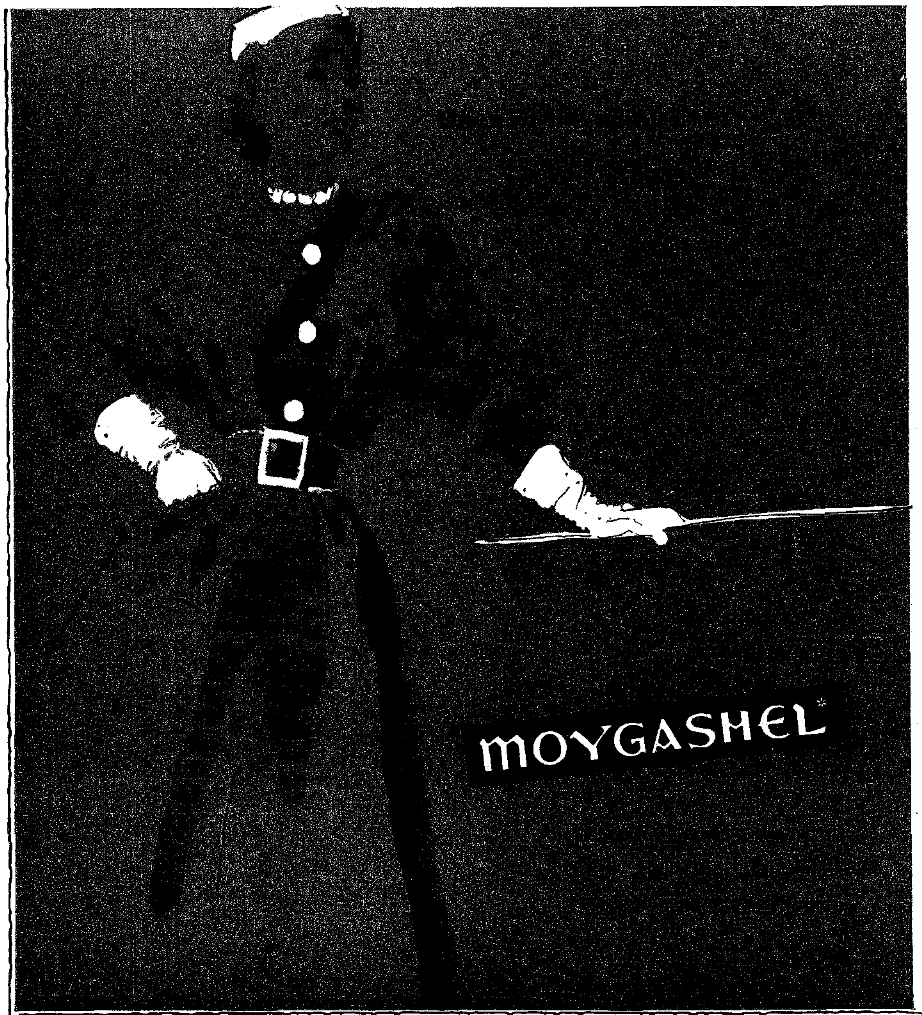
PAGES 2 and 3 of the *Journal-American* constitute one of my favorite areas (seven hundred and ten square inches) in New York journalism, at least on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays. George E. Sokolsky's brilliant column on world affairs appears on page 2 Monday through Friday and Westbrook Pegler's hard-hitting column appears on page 3 Tuesday through Saturday; these descriptions are quotes from the blurbs in blackface type that customarily follow the respective entries. (I seldom read the *Journal-American* on Sundays, which I prefer to devote to the New York *Enquirer*.) Each of the columns is accompanied by a photograph of its dour author—brachycephalic Sokolsky frowning on page 2, dolichocephalic Pegler scowling on page 3—and this gives the whole spread an appearance of balanced ferocity. The stares of the two writers are directed not at each other but at some dread presence just behind the reader's right shoulder, presumably a Presidential ghost or the phantom of the American Republic. "The awful truth seems to be that the republic is dead," Pegler wrote on October 3rd, confirming a diagnosis he had made back in 1948, when he wrote that the election of Truman "means that the American Republic . . . is done for." (I. [for Isidor] F. Stone, a columnist on the *Daily Compass*, wrote last summer, "The little piano player in the White House is improvising his country's Götterdämmerung," and on October 4th he followed up with, "All that made America a proud name in the eyes of the world is being dirtied and destroyed and degraded. The terrible thing is that I don't know that anything can be done about it." I like to think of Peg and Izzy, in accord at last, huddled together on the forward thwart of the first lifeboat leaving the ship.)

It is the pages 2-3 lineup that makes the Sokolsky-Pegler arrangement so effective. If Sokolsky were on page 4, or Pegler on page 1, you couldn't see them both at the same time, and in that case they wouldn't strike such terror. Sokolsky's expression is a trifle out of character with the blurbs that usually follow his column. He looks dogged rather than brilliant—a solid, avuncular type of man with a face nearly as wide as it is long, and his mouth set in a straight line. He has a luxuriant crop of hair that comes down to about the middle of his forehead, a circumstance that perhaps explains why, on October 20th, a *Journal-American* promotion man, indubitably an opportunist, like most of his kind, substituted for the conventional Sokolsky blurb one that read, "Are you getting bald? Learn how a simple injection may encourage the regrowth of hair. Read 'What Causes Baldness?' in the *American Weekly*, with Sunday's *Journal-American*." Pegler looks hard-hitting, all right. "Westbrook Pegler pulls no punches!" the plug at the end of his piece sometimes states. His eyebrows and his mouth form parallel straight lines across his Rhadamanthine mask.

Sokolsky's column has been in the *Journal-American* only since January, when the *Sun* folded, leaving him momentarily without a New York outlet. Both columnists are syndicated. For some months, Pegler, who has been in the *Journal-American* since 1944, appeared to be taking the newcomer all right. Despite their obvious inclination to combat—to judge by their pictures, either would as soon take umbrage as coffee—the two columnists, it seemed to me, a fairly faithful reader, got along fine together. Pegler's column is called "As Pegler Sees It," and Sokolsky's "These Days," often expanded to "As Sokolsky Sees: These Days." But usually they saw things the same way. They worked well as a team, with Peg shredding the Roosevelt cerements one day while Sock disembowelled the United Nations, Sock lambasting the C.I.O. the next while Peg banged away at the Fourteenth Amendment—"put through by the Hitlerites of the North after the Civil War," he explained, "ostensibly as an emancipation measure. The true purpose was to persecute the Southern white people . . ." Then they would exchange themes. The way Sokolsky played back civil rights, for example, was: "Since when is poverty and unhappiness only for Negroes? There is plenty of poverty among white folks, North, South, and over the seas, and as for unhappiness, I am sure there is as much of it on Park Avenue as on Beale Street." The two would also toss Mrs. Roosevelt from page 2 to page 3 and back again, like the girl in an adagio act.

I was astonished, therefore, when, on October 13th, I picked up the *Journal-American*, flipped over the front page, as usual, and found out whom Peg was pulling no punches he threw at. "In the background of the word-tapestries on the World Series," Pegler's column began, "a faint pattern of political and patriotic embarrassment could be detected by the expert eye, reflecting the self-abasement of the American spirit." The expert, photo-engraved eye now seemed to be looking directly into mine, and I began to hum "Yankee Doodle" to prove my Americanism. In the second paragraph, Pegler said that Americans seemed to be spoofing the World Series more than they used to. This brought him into a position from which he could hit out in any direction. "Yet when Sokolsky tells us of the obscure wisdom of Oriental esoterics who scorn our nylons, vitamins, and bubble gum," I read, "we may draw comparisons to our own consolation. These clients of his sympathy are horribly debased, crawling on their scabby bellies through the centuries, rubbing themselves with foul corruption and propitiating serpents which fang them dead." The word "clients" made me think at first that Peg was accusing Sock of being in the employ of some particular group of Chinese, but I soon realized that I was wrong, because no such group would have scabby bellies. And I was quite sure Peg wasn't writing about the rattlesnake cults down South, because people down there *do* like bubble gum.

"They have no World Series, no Buicks or Dodges, and the sacred sewer of the Ganges is their version of the laundrymat," Peg continued, and now I got him. He was writing about yogis, the kind of people he used to say the man he calls Bubblehead Wallace associated with. Evidently, Sokolsky was also a bubblehead. A bubblehead is a contemner of bubble gum. "They think they are going to heaven, but theirs is a hell of a way to get there," Peg added, making me wonder whether he was about to tackle Sock on theological grounds, too. He didn't. He just let Sock lie there and turned raptly to Albert (Hap) Chandler, the Baseball Commissioner, who had called for thirty seconds of pre-game meditation by the World Series crowd. "Though, at Derby time in Louisville, his [Chandler's] wailing tenor can be heard in smoke-filled rooms in the sentimental strains of 'Old Kaintucky Home,' he



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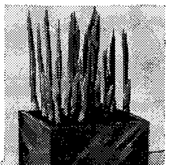

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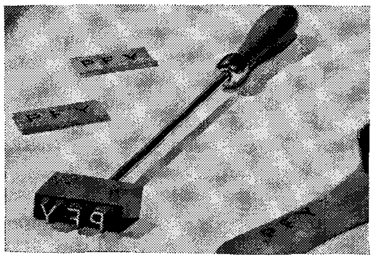

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was, for this moment, not a guru or a lama but a simple exhorter on a sidehill clearing back where he cum fum," Pegler wrote, and went on, equally beautifully, from there, winding up:

"Baseball is all right. Frats are okay. So is peanut butter. Al Schacht for Mayor of New York, the people's choice if they had a choice.

"To hell with the Four Freedoms, the United Nations and the Marshall Plan.

"Make me a boy again just for tonight!"

The piece puzzled me. I couldn't remember Sokolsky's coming out against baseball, or frats, or peanut butter, or Al Schacht, a former baseball player who now runs a restaurant in New York, and he is the last fellow I'd accuse of endorsing the Four Freedoms, the United Nations, or the Marshall Plan. I had to get out my file and read clear back to October 2nd before I found what Peg was mad about. It was a thing Sock had written in favor of having religious instruction in the public schools, which he must have thought it was safe to be for, since Peg is for it, too. But the brilliant world-affairs columnist had supported it for what Peg considered a bubbleheaded reason. Sock had thought more spiritual training might help us get on with India. "Can a people who make a god of one who renounced wealth for poverty and fame for the beggar's bowl become enthusiastic about nylons and cosmetics?" he had asked. (Nothing about bubble gum, however.) That had fixed him.

After that, I read the *Journal-American* with even more attention than before. I figured Sokolsky wasn't the kind of man to pull any punches, either, and pretty soon he would throw one into Peg. Moreover, the *Journal-American* was announcing a new columnist, Fulton Lewis, Jr., whom it was going to start on page 1 on Monday, October 16th. Pegler would be out of the paper that day, I knew, and I wondered whether the newcomer and Sokolsky planned to gang up on him. I had read elsewhere that Lewis was a hard-hitting, anti-bubblehead radio commentator. On his account, I looked at the front page first on the sixteenth.

Lewis's début was tranquil enough. "Washington Report," his column is called. "These writings will not be what the journalistic jargon likes to refer to as 'objective' reporting," he wrote, in part. "In the first place there is no such thing—aside perhaps from the *Congressional Record.* Any columnist

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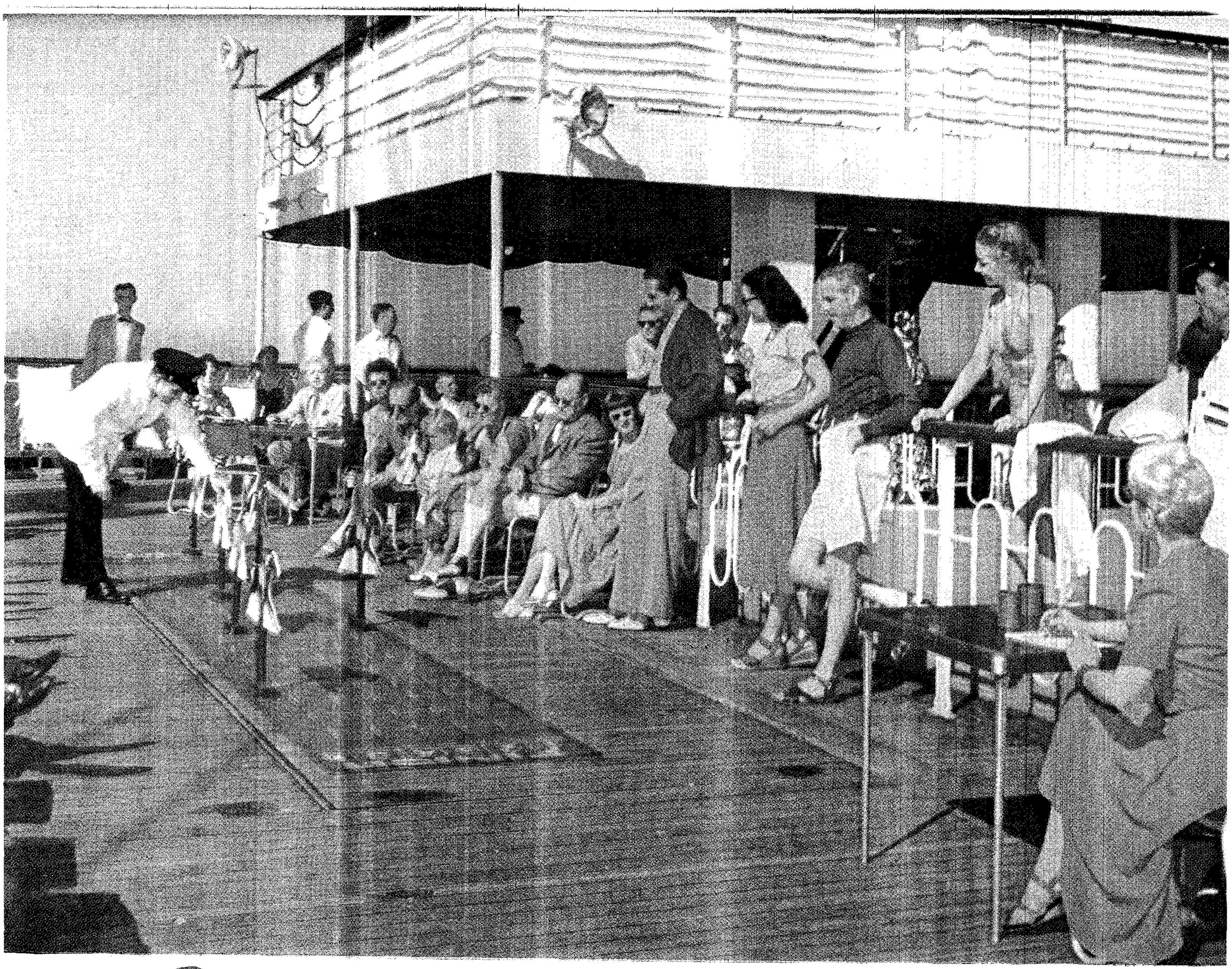

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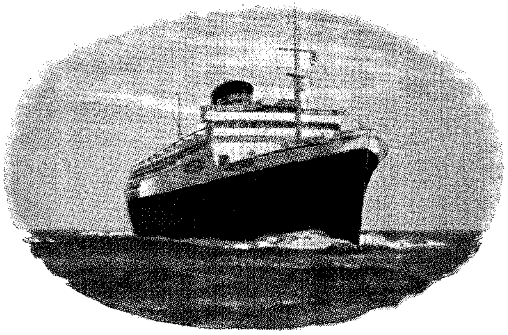

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"For those who want to maintain pleasant social relations for dinner conversation purposes, that's understandable. In Washington, you never know who will be seated next to you. And long ago, therefore, I adopted the simpler and more effective solution of declining the dinner parties. To me, it's easier than apostasy. Besides, the food too often is abominable. . . .

"The principal satisfaction over being back in this routine is a poignant and haunting feeling that I never should have been out of it, really. [Lewis had previously explained that fifteen years ago he had been a newspaperman.] I never did grow up from being a police reporter. That's what this column is going to be." The blurb at the end said, "Read Fulton Lewis, Jr.'s, hard-hitting column 'Washington Report,' Monday through Friday in the *Journal-American*."

I thought Lewis had a promising turn of phrase, somewhere between Peg's and Cholly Knickerbocker's, but his photograph seemed wrong. He had had his picture taken smiling and in a dinner jacket. If he had declined a dinner, why was he dressed for it? Besides, I had never seen a police reporter in a dinner jacket, except for a fellow named Red Gallagher, who, back around 1925, would occasionally come to work after an all-night party wearing one, but he would change his clothes before he started chasing fires. I felt, however, that a greater mistake for a hard-hitting columnist was the smile.

I turned to page 2, hoping for something harsher. "Tortuous calisthenics," after all, is insipid fare for a reader used to wailing tenors crawling back where dey cum fum on scabby bellies, and Sokolsky, while no Pegler, might by now, I thought, be throwing punches. He was, but not at Pegler. "News About Babs Leaves Him Cold," the topical head over his column read. Under this, Sokolsky wrote: "During the past weeks, I have been puzzled by the amount of expensive white paper that has been consumed by the affairs of one Barbara Hutton and her fourth husband, Prince Troubetzkoy, a trivial Lithuanian whom she accuses of marrying her for her grandfather's money, which she inherited. . . . I have never

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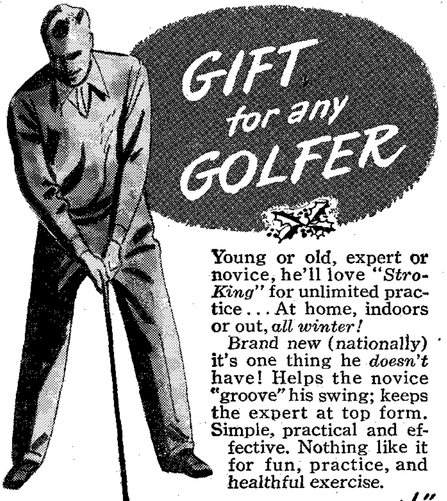

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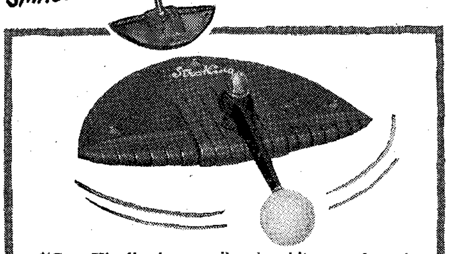

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seen this woman, but her pictures do not indicate she is as interesting as the Korean war, the high cost of living, the compulsory drafting [as distinguished, possibly, from the voluntary kind] of young doctors into the armed forces, or the silly correspondence, involving the President and John L. Lewis, about dog-catchers. . . . Of what significance is this unseemly dialogue between husband and wife who call press conferences to denounce each other? . . . Why would any reporter want to attend such a press conference? . . .

"By george, if we are so short of things to interest us in these days of war and an election campaign, let me tell you that a fine dog I knew, named Susie, a lovely beagle and as friendly as a healthy baby, was run over by a monster of a truck and had to be put away to the tears of children who loved her.

"Surely, such news is as important as that one Barbara Hutton is ready to take a fifth husband and that one Troubetzkoy objects and wants the services of his wife. Services, indeed!"

I recalled having seen some mention of the Princess Troubetzkoy's troubles in the *Journal-American;* it seemed to me that Igor Cassini, the current Cholly Knickerbocker, had been giving them a pretty heavy play in his "The Smart Set" column. After reading Sokolsky and Pegler, I usually turn to "The Smart Set," for assurance that there is something left to fight for. On this particular day, it carried the headline "Inside Story of Why Babs Is Fighting Igor." "The amazing inside story of the Barbara Hutton-Igor Troubetzkoy tossing of insults in the newspapers is that Babs had offered Igor $2,000,000 to get rid of him," Cholly began. "But the foolish prince let himself be advised by friends and lawyers who told him he could get more if he stood pat and that is what started the fight. Now the Hutton-tot is so mad that she has sworn she won't give Prince Igor a sou. . . . After all, he was penniless when he married Barbara and if she offered him $2,000,000 he should have grabbed it. Barbara has always been very generous to her former husbands and made more than generous settlements on each of them (with the exception of Cary Grant) when she divorced them."

I could now descry a pecking order in the Hearst barnyard. Peg pecks Sock, Sock pecks Cholly, Cholly pecks Louella O. Parsons. (I remembered that when Louella, the *Journal-American's* Hollywood authority, was cooing over Rita

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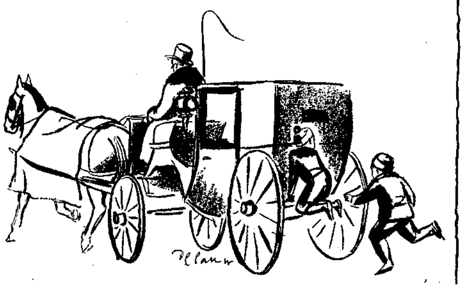
Hayworth's wedding to Ali Khan, Cholly had written a piece about a number of Occidental women who had married Orientals and died under mysterious circumstances. "Marrying a Wealthy Oriental Isn't Always What It's Supposed to Be," had been his chilling headline.) I have never caught Louella pecking Dorothy Kilgallen, who does a "Voice of Broadway" column midway through the same paper, but then Louella has plenty of folks to peck in Hollywood. Probably no columnist farther back in the paper than Miss Kilgallen, I thought, was worth pecking at all. Those way back on the page opposite the editorials are, in fact, only half-columnists, as six or eight of them share the daily space with about the same number of cartoons, the area being arranged like the berth deck in a transport. Once consigned to this Black Hole, a column carries no photograph. Fulton Lewis, Jr., was the one I couldn't yet fit into the order.

When I bought the paper the next morning, the seventeenth, I could see that somebody had wised the new boy up. He had on a lounge suit, his tie was askew (a four-in-hand, like his running mates'), and he was scowling more portentously than even Pegler, the only real difference being that Lewis was looking over the reader's *left* shoulder, which, as I could understand, was where the danger was likely to be. The column was about W. Averell Harriman, who had made a speech in Houston accusing Senator Taft of taking an isolationist stand that must have pleased the Communists. Lewis said the Military Intelligence Division of the Army had learned that on August 21, 1941, a man heard two other men say, in the Communist Party headquarters in Pittsburgh, they were "happy that W. Averell Harriman had been appointed by President Roosevelt as chairman to the commission to Moscow on war aid to Russia." (The Nazis had invaded Russia two months earlier.) "From 1943 to 1946, Mr. Harriman got along great with the Russians while he served in Moscow as U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union," the new hand wrote. "In his anxiety to



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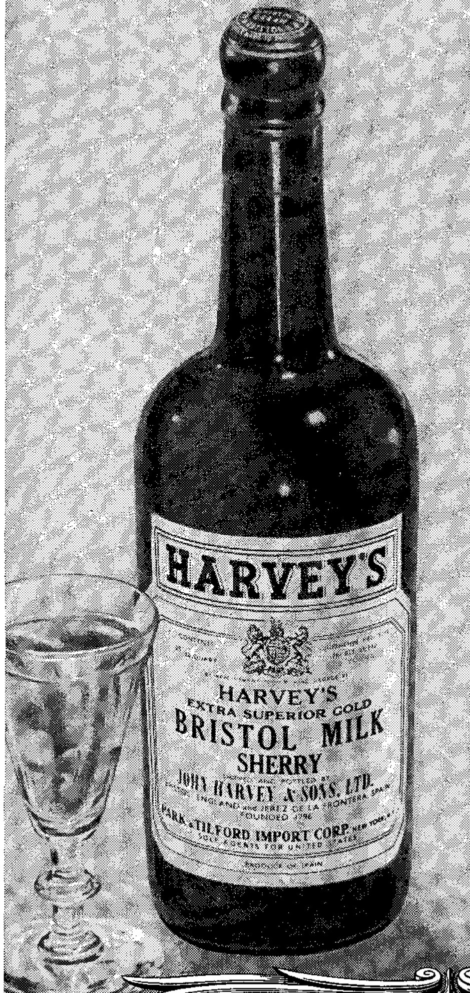

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"IT'S GOOD TO BE ON A WELL-RUN SHIP"

tag Taft as a friend of the Communists [Harriman hadn't; he had said that Taft's votes served Communist purposes], he may have overlooked something that made him such a hopeful for the Reds." This might have been all right for radio, but in print it lacked invective embellishment.

This was the way Peg started on the same day, same subject: "Averell Harriman, who is as much to blame as any other individual except Roosevelt and Hopkins for the postwar ascendancy of the enemy over the United States, recently made a speech before the annual consistory of racketeers and their panoplied accomplices known as the convention of the American Federation of Labor." The roughest Lewis had got with Harriman was to call him "President Truman's super-thinker on international policies."

"Pausing briefly to justify this description of this gang of predators," Pegler digressed, "I shall quote typical excerpts from the official remarks which William Green, its president, expressed at two successive conventions of the Movie and Theatrical Employees' Union when it was under the presidency of a notorious underworld racketeer, George E. Browne, who later was forced out and sent to prison in spite of Green's official endeavors to protect him, along with Willie Bioff, the filthiest rodent of them all, who was Browne's official extortioner. Bioff started out as a brothel-keeper."

"Now let us get to Harriman," Pegler wrote two hundred and twenty-seven words later, or three hundred and eighteen after leaving him. "In the presence of this mob, he attacked Sen. Robert A. Taft, of Ohio, now a candidate for re-election, blaming him and the Republican Party for the ghastly plight of the United States in the Franklin D. Roosevelt memorial war in Korea. . . . Harriman's ethics and fitness for high office and public confidence are subject to consideration of the character of the mob which he addressed."

"My practice swings and windup here have taken up more wordage than I had intended they should," Pegler noted after another three hundred words, mostly quoted from a speech of Senator Taft's, "but I thought I should establish the atmosphere, or stench, of the occasion which Mr. Harriman chose for his faux pas, not that I would say the atmosphere or stench was inappropriate for either his politics, his record as a statesman, or his mission."

Under all this, I came upon the blurb "In addition to Westbrook Pegler's

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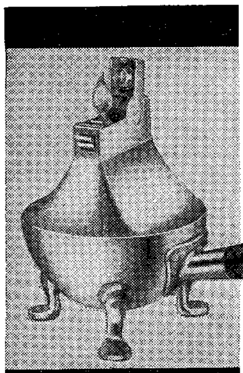

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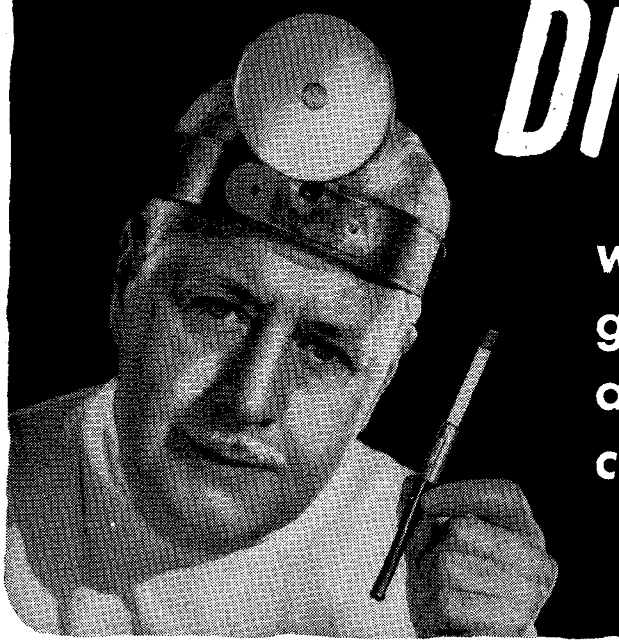
hard-hitting column . . . read Fulton Lewis, Jr.'s, dynamic new column 'Washington Report.' " It occurred to me that the promotion department was doing Lewis no favor by inviting comparison. Sokolsky, that day, referred coyly to Mrs. Roosevelt as "the idol of Westbrook Pegler's heart." He avoided controversial subjects like nylons.

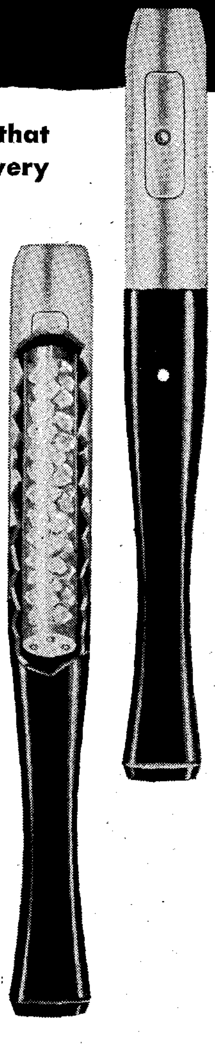
Cholly Knickerbocker, by the way, was not at all discouraged by the Sock peck. He has continued to give masses of space to Miss Hutton's affairs, including a full column, on October 22nd, that began: "Exclusively Yours—There is quite a fascinating angle in the Barbara Hutton-Igor Troubetzkoy battle royal which hasn't been touched anywhere. Prince Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, Barbara's new beau and reportedly next in line for the position of husband No. 5, for years was the romantic interest in the life of Princess Kira Troubetzkoy, a cousin of Igor, Barbara's present husband. In fact, Kira has acted as advisor to Henri in the recent commotion and has been the one to push him in his pursuit of the wealthy and beautiful Hutton-tot." Then, on November 8th, Cholly took the shine off the post-election headlines with the simple announcement "Babs Hutton Has Ditched Prince Henri." "For one thing, the Hutton-tot knows that the strongest point in Igor's favor is his contention that she left him for the Frenchman," he explained.

Now let us get to Lewis. "Communists still have a key to White House security closets," the rookie, still on page 1, opened up on the eighteenth, but he did not have any of the significant details, such as whether the Communists kept brothels, and I missed the practiced Peglerian vituperation. He meant well, I guess.

"If he ever does tell the story [of his part in the war] fully and truthfully, Harriman will have a good chance of getting himself tarred and feathered" was how Peg went after the ex-Ambassador the next day. And in criticism of drinking parties with Russians in Moscow in 1943: "The Stork on a night out is the place to hang a bag on. American political and military missionaries dealing with the fate of mankind should have had the brains and firmness to look those bums [the Russians] dead in the eye and tell them they were up the pole."

The front page of the early editions of the *Journal-American* on Monday, the twenty-third, carried a top line saying that Lewis's "Washington Report" would be found on page 4. Once a col-





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umnist starts toward the rear of the *Journal-American*, it is hard for him to make a stand. In his second week, Lewis wrote about the waning chances of the Brannan Plan for agricultural support (not a red-hot urban subject), the woes of persecuted lobbyists, the Taft campaign in Ohio (twice), and the coddling of Europeans detained on Ellis Island. Of the last, he said, "The loud and righteous wail recently from the usual clique of professional do-gooders because some incoming aliens were delayed at Ellis Island was in reality the opening shot in the pinko campaign to discredit the McCarran-Mundt-Nixon Communist-control bill and get it off the books."

On the third Monday, "Washington Report" appeared on the editorial page, minus the portrait. (Taking the photograph from a columnist is like stripping the chevrons from a noncommissioned officer.) The column tarried there for only a day. The last day of the month found "Washington Report" halfway down the right-hand column of the page opposite the editorials—the *Journal's* largest columnistic dormitory. It was blocked in on three sides by "Bugs" Baer, Louis Sobol, and Henry McLemore, with Lawrence Gould ("consulting psychologist"), Bob Considine, and E. V. Durling only a couple of columns away. A race chart might have said of Mr. Lewis, "Broke fast, taken back when outrun, dropped back steadily."

WHEN I saw John O'Donnell's column, "Capitol Stuff," in the *Daily News* the morning after Collazo and Torresola tried to assassinate President Truman, I realized how much Lewis would have had to develop to stay in real fast company. "President Truman—and his party—will most certainly benefit next November 7th from the dramatic minutes of this lovely Indian summer afternoon when pistols barked on Pennsylvania Avenue and the sidewalks in front of Blair House had blood puddles from the wounds of attempted murderers and protecting police," O'Donnell wrote. "It's true, *if there's such a thing as fate or luck in these actual or attempted deeds of violence*, that the gods of assassination are all on the side of the Democrats. [Italics mine.] In the history of the republic, five attempts, including today's, have been made on the lives of Presidents of the United States. Three of the Presidents were Republicans; two were Democrats. The three Republicans, Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley, were killed. The two Democrats, Franklin

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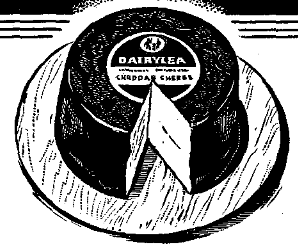

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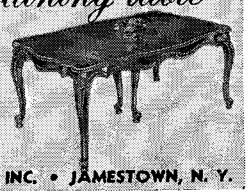

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Roosevelt and Harry Truman, escaped unwounded."

It was too much to hope that anybody in this country, with the possible exception of Pegler himself, could match that. But in Paris, the Communist newspaper *Humanité*, according to a dispatch in the *Times*, said right out that the shooting, including the two deaths and three woundings, was an election trick stage-managed by the administration.

TO end this critique on a happy note, I may say that my favorite New York columnist, in a purely literary sense, is Colonel John R. Stingo, who produces a four- or five-thousand-word department called "Yea Verily" in the *Enquirer* every Sunday. The *Enquirer* doesn't come out any other day, which limits the Colonel's output. "Mr. Willis [an old acquaintance of the Colonel] frequently related how a humorous incident he witnessed furnished the incentive for him to study the Turf just like other chaps study Law and Medicine," Colonel Stingo wrote the other Sunday. "His tale was about the 'thirtyish' lady at Death Valley (Latonia) track back in '19 who had a $2 ticket on Wishing Ring, which won and paid the longest price in the history of the Kentucky mutuels, one thousand and some odd dollars to two, and who (the lady) hollered so darn loud she could have been heard in the beer-gardens on upper Vine Street over in Cincinnati. And how she outwitted the two Johns who were with her by insisting on being paid off by check." The beer-garden figure portrays the lady, and her insistence on a check sketches in the Johns. "Death Valley," as a nickname for a minor race track, conjures up a whole milieu. Many a *Journal-American* columnist might envy the Colonel's style.

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

CORRECTION

MIAMI—IN STORM, (PA 81), 4TH PGH, DELETE SENTENCE READING "THEY AREN'T TOO WELL PREPARED, AND THE THOUSANDS OF GREAT TREES ADD TO THE DANGER IF GREAT WINDS BEGIN TO TOPPLE THEM." INSERT IN PLACE OF THE DELETED SENTENCE:

HOWEVER, WELL ORGANIZED AND SMOOTH RUNNING DISASTER PREPAREDNESS PLANS ARE READY TO BE PLACED IN EFFECT IF NEEDED, COMPLETE WITH AN EMERGENCY RADIO NETWORK, EVACUATION PLANS AND OTHER PRECAUTIONARY MEASURES.

V.X 218P 10/20

—A.P. Washington City News Service report.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS IN THE AIR

EVERY year, as you may remember, we step forward about this time with suggestions for Christmas shoppers. At the present date of writing, though, the full, fevered spirit of the season still eludes us, and by this we mean only that we don't yet feel possessed of quite enough strength, or moral fervor, to urge our readers to plunge roughshod into the wave of shopping, decision-making, and spending that will undoubtedly engulf everyone (ourselves included) before 6 P.M. on Saturday, December 23rd, at which time it will be much too late to buy anything except a round of good stiff drinks. The decisions about Christmas decorations for packages and house are something else entirely. Hardly a woman has been born who minds puttering away a morning at the trimmings counter, deciding on the new additions to the family crèche and whether satin ribbon really has an edge over plain red string. This being the first of this year's Christmas-shopping papers, we'll set down our findings on that comparatively simple aspect of the business. And since the subject in hand is adornment, we might as well include observations made in the jewelry shops of the town. As a matter of fact, we will start off with them, for if there is anything more soothing to the spirit than picking the star for the top of the tree, it is mooning over jewellers' hushed counters. Besides, jewelry is something to start on early, if one expects satisfactory results on Christmas morning.

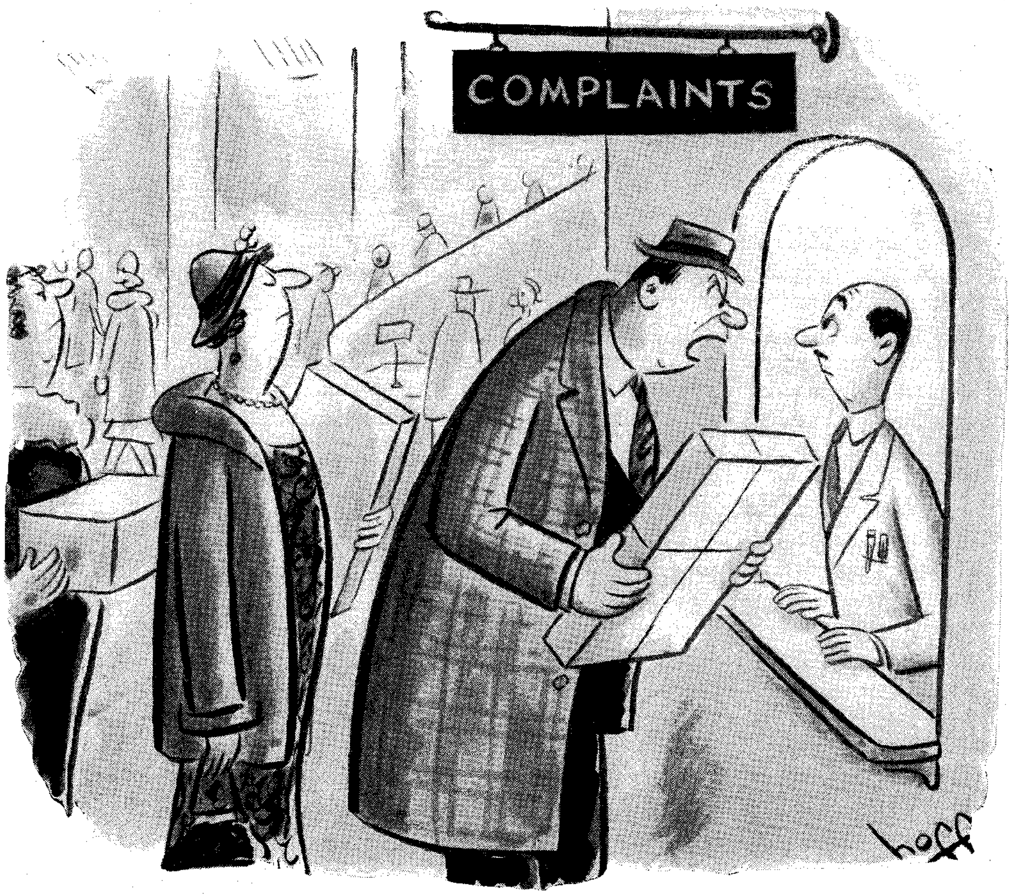
Next week, we'll have a few words to say on the subject of gifts for the house.

Jewelry for Women

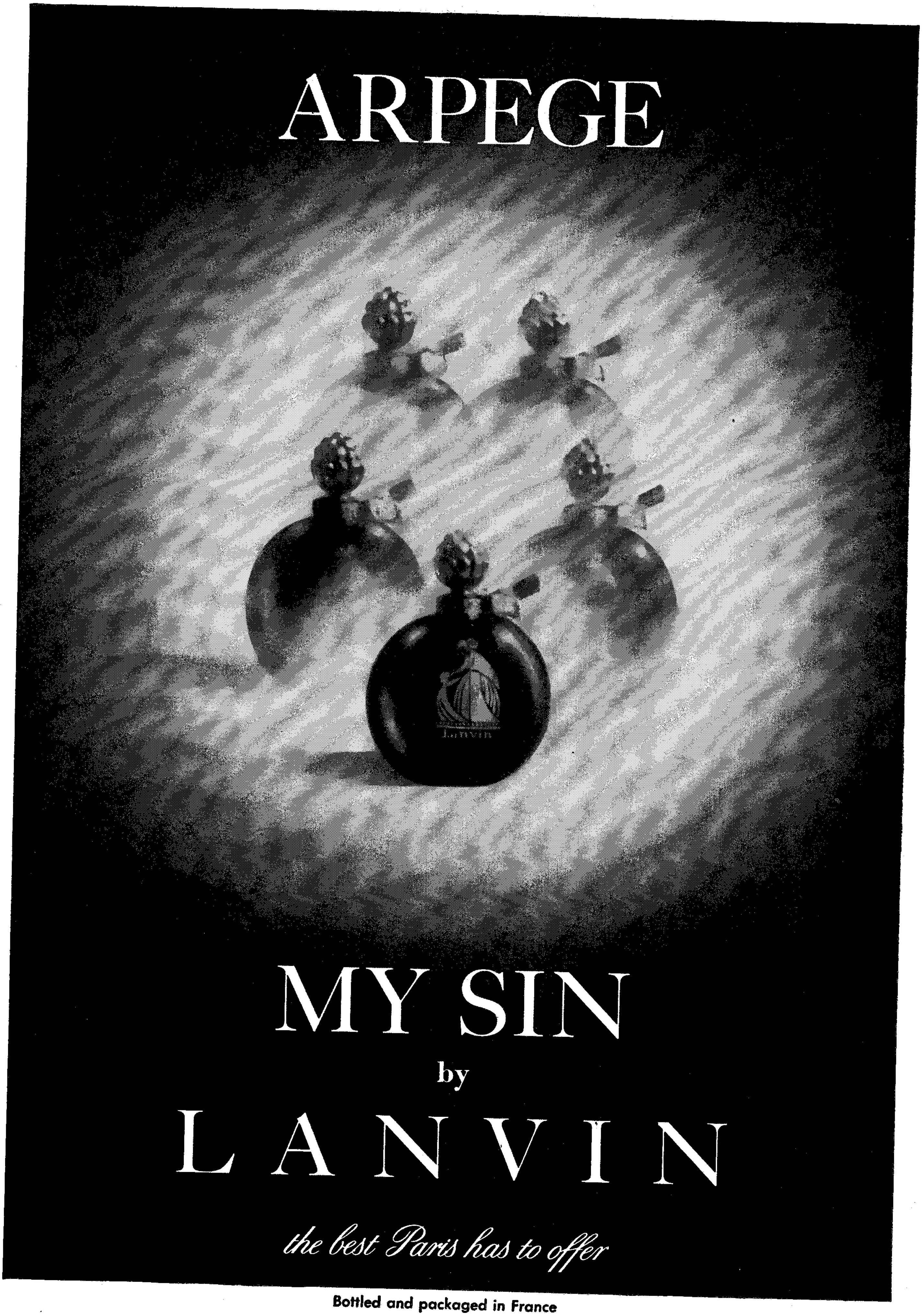
IT is our conviction that people who automatically think of Christmas in terms of matched marquise diamonds, Oriental pearls, and the like undoubtedly have their own sources for this kind of luxury, and we wouldn't dream of offering them any advice. Instead, we have concentrated on investigating what the master jewellers are up to in the way of design, because what they do in the price strata where it is difficult for an ordinary mortal to breathe inevitably has an effect on design all the way down the line. Although in general prices, even in the lower regions, are just as jolting as you might fear they would be in soft-money days like these, we have uncovered here and there some majestic new pieces—for men and women—that can be bought without setting off alarm bells in the Department of Internal Revenue. (So that there will be no hidden surprises, we have included luxury taxes in all the prices mentioned in this essay.)

One rule the jewel shopper can follow is that most indulged women prefer the largest possible sparkler in the simplest possible setting. Harry Winston, who deals in notoriously hefty stones, says that in the matter of button earrings, for example, his clientele are looking for great big single jewels, and if they want any trimmings at all, they want the subordinate stones to be of large calibre, too—none of those *pavé* hotbeds of minuscule diamonds, with their costly workmanship. The principle of the large stone in the simple setting also applies to necklaces. One of Winston's consists of two strands—both of which lie close to the neck—that are made up of diamonds impressive enough for engagement rings. The stones in the upper strand are baguettes and those in the lower one are round, and the settings are almost completely invisible. Concealing the setting so that the jewel it clutches seems to hang in thin air continues to be the main objective of a great many designers. Van Cleef & Arpels have a tailored diamond bracelet, three-quarters of an inch wide, with nary a prong in sight.

The setting comes into its own, though, at Cartier, where the jewels of clips, earrings, and so on are displayed on convex mountings that bring out every speck of glisten in every stone, right down to the smallest, and where even some massive jewels are set off by delicate openwork. One diamond flower clip, a good two inches across, has at its center a square-cut diamond circled with small, round stones. Seven mar-



"How about you and me stepping outside?"



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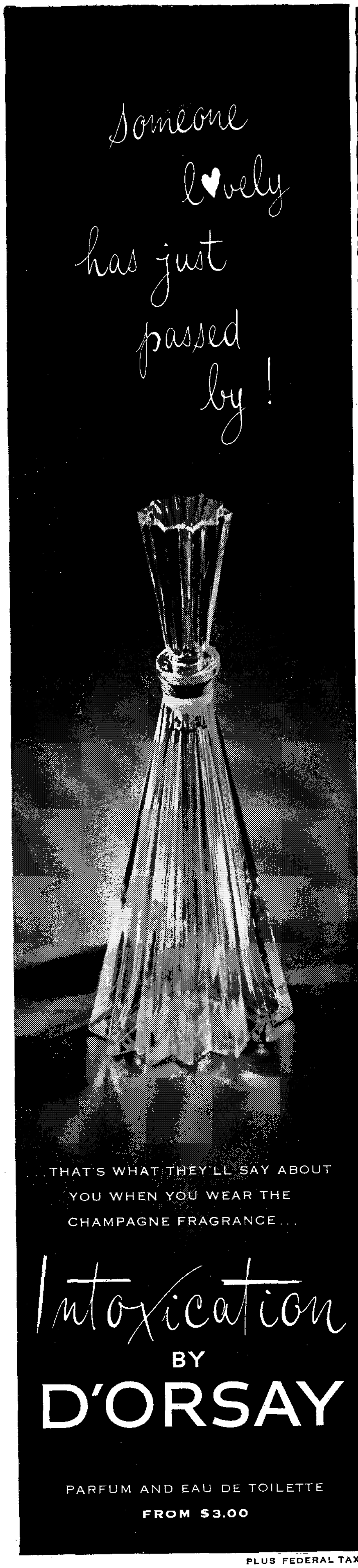
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quise diamonds, spraying out, form the centers of the petals, which are completed with round diamonds set in openwork, and there is a long, trailing flexible stem of baguette diamonds. Raymond C. Yard, of 607 Fifth Avenue (49th), the Cellini of the sprawling, casual floral spray, has a clip pin that is a cluster of platinum branches dripping with small, round star-sapphire berries, and a clip of emeralds—topflight emeralds are getting hard to find, by the way. Both of them separate into two clips of irregular design, slightly different in size. A number of other important clip pins in this establishment have this utilitarian feature, the economics of which Lorelei Lee would be among the first to grasp. Another Yard pin, of white and yellow diamonds, looks like a Fourth of July rocket that has just exploded—stars shooting out and curving downward. Lambert Brothers, at 767 Lexington Avenue (60th), go in for something a bit more modest when it comes to sprays. Theirs resembles a comet, with flexible streamers made of gold links cut like baguettes trailing from a starlike diamond-and-ruby pin. Similar gold baguettes are woven in and out of an elongated lapel ornament involving two diamond half-moons.

ONE would have thought that the decoration of arms, necks, ears, and bosoms would keep jewellers busy for years to come, but no. Now they're staking out claims in women's hair. Harry Winston, for instance, has a pretty little thing called the Dewdrop—a fifty-carat, pear-shaped diamond attached to a comb. And Cartier has platinum bobby pins, some of them encrusted with baguette diamonds and most of them capped with tricky diamond heads—floral designs, geometric patterns, and whatnot. The trick is that the head is attached to the pin by a hinge, so that the jewels can nestle comfortably against a lady's hair. These pins cost around $775. Another hinged trinket—this one a pin—can be found at Ross-Pennell, 698 Fifth Avenue (55th). It is a wide, golden V, sprinkled with rubies, diamonds, cultured pearls, and the like. The hinge is at the point of the V, and each wing has its own fastener; the purpose is to permit the owner to wear the pin at any angle she chooses—outlining the notch of a lapel, say, or the nether extremity of a plunging neckline; $200 and up.

Earrings that dangle are, of course, still around almost everywhere, but the real news in earrings this year is the kind that anchors at the lobe and soars skyward. Cartier's are made of gold ribbon, spiralling up from a pearl and almost reaching the top of the ear; $1,950. Ross-Pennell have a pair of up-shooting ostrich plumes made of gold, each rising from a bed of rubies; $500. Pearls have been the only bead necklaces popular for some time, but this year beads of other kinds are making a reappearance. Olga Tritt, whose shop is at 18 East 57th Street, took a trip to India last year and came back with the idea of whisking up a strand of ruby beads interspersed, here and there, with diamond rondelles to break the monotony; in other of her necklaces sapphire beads are mingled with platinum beads. She also has a sizable chunk of cabochon-cut ruby that is shown with a diamond chain but is so practical that it has a pin clasp of its own and can be detached and fastened on any old thing, leaving the diamonds to serve as a necklace on their own. The pendant is $1,850, and the necklace is $15,000. Edmond Frisch, at 336 Park Avenue (51st), is the purveyor of a necklace constructed of small ruby beads alternating with engine-turned gold cylinders—wait, now, that's not all; ten oval rubies, imprisoned in bits of twisted gold, dangle from the chain. And it's yours for $960. Another $330 will get you a pair of gold-and-ruby-bead pendant earrings to match the necklace. And if beads are *really* what you want, you might stop around at Wedderien's, where, among vast deposits of beautiful jade, looms a necklace of perfectly matched jade beads—thirty of them, and every one precisely the same size. It comes to $30,000, F.O.B. 485 Madison Avenue (51st). At less lightheaded prices ($185 and up), you will find here fresh-water pearls combined with jade and amethyst or jade and sapphire to make dangling earrings.

A reminder of the twenties (actually, who can forget the twenties these days?) is the rigid necklace, or dog collar, designed by Nadja Buckley, whose things are sold at Jensen. It's a circlet of gold three-quarters of an inch wide and studded across the front with small diamond and ruby stars, and it's not so rigid that it can't be turned plain side out and worn with a tweed suit. This is $1,800, and the hoop earrings that go with it—fat gold circles with two slanting bands of rubies and one of diamonds across the front—are $960. Another giddy trinket reminiscent of the twenties is the ankle bracelet. Miss Buckley has done a gold one on which the identification plaque is inset with tiny rubies or diamonds in the shape of a heart. The

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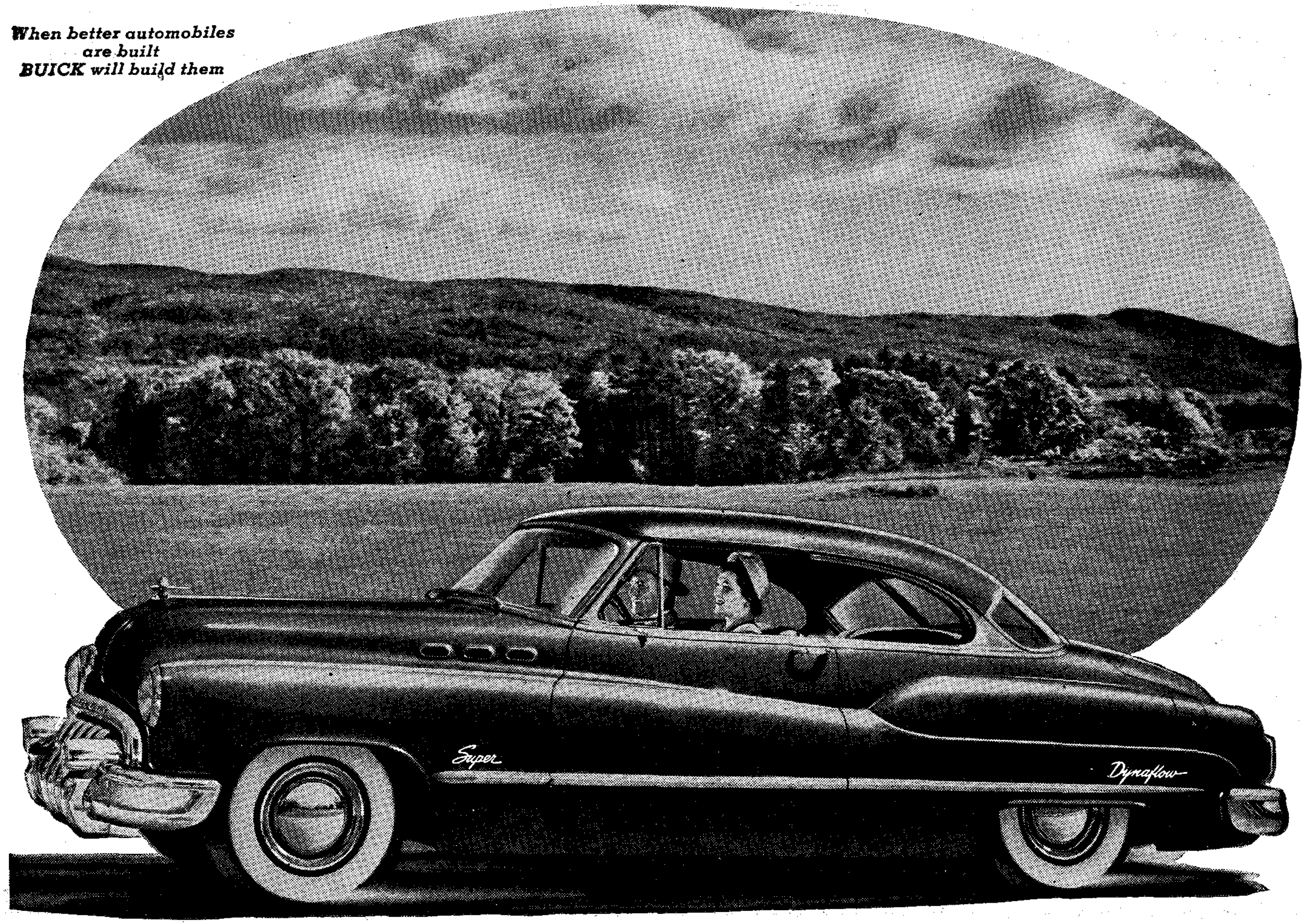

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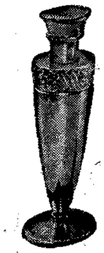
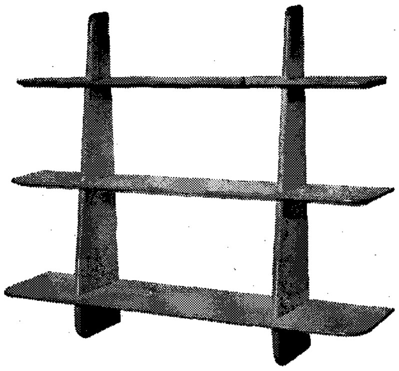


price is $48, and it is tailored to fit any ankle.

RING designs—the new ones, at least—show a preoccupation with gold-rope wire in an open basketweave. Sometimes there are minute diamonds or rubies set in the interstices. One such ring, capped with a fat cultured pearl, is $525, at Olga Tritt, and Nadja Buckley has one supporting a whacking big diamond for $3,000. Cartier's contributions to the gold-wire school of design include a collection of high, domed rings, speckled with various precious stones and imported from Paris. They start at $790. Some of them are rather heavy for the American taste, but the firm will be happy to plait you a more delicate version. Cartier is adept at juxtaposing small stones so that they reflect one another over and over, and look more important than they are; for instance, and for $1,950, a handsome gold ring contrived from two cornucopias that start at the sides of the ring and meet at the top, where they spill out small diamonds that blink back and forth at each other, setting up one hell of a glare.

THE tinkle of charm bracelets has now been pretty well drowned out by the clank and clatter of gold-disc bracelets, which are a lot bigger and noisier. The discs average an inch and a half in diameter and are on hand, in profusion, all over town. Black, Starr & Gorham have one dedicated to New York that is adorned with graven images of the Statue of Liberty, the United Nations Building, bolts of cloth (representing the Garment Center, stranger), and so on, all set in openwork; $85. Nadja Buckley, who claims to have started this vogue back in 1941, has an original assortment of discs, which range in price from $150, for a fairly plain gold one engraved with various figures (cupids) and arch French sayings ("*Parlez-moi d'Amour*"), up to $1,500, for a spectacular international item with the Arc de Triomphe on one face and Miss Liberty on the other, both of them ablaze with jewels. Given two weeks, Miss Buckley will think up and execute a design to suit an individual whimsey; she has, for one thing, done somebody's Palm Beach house in gold, surrounded by palm trees with carved-emerald leaves and ruby coconuts. These discs are, we understand, worn by some people on belts and lapels as well as on bracelets, and for such folk Miss Buckley has made a small bar pin supporting a twist of gold wire, to which a disc can be



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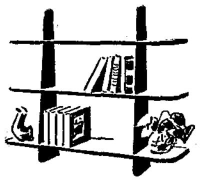

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hooked. In plain gold, these pins are $66; with little rubies or sapphires set in the bar, $150. (Anyone who is looking for additions to a charm bracelet can choose from six hundred baubles, gold and bejewelled, at Ross-Pennell.)

Particular Treasures: On some exotic beach, as we get the story, Verdura, vacationing from his native heath at 712 Fifth Avenue (56th), came upon snail shells that had the pinky-gray shimmer of a baroque pearl; he promptly seized upon these, inset gold wire in the convolutions of the shells, stuck a semiprecious or precious stone in the tip of each, and fastened the whole thing to a gold clip. The biggest of his shells is about an inch long. As ear clips, scatter pins, and the rest, they now move in circles heretofore unattained by snails, pearly or not. To give you an idea of the prices, snail ear clips tipped with sapphires are $385. . . . Cartier has a ring surmounted by a turtle, the shell of which is lacy gold wire, bearing a cabochon ruby or emerald smack in the center, the head a tiny ruby, and each leg two small diamonds; $315. . . . Nadja Buckley's enamel ladybugs, lifelike in both color and size, sit on a three-quarter-inch disc of engine-turned gold and are ready to settle on a lapel; $39.60. . . . Olga Tritt can supply you with a gold safety pin with a fixed bar dignified by dark-green tourmalines; $90. . . . Van Cleef & Arpels have lined up Romeo and Juliet as lapel figurines; they have cabochon-emerald bodies and cultured-pearl faces, and are dressed in sapphires, rubies, and gold. Romeo is posed in a pleading attitude and costs $350; Juliet, perched on a golden balcony, is $395.

Watches: At Raymond C. Yard, a round wristwatch at one end of a flexible gold chain is moored in place by slipping it through a noose at the other end of the chain; $300. . . . Lambert Brothers have a double snake-chain bracelet of platinum that supports a diamond-paved dome; the dome springs open and reveals a watch. The price is $4,300. Three ribbons of flexible gold baguettes anchor a platformed wristwatch with a half-inch-thick crystal over it, set in gold with four baguette diamonds at each side; $1,665. . . . Black, Starr & Gorham offer, on a flexible white-gold rope, a round watch with four round diamonds across the top and four more across the bottom, making a tremendous show for $275, and also supplying the correct time (seventeen-jewel Movado movement). Then,

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there is a bangle bracelet of wrought gold in the shape of a twisted branch; a pine-cone cluster in the center lifts up to expose a guileless round watch face. The guileless price tag is $410. Another watch is concealed in a tiny pigskin book, only two and a half inches long, which is supposed to travel in a handbag; $52.50. For fancy boudoirs, there's a Victorian clock with a picture-frame edge of silver curlicues; $30 (matching picture frames are $10 each).

Jewelry for Men

A WOMAN eager to demonstrate her regard for the man of her choice is apt to head for a jeweller's at Christmas, and the jeweller, who has been expecting her, has learned that it is good business to tempt her with bill clips, cuff links, and cigarette cases so simply and handsomely and craftily designed that there is no reason they couldn't be borrowed back by the donor now and then—after Christmas, of course. Cartier, for example, is offering Oriental-pearl cuff links—fifty-grain pearls outside, ten-grain pearls inside, and $2,170 on the price tag—that would obviously go fine with a white tie and might also slip handily into the cuffs of a blouse. Women will likewise covet Cartier's gold cigarette case for men, done in a brick-wall pattern, with an invisible closing ($650), and Olga Tritt's gold cigarette case with carved golden leaves sweeping diagonally across it ($985). At Verdura, 712 Fifth Avenue (56th), a cigarette case that a man would find just right to slip into the pocket of a dinner jacket is made of black pin seal covered with woven gold that looks like the caning of a kitchen chair; $975. It's a handsome thing and very light; even a woman could manage it.

A WATCH is certainly a classic present, and there are a number of excellent ones to consider this year. Van Cleef & Arpels have a pocket watch so thin that its case is a hollowed-out twenty-dollar gold piece. This one is tagged $950, which shows what inflation has done to the double eagle. At Tiffany, there is a twenty-eight-jewel Patek Philippe pocket stopwatch in gold; $1,350. Also at Tiffany is a Patek Philippe gold calendar watch, which offers all the conveniences of a grandfather's clock, and is portable, too; it tells the hour, the second, the day, the date, and the phases of the moon; $1,500. Wristwatches whose dials seem to be an integral part of their gold-mesh straps are another watchmakers' triumph. At Ross-Pennell, 698 Fifth Avenue (55th), this dodge is worked out in a strap of pale-yellow- and white-gold mesh. On the dial, the same pattern appears, the numerals being in yellow gold and the face looking pretty much like white gold; $350. Edmond Frisch, 336 Park Avenue (51st), feels that a good many men, and particularly military men, would be grateful for a simple, unencumbered stainless-steel pocket watch. Such watches, made by Gubelin, are on hand here, sleek and thin, with a second hand and a clearly legible silver dial; they start at $44. If a self-winding wristwatch is what's wanted, Cartier has one in stainless steel, with a square dial and a second hand, for $66. The same watch in eighteen-carat gold costs $205. Black, Starr & Gorham offer a Movado in a black enamel case for $130; it is meant to be carried in a pocket, and opening the case to look at the time winds the watch. There is also an easel arrangement on the back, so the watch can be set up on a desk or beside a bed. Tourneau has a group of self-winding Vacheron & Constantin wristwatches with round dials that are superbly ornamented with enamel of the transparent variety so rarely found today. The dial of one depicts a gray-white sailboat on a blue sea, the dial of another delicate sea horses; either way, $700. If there is an international businessman, a clock-watcher, or a mild eccentric on your list, Black, Starr & Gorham's new desk-clock-and-world-map is for him. It tells the exact time in eighty-three countries simultaneously, shows the international date line on the dial, and indicates what parts of the world are in darkness at any hour. All this works by electricity, is guaranteed for life, and is yours for $294. Time Mart, at 425 Madison Avenue (49th), has a Mido stainless-steel wristwatch that is waterproof, dustproof, shock-resistant, and antimagnetic; $49.75.

NOW for cuff links and such. Ross-Pennell have cuff-link-and-stud sets of faceted crystal or black onyx, with pearl centers, for $200, and Cartier has a crystal set—cuff links, studs, and waistcoat buttons—with pearl centers and black enamel rims, for $256. At Black, Starr & Gorham, twisted and interlaced gold wire makes a set of round-topped cuff links and three studs, and $90 will get it wrapped up for you. An old and honored type of cuff link is one originally designed to make mornings less athletic for the man who wears French cuffs. One end of the link straightens out to slide through buttonholes and then flips over to hold the cuffs securely. Black, Starr & Gorham have a pair of these in oxidized gold paved with squares of burnished gold; $65. Only a few more cuff links, now, and we'll have exhausted the field, so bear with us. Van Cleef & Arpels have some in the shape of ordinary shirt buttons. They are *not*, however, ordinary shirt buttons, being made of gold; what seems to be thread holding the button on is really a strip of tiny square-cut sapphires. The links divide in two to get through the buttonholes and then snap together magnetically; $395. And Lambert Brothers have even evolved a device whereby a man can push up his sleeves while links are in the cuffs: a small chain concealed inside the link unreels by spring action. These are $60, in pale gold, engine-turned in a good-looking, latticelike design.

MISCELLANY: Olga Tritt has a gold tie clip shaped like a T square for $36.50, and one shaped like a big fishhook for $51.50. . . . At Ross-Pennell, bill clips mounted with two-and-a-half- or five-dollar American gold coins cost $108, and clips bearing a ten-dollar gold piece cost $135. . . . At Black, Starr & Gorham, gold key rings, either completely unadorned or ornamented with a tiny carved lion's head, are $27 and $30, respectively. . . . Silver cigarette cases at Tiffany carry, in brilliant enamel, the international code signals ($50), storm-warning flags ($45), or a map of New England ($39). . . . At Cartier, gold De Nicotea cigarette holders are $42 and cigar holders of gold-mounted amber are $32.50. Cartier also has gold-chain identification bracelets with curved name bands; $71.50.

Trimmings and Decorations

IN the foregoing, we have seen to it that everybody is dazzlingly strung with jewels on Christmas morning, and we come now to the business of decorating the house. What we have tried to do this year is search out a few unusual items, in addition to directing you to the establishments that can provide the basic, always welcome holly-*cum*-mistletoe stuff.

Ann Hagan, of 54 East End Avenue (79th), has given a lot of thought to the embellishment of buffet tables, and has decided that there is nothing that dresses them up like old-fashioned asparagus greens, tied into feathery ropes along with artificial red and white roses, frosted strawberries, green grapes, and red crab apples. These strands, which

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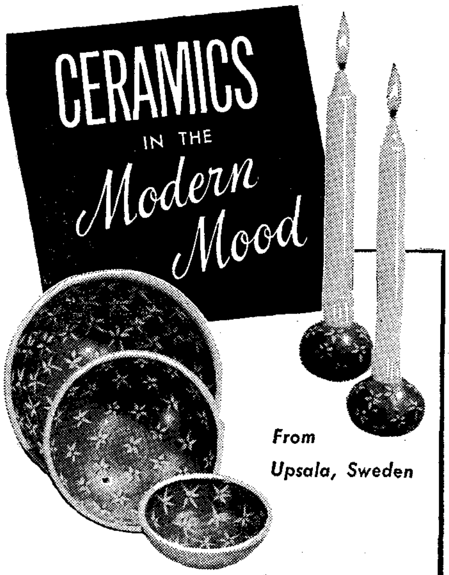
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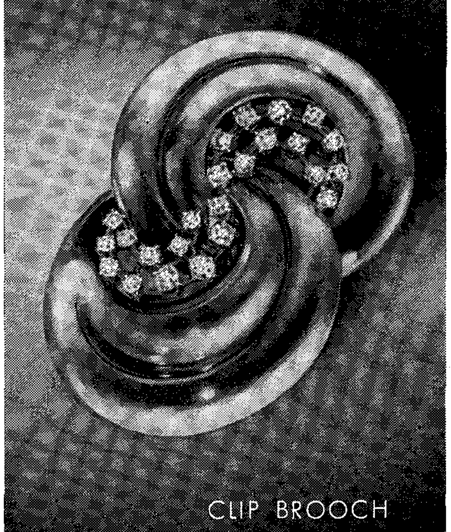
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are equally effective swirling over a mantelpiece or outlining a mirror, cost $2 a yard. Miss Hagan also provides a wicker wine basket from Portugal filled with gingerbread men or almonds toasted in their shells. It comes with a bunch of seasonal greenery on top, and it costs $15. Anyone unlucky enough to have to spend the holidays in a hospital would welcome one of her huge (twelve by eighteen inches) get-well cards, to tack up on a screen and diminish the gloom; $3.

The shop of Jack Kelly, at 793 Lexington Avenue (61st), is well stocked with red and green wreaths, pine cones, and all that, but where this establishment really shines is in turning out unlikely but beautiful ornaments in bizarre colors. For instance, excelsior, dyed a vivid pink, makes a Tyrolian sort of wreath that is dotted with miniature wax lemons, bananas, raspberries, and so on. An eleven-inch wreath is $10. Pale-green excelsior is the foliage of a foot-high tree trimmed with gilded peanuts; very decorative, and $4.95. Ungilded peanuts cost a nickel a bag in the Zoo. Red excelsior goes into a big horseshoe for country doorways; it is laced with holly and greens, and the head of a pint-size carrousel horse peers out from the middle; $10. For houses with a Directoire atmosphere, there is a conqueror's wreath, eighteen inches across, of laurel, with green satin ribbon and artificial green grapes twisted through it; $17.50. A springlike wreath of real quince, apple, and cherry branches, all in full blossom, is backed up incongruously but delightfully by spruce branches heavily iced with artificial snow.

Judith Garden, at 53 East 55th Street, also uses spring flowers—tulips, say—banked against a snow-flocked bed of balsam or pine, for important table or mantel decorations. She specializes, too, in spirited set pieces for bachelor quarters. A split of Heidsieck with two miniature champagne glasses tied to its neck is accompanied by a ten-ounce champagne glass bubbling over with flowers; $20, including the champagne. Giant (sixty-ounce) brandy snifters filled with grapes, green orchids, and other oddments make a chipper sort of decoration; $50 and up. Ethel Rogers, who has recently set up shop at 860 Madison Avenue (70th), installs three red candles on a gilded arc of what looks like toy railroad track. Across the track, which is some ten inches long, and between the candles are two roadblocks of dark-red artificial geraniums, of a velvety texture; $2.75. Two of these arrangements would look mighty fine

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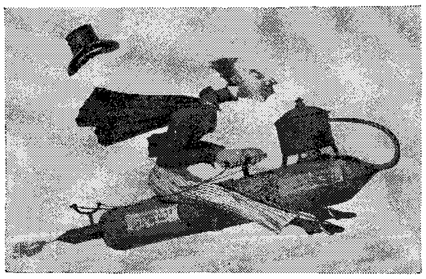
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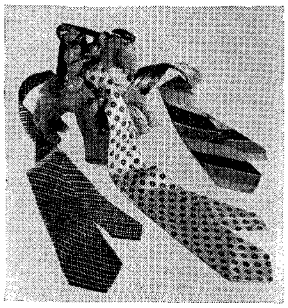
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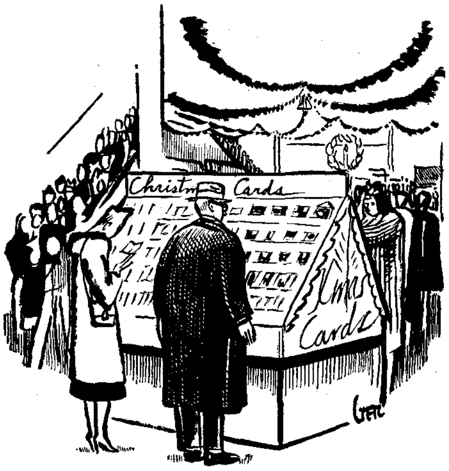
on a mantelpiece. A glass bowl of English holly encircled by four segments of the gilded track makes a prepossessing centerpiece; $17.50 for the circle and bowl. Miss Rogers also has small trees of traditional shape that blend anthurium (that red, heart-shaped tropical flower) with Christmas greens, at $2.50 a tree, and up.

Constance Spry, at 322 Park Avenue (50th), is a great hand at fabricating convincing wax flowers for permanent display. One of her treasures this year is a Victorian glass bell, set on a round wooden base (the whole thing is about nine inches tall), that can be filled with any combination of wax flowers you want; she suggests small red roses, lilies of the valley, and white lilacs; $20.

ANGELS are angels, and you probably couldn't have a Christmas without them. We certainly are not disposed to try, but it does seem too bad that so many of the angels around this year are either unbearably smug or unbearably winsome. Irene Hayes, at 273 Park Avenue (47th), has some presentable ones, though, made of pale-blue, silver, or gold tinsel, with lacy gold halos and flaxen hair. They come in three sizes, the largest a foot and a half tall ($6), and they're a good start for the kind of centerpiece and mantel decoration that Miss Hayes makes up. Tôle *cachepots*, hand-painted expressly for this shop, cost $25 and up, exclusive of the greens (real or phony) that fill them. A doorway caprice is made of six sleigh bells on a leather strap; around $10, incorporated into a spray or wreath. A somewhat similar ornament is a string of brass bells from India, each bell important in a different Hindu ceremony; $7.50 and up.

Natural Creations, at 233 Fifth Avenue (27th Street), is primarily a window-display place, but it sells balls of



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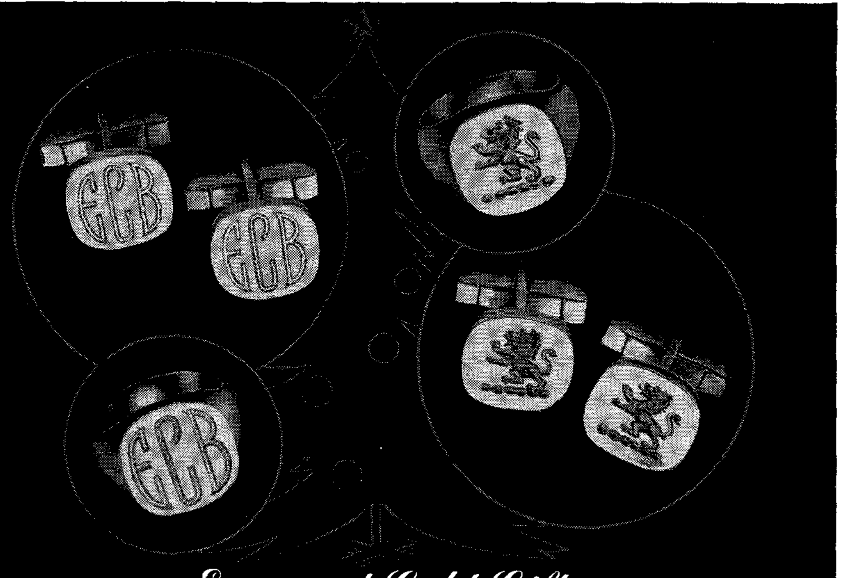

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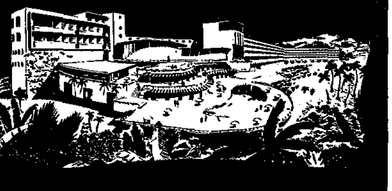

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raggedy oak sprigs, spattered with artificial snow and decked with colored Christmas balls, that would look fetching in anybody's home. Balls to hang from the ceiling or a high doorway start at $3.50, for a twelve-inch cluster, and go on up to any size you want; $7.50 will achieve a three-foot clump.

Alice H. Marks, at 9 West 57th Street, has huge (eighteen-inch) glass goblets full of the notable Marks candies and set off with green velvet ribbon and a sprig of holly and mistletoe, for $22.50. Magnificent candy boxes that not only look pretty just sitting around but contain two and a half pounds of assorted candies are covered with silver or gold foil, are tied with red, green, or turquoise satin ribbon, and sport a plastic butterfly (gold or silver) sprinkled with sequins; $15. (The butterflies are $5 each, if you want to buy them to stick on your own packages.) An Edam cheese, wrapped in gold or green foil, and a knife with a red or green raffia handle, are lashed, with red or green ribbon, to a wooden cheeseboard; $12.50. There is no food but a lot of decoration in a Lucite bird cage (sixteen inches tall) with a fringed base of gold or silver plastic and colored glass birds hanging inside—this to string from the ceiling or to use as a centerpiece; $12.50. A twelve-inch red felt stocking, meant for the fireplace, is appliquéd with Christmas motifs and, so help us, playing-card motifs; this was, of course, thought up for canasta addicts. It has two packs of cards and a score pad inside, and Christmas balls at the top; $6.50. Palm trees built of twisted paper and trimmed with various twinkly ornaments are seventeen and twenty-four inches high, and cost $8.50 and $10.50.

Some more angels that aren't likely to cast a wet blanket on holiday gaiety can be found at America House, 32 East 52nd Street. These have wooden faces and hand-painted paper clothes, and are surmounted by metal halos, which make it easy to hang them on a tree. Their wings are deep pink, and so are their gowns, which have gold-star sequins across the chest; an angel three and a half inches tall is $1.25, and a six-inch one is $1.50. Other angels, of white spiral wire, are eight inches high and cost $3. Bristly, sparkling balls of gold-colored wire, seven inches across, are $1.20, and balls a foot across are $3. Small cardboard tree ornaments—hearts, bells, and animals—are covered with metallic paper and come twenty in a bag, for $2.95. A sugarplum tree, of white or gold-colored wire, is $2,

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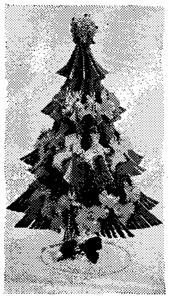

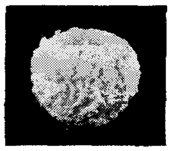

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and is meant to be trimmed with gumdrops (a quarter a pound at Woolworth).

AT Carole Stupell, 507 Madison Avenue (53rd), there is the most luminous cloth for a buffet table you've ever seen, made of something called Jewel Cloth, which looks like a hard crust of snow flashing in the sunlight. It is flecked with green stars and spangles, and has a deep border of green, jewelled trees. Cloths three yards long cost $22.50; they also come longer and costlier. Centerpieces of spidery driftwood sprayed with silver mica and strewn with tiny Christmas balls are $22.50.

At Fred Leighton's, 15 East 8th Street, and at Bloomingdale's Latin American Shop, there are towering and complicated plaster candelabra, made in Mexico, with animals and birds and peasants prominent in the design. These are hand-painted, so no two are just alike; $27.50 each. (Prices are the same at both establishments.) As you'd expect of places specializing in Mexican work, these two shops have lots of decorative tin stuff—long-stemmed flower sprays ($3.95); an Indian Madonna in a tin-edged glass case ($7.50); small, formalized Christmas trees; angels; and so on. Both shops also have some new Portuguese hand-carved wooden figurines that depict such diverse personalities as Carmen Miranda, Shakespeare, and anonymous musicians and shepherds, one or another of which might conceivably fit into your decorative scheme this Christmas; they're hand-painted and come in two sizes—five and eight inches; $3.95 and $5.

The Pan American Shop, at 822 Lexington Avenue (63rd), puts forward a lot of big, flashy stuff, too, like tin reproductions of native votive offerings—fish, flowers, and such—the kind of things that would look good in a nest of greens on a table or on a mantel. A gaudy tin angel, brightly painted, that holds a single candle in its outstretched hand is $1.25. And a group of seven captivating wooden Nativity figurines, to assemble in your own crèche, is $4.

Speaking of crèches, Alfred Orlik's new shop, at 745 Fifth Avenue (58th), has charming ones, hand-carved and hand-painted by the people who act in the Passion Play at Oberammergau. Small ones, with merely a Madonna and Child, are $14.50; large ones, with sixteen figures, snowball up to $150. The same artisans have also turned out some hand-carved and hand-painted angels, about three and a half inches

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high, who wave batons, play one of ten musical instruments, or just stand with their mouths open—singing, presumably. They're $12.50 each.

At Bonniers, 605 Madison Avenue (57th), hand-painted wooden angels about three inches high—one of them is an angel of clearly Swedish lineage, with yellow-fringed braids and a gold-metal crown that holds a candle—are $1 each.

The red-hot news at Dennison, 411 Fifth Avenue (37th), is a glass Christmas-tree ball that is splashed with what appear at first to be just random white markings but are really letters that spell out, of all things, "Merry Christmas." It is girdled with a white strip on which you can write a message to Santa Claus or somebody—the ball is too fragile to be mailed out as a card. A box of six is ninety-eight cents, and Dennison supplies a red crayon to write with. Tinsel rain—those long strips of silver-colored plastic that you can drape on any old tree to turn it into a thing of beauty—somehow or other manages to be brighter than ever this year; it costs a quarter a box and is flame-resistant. This stuff is also available in six-foot strands tied to a metal ring that you toss over the top of your tree; seventy-nine cents a ring. Ten-foot garlands of small red, green, or silver plastic beads are eighty-nine cents, and fifteen-foot ropes of tinsel in pastel colors, like pale green, pink, chartreuse, and mauve, as well as in silver, are fifty-nine cents. Assorted cutouts of green leaves and red and green berries, made of a plastic that adheres to windows and mirrors and comes off without leaving a smirch, come fifty-four to the box; $1. Small, wooden Nativity figures, made in Italy, are $1 for a set of eight. And from Wisconsin come wooden figurines, from an inch and a half to four inches high, representing choirboys, angels with butterfly wings, and angels playing pipe organs made of candles; from thirty-five cents to $2. For those who have trouble tying up small packages with ribbon, Dennison has tasselled elastic bands, in silver and other colors, for a dime apiece.

•

Following the ceremony, the bride's parents entertained the wedding party at a reception at the parsonage of the church. A white three-tier wedding cake, beautifully decorated with pink prominent ranchers of Monte Vista, Colo.—*Norton (Kan.) Daily Telegram.*

Somewhat *over*decorated, perhaps?

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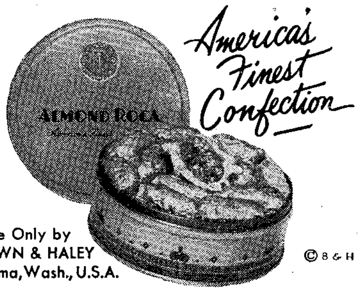

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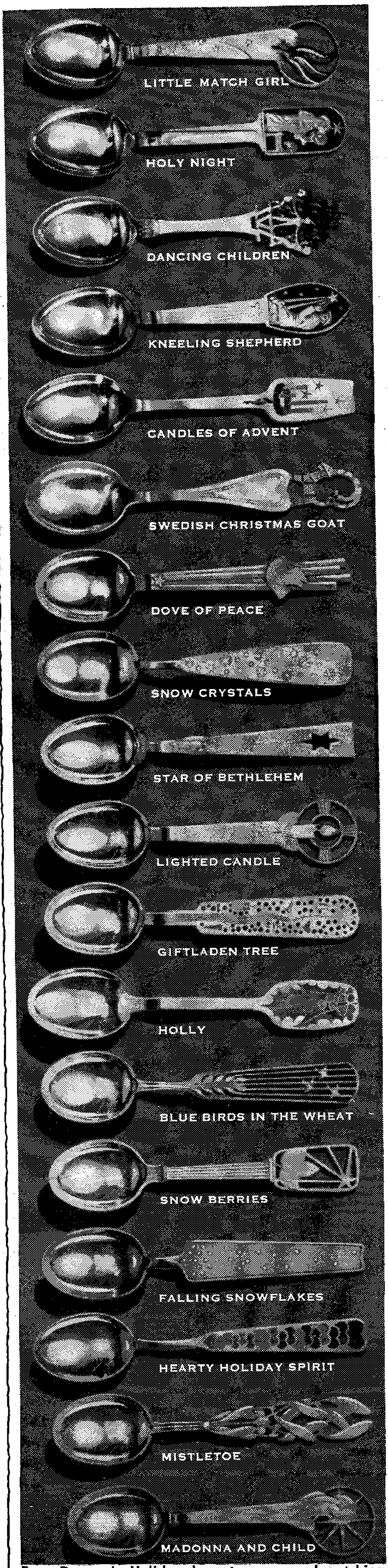
KIRUNA, SWEDISH LAPLAND

LAPLAND makes nonsense of maps that recognize only political divisions, for it runs from the west coast of Norway to the White Sea in Russia, embracing the whole top of Scandinavia—parts of Norway, Sweden, and Finland—as well as the Kola Peninsula of the U.S.S.R. Nobody knows for sure how many Lapps there are, but thirty thousand seems a likely estimate. They are a stocky, bandy-legged, high-cheekboned, bullet-headed race, and they wandered into Lapland a good many years ago from someplace in Asia; it's impossible to say just when they came or where they came from. There are a few Lapps on the North American continent, tending reindeer in Alaska, as Lapps have done since the animal was introduced there late in the nineteenth century. Most Lapps, however, stick to Lapland, which rests squarely on a reindeer economy. The reindeer provides food, clothing, and transportation. The semi-nomadic Lapps and their herds tend to disregard national boundaries in Scandinavia, but the Russian border is something else; indeed, the Russian Lapps living near the frontier were moved eastward during the last war and have been out of touch since then. Presumably they still lead much the same sort of life as their cousins to the west. There are about sixty-five hundred Lapps roaming about northern Sweden, and Kiruna, eight hundred and sixteen miles north of Stockholm and ninety miles inside the Arctic Circle, is the big town they come down to with their reindeer money. A bare handful of Lapps also live in Kiruna itself.

It is difficult for anyone brought up on Robert W. Service to believe in Kiruna and the Swedish Far North. Zinnias, petunias, daisies, nasturtiums, and bluebells are planted in neat beds alongside the two-story red-brick Kiruna railway station, and the magazine kiosk on the platform sells the Stockholm daily papers, the British *Vogue*, *Punch*, *Det Bästa ur Reader's Digest*, and the *Ladies' Home Journal.* Top hats, tailcoats, and black ties are correct for funerals here. The town has young lady barbers, a neo-Schrafft's tea-and-chocolate shop, and singing commercials, for Jod-Kaliklora toothpaste, during the intermissions at the local movie houses. It also maintains a well-equipped children's park, with a jungle gym and a life-size imitation fire engine for little Swedes and Lapps to clamber on. Seaplanes, in summer, and ski planes, in winter, land on the local lake, bringing fresh fish from the high mountain streams. There are 10,700 people in Kiruna, which, as far as municipal administration is concerned, covers seven hundred and eighty-six square miles. Geographically, it is the largest city in the world. Order is kept by twenty-two young policemen, who wear well-tailored dark-blue uniforms and, on certain formal occasions, white gloves and dress sabres. There is not much for them to do, beyond dealing with poachers, reindeer rustlers, and Saturday-night revellers. There are not many of these last; the only liquor store in all Swedish Lapland is in Kiruna, and it operates under stringent government regulations that are aimed at revising the Swedes' eighteenth- and nineteenth-century reputation as the drunks of Europe. So little misbehavior is to be found in Kiruna that the editor of the local weekly, *Norrlandsfolket*, says he longs now and then for a good, old-fashioned *crime passionnel.* There was a stir of interest a while ago over the arrival of four Mormon missionaries from Salt Lake City, perhaps the most exciting visitors to the town since a small circus with a live Negro turned up several years back.

KIRUNA is the only planned city in the Swedish Arctic, and the two reasons it was planned are the fabulously rich iron-ore mountains—Kiirunavaara and Luossavaara—nearby. It is the child of a Swedish geologist and industrialist named Hjalmar Lundbohm, who, in the eighteen-nineties, was the first man to recognize the mountains for what they were worth and, while living in a log cabin on the present site of the city, set about drawing up plans for a full-size community that would exploit them. His theory was that a few amenities would not be injurious to the labor that would be necessary to dig the ore, and he imported



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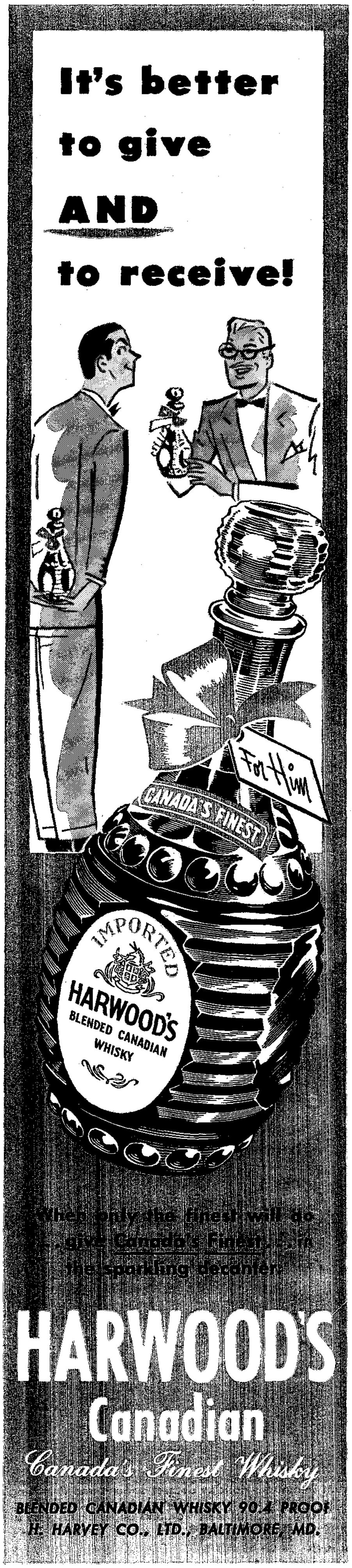

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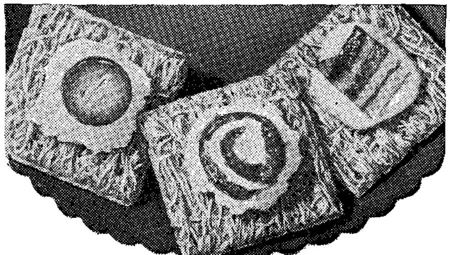
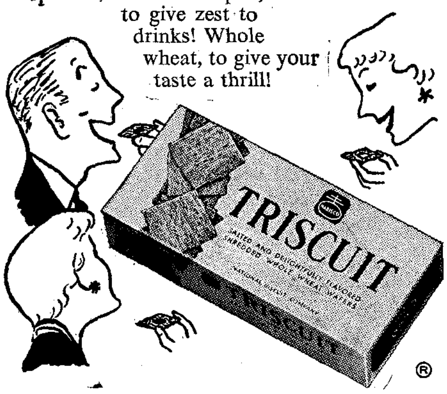
large gangs of construction men to carry out his plans. When the first miners arrived from southern Sweden, nearly half a century ago, they found Finnish steam baths, free streetcars, a hospital, and free hot lunches and medical and dental care for school children. Today, Kiruna is a pleasant, hilly town of curving avenues and frame and brick houses with high-pitched roofs, and it is embellished by a landscaped park planted with dwarf birches. Enormous quantities of cheap power are supplied by the hydroelectric works at Porjus, ninety-five miles away. Electric stoves, radios, irons, radiators, and other household appliances are widely used, and at night the mine workings are lit up like an amusement park. Before the war, street lights were strung far out into the distant reaches of the city, where there was next to nothing to illuminate. In a place where it is dark all day from the middle of November to the end of January, people like lights. All this represents quite a change from conditions in the seventeenth century, when miscreant Swedes in the south were given an option of moving north or going to jail, and Lapps were rounded up for forced labor.

The Luossavaara-Kiirunavaara Aktiebolag, the company that runs the mines, is owned half by the state and half by private capital. So far, Aktiebolag employees have blown about six hundred feet off the top of Kiirunavaara in open-cut mining operations that have made the mountain look like an Aztec terraced pyramid. The ore is so pure (from fifty-eight to seventy per cent iron) that it doesn't have to be smelted before export. Twice a day in Kiruna, a whistle toots and a series of blasts gently shakes the town. A hundred and forty million tons of ore have been carted away so far, leaving behind a hundred-million-ton pile of waste rock. All through the day and night, long trains of ore cars rattle up the line to Narvik, the ice-free Norwegian port on the Atlantic, about three hours to the northwest. The miners, however, have literally only scratched the surface of Kiirunavaara; there's supposed to be enough iron left there to supply the whole world for a hundred and fifty years.

The miners have decent low-cost housing, comprehensive medical insurance, company and state pensions at the age of sixty-two, a co-op, and good wages. The co-op is a branch of the Kooperativa Förbundet, the remarkable Swedish enterprise that has about a sixth of the population of the country as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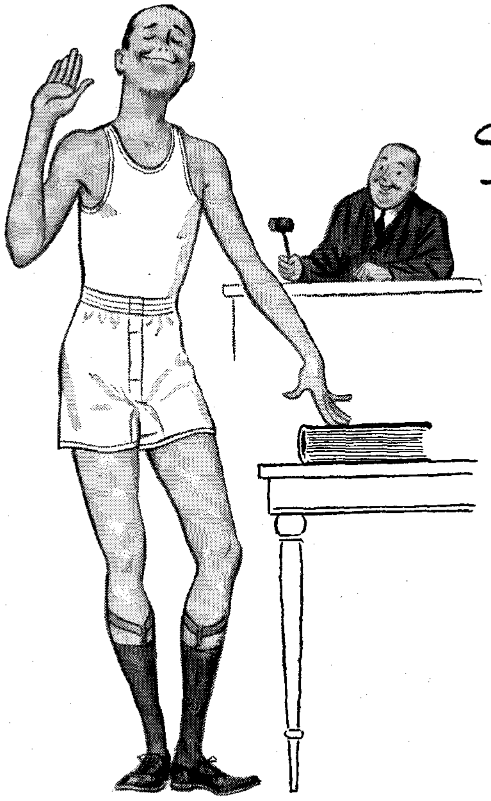
members, runs its own factories, and has knocked down prices on margarine, light bulbs, and galoshes, among other commodities. Even though the life of almost everybody in Kiruna centers on the mines, the city seems to have escaped the clammy institutional atmosphere of the company town. One reason is that there is a dash of the frontier about the place. Citizens wear boots and carry sheath knives in the streets, and some of them prefix their names with the title "Hunter" or "Fisher," as the more urban Swedes use "Doctor," "Candidate," "Master," or "Engineer." Still, a hunter or fisher can phone Stockholm in the evening at a cost of twenty-three cents, which makes the frontier seem not very remote. Three times a day on weekdays and, during the summer, four times on Sundays, the sleek trains of the Swedish State Railways roll into town from the south on an electrified line. The liveliest festival of the year is not a dog-sled race or a polar-bear hunt but the celebration of Barnens Dag, or Children's Day. The event is misnamed. On a recent Barnens Dag, the carryings-on in Kiruna lasted five days and included children of thirty-five and forty, many of whom had made two- or three-day hikes from outlying districts to get in on the big event. Children were put to bed early in the evening, but the Children's Day festivities went on all night long. There were clowns, tricycle races, a tug of war, the exhibition of a synthetic American Indian village, and soccer matches between teams representing the major political parties, in the final of which the Social Democrats nosed out the Communists, 1–0.

On strictly party lines, the result of the soccer match was satisfying to most of the citizens of Kiruna. Lapland as a whole is in a better position than most regions to resist Communist blandishments. If the area hasn't turned out to be the utopia that was hoped for by enthusiastic early settlers, it has made a good start. Indeed, before the Kiruna municipal elections, the Communists spend a good part of their time campaigning on such uncontroversial issues as more music-appreciation courses in the schools and more classical European education for the nomadic Lapps. At the last Swedish general elections, in 1948, the Communists lost a third of their strength, and in the municipal elections held throughout Sweden last September they lost two-thirds of what they had left. The Conservatives lost almost equally, with the Social Democrats, by



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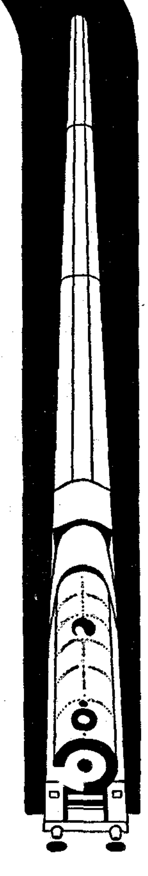

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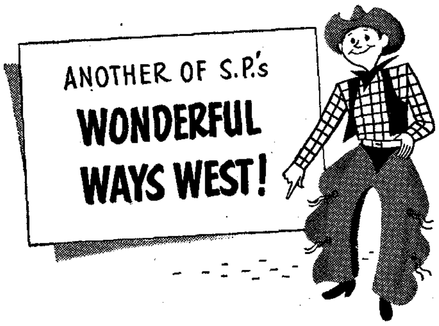
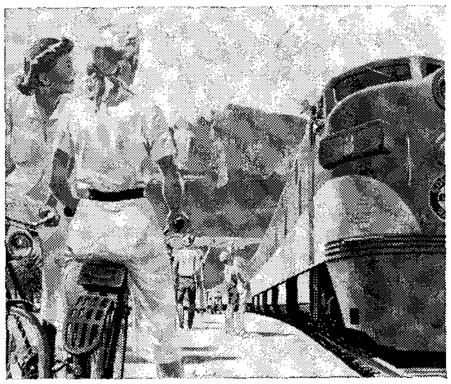
far the largest party, and the Liberals sharing the gain.

SIXTY miles north of Kiruna, on the rail line to Narvik, is the resort of Abisko. It has always been a favorite visiting place of those citizens of Kiruna who feel that urban life, despite the boots and sheath knives, occasionally gets too namby-pamby. The Svenska Turistföreningen runs a hostel there that is highly regarded by Swedish skiers during the season, which is from February through June. The menu at the hostel is colossal. Guests start off in the morning with a breakfast of cheese, kippers, marinated herring, soft-boiled eggs, oatmeal, tomatoes, potatoes, spaghetti, jam, toast, crisp Swedish bread, and flagons of milk. The more solid meals of the day may be composed of various combinations of herring marinated in wine, vinegar, oil, tomatoes, or mustard; pancakes and lingonberries; pork with prunes embedded in it; and a succulent casserole of potatoes, leeks, and anchovies au gratin, called Jansson's Temptation. (Who Jansson was and who tried to subvert him with casseroles is obscure.) If a guest can't last out the stretch from lunch to dinner, he can fortify himself with snacks of elk meat and smoked reindeer meat. During the war, there were ersatz hamburgers of chopped vegetables, and a very good cellulose aquavit. The aquavit is still around, but the fake hamburgers have been abandoned for the real thing. On Saturday nights, there are dances, usually of a very hearty, gymnastic nature. During the day, visitors fish, hunt, ski, or scour the little shops for souvenirs. Most of the souvenirs of Abisko are associated with the reindeer—reindeer-bone paper cutters and ornamental buttons, ashtrays made from the animals' craniums, and candelabra constructed of bleached reindeer antlers. Another attraction is a nearby Lappish village that at all times has a couple of specimen Lapps standing by.

Abisko is not without other tourist commodities. The ferocious Arctic mosquito is abroad during July and August, when the temperature occasionally hits ninety. (The Lapps beat the mosquitoes off with an American lotion locally called Djungelolja.) During the long winter, there is plenty of snow; it lasts two hundred days in the average year. The thermometer sometimes drops to a hundred and sixteen degrees below zero, and it is dark at noon on Christmas Day. But the greatest feature of Abisko—in fact, of all Lapland—is the mid-





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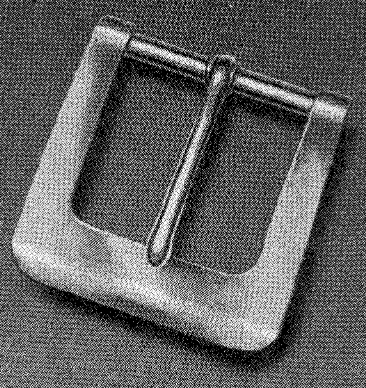

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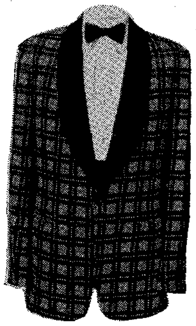

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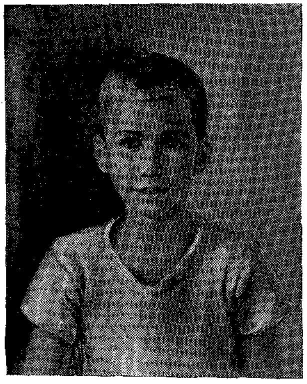

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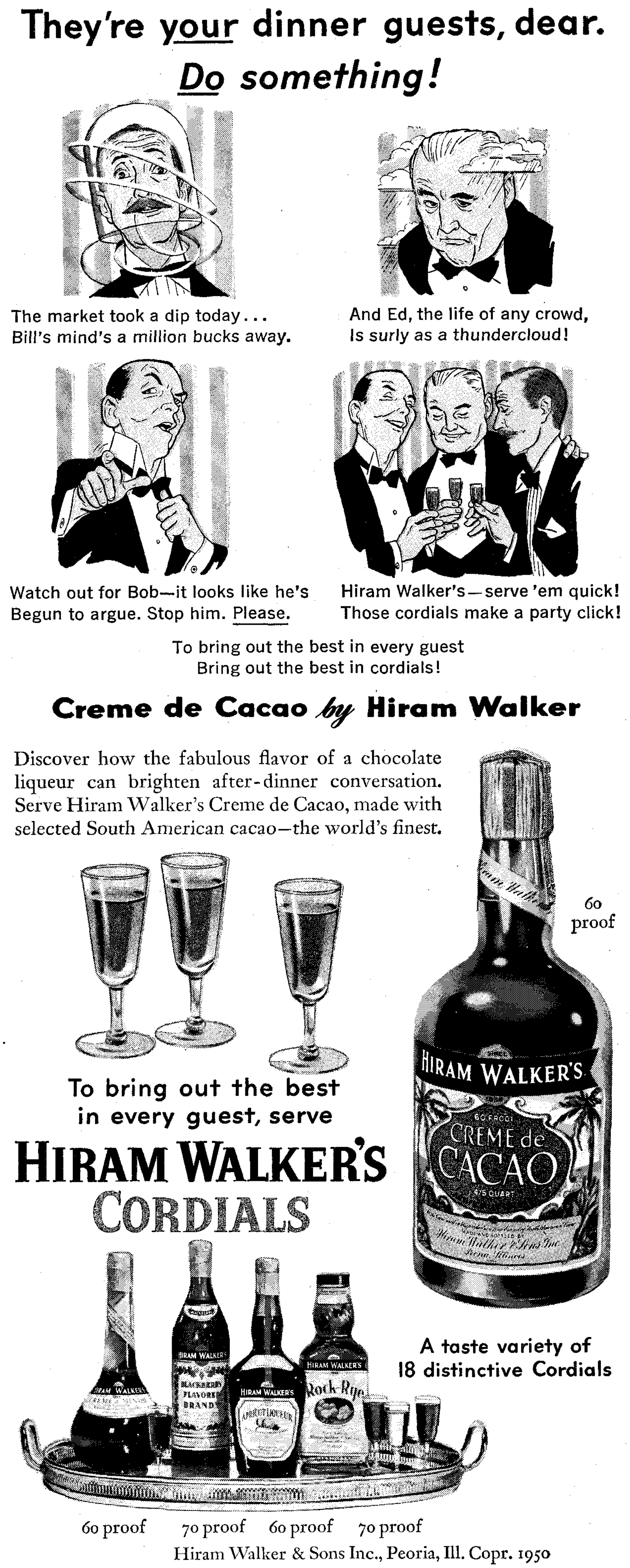
Lois Shaw Helen Appleton Read

night sun. The railroad hands out free colored postcards to tourists to remind them that for fifty-three days, from the end of May until the middle of July, the sun never sets (though a mountain or two may get in the way). The long hours of sunlight have a curiously exhilarating effect. In Kiruna, people sleep very little and start off on weekends at two in the morning, and even small children keep the hours of night-club habitués. On the other hand, the long darkness of the winter makes people irritable. Still, on the clear, cold fall and winter nights they can see the northern lights, those strange, spectacular streamers of neon yellows, reds, greens, and whites, shifting and trembling in the sky like great, flaring amoebae. The Lapps believe that they are the spooks of their departed ancestors.

THE Lapps are the least numerous racially homogeneous people in the world. The men average about five feet tall and the women a little shorter. Inland Lapps are blond and blue-eyed; coastal Lapps are darker. Many have bad teeth, because, it is said, drinking steaming-hot coffee at below-zero temperatures cracks the enamel. As a guard against the cold, most men grow mustaches and beards. They all wear tight pants; long dark-blue tunics, trimmed along the seams with half-inch strips of yellow, red, or green leather; curly-toed, hay-lined boots; and wide black belts, decorated with little brass or colored-plastic rings. Topping off this ensemble is a squashed dark-blue sort of Union Army cap with a shiny duckbill visor and an enormous red pompon like an overgrown maraschino cherry. The women wear full skirts, embroidered blouses, and little ruffled caps like Whistler's mother's. Certain vain Lappish ladies pad their legs with grass, to make them look thicker. Lapps speak a

SHORT
WAVE
DIATHERMY
HOURS


They're your dinner guests, dear.
Do something!

The market took a dip today...
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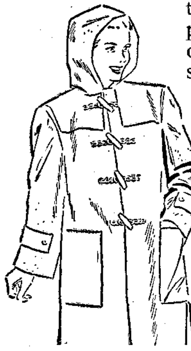
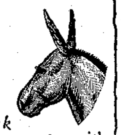


Note: The gals are going wild over the forest green. Order small or extra small. ←



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NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
CITY ....STATE..................
11-18

Finno-Ugric language that is a linguistic cousin of Finnish, Estonian, Hungarian, and a few languages still used in Russia. They conjugate the present indicative of the verb "to love":

mun pworastan
tum pworastack
sun pworasta
mii pworastop
sii pworost
tack puros.

The Swedish government is represented in Lapland by appointed officials called Lappfogdar. The Lapps enjoy special hunting and fishing rights, and aren't liable for military service except in wartime. It is probable that they are the most carefully protected group in Sweden. In the old days, all Lapps liked to *joik*, a form of calling or chanting that can be heard for miles across the barren landscape. Some Lapps can still be persuaded by tourists to *joik* in the old-fashioned way, but the chant frequently turns out to be a bawdy gibe in Lappish at the tourists. About a hundred years ago, a good many of the Lapps embraced the stern tenets of a fundamentalist missionary named Lars Læstadius, and since then they have been a good deal less cheerful than they are reputed to have been before. Læstadius didn't like anyone to *joik*, and frowned on secular singing and dancing, silver buttons, curtains, mirrors, and swimming. He effected quite a change in the Lapps. Before his time—long before—they worshipped peculiar natural rock formations that looked like wind-blown mud pies and were famous for their power to stop hostile ships under full sail and for dispatching flies to vex their enemies.

THE best-known interpreter of the Lappish life and scene is Nils Nilsson Skum, a seventy-eight-year-old Lappish artist who specializes in reindeer. His work hangs in the museums of Stockholm and in the Royal Palace there, and in 1946 he had a show in the American Museum of Natural History, which had considerable success. Skum lives in a frame house near Kiruna, and he has electric light, a telephone, and a private railway station, named Sjisjkavare, but city Swedes like to think of him as a simple child of nature. "Twenty-eight bears and innumerable wolves have fallen at his hands, often in close, exciting combat," says a government cultural-information pamphlet about him. Skum, for his part, rather looks down on the soft, reindeerless society of Stockholm. All this attention to Skum's work is fairly recent, for his paintings

Mais oui!

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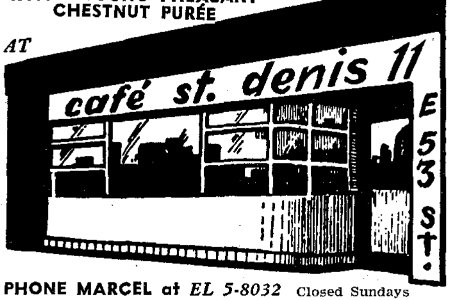
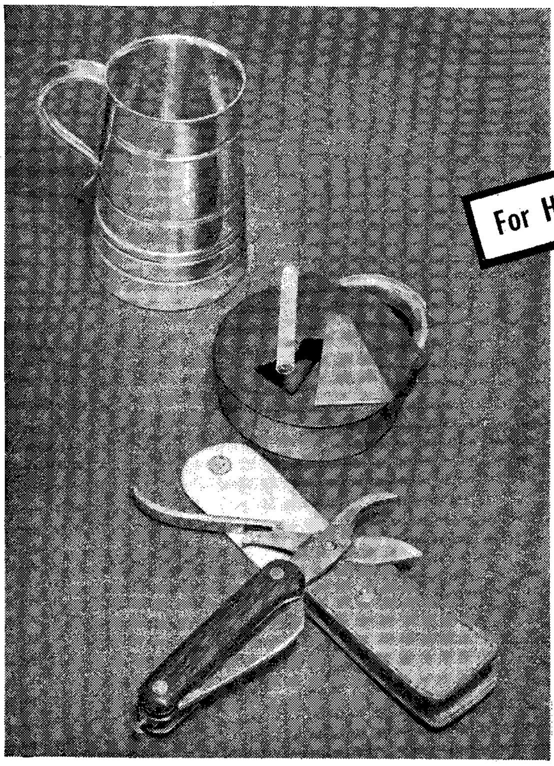


PHONE MARCEL at *EL 5-8032* Closed Sundays

weren't critically discovered until he was sixty-eight. When he was twelve, he was started off on his artistic career by two wandering Englishmen (there have always been wandering Englishmen in every part of the globe) who stopped at his father's hut, were impressed by the work the boy had done with the stub of a pencil, and sent him pencils, crayons, colors, and brushes.

Skum's work is good. His pencil-and-crayon sketches of the old, gently rolling Lapp mountains, green and brown in the summer and covered with snow in the winter, catch the solitude and vastness of the land. These high mountains, called *fjäll*, are not craggy young ranges, like the Alps and the Andes, but old, quiet, and round, ground down and polished by the eons. In the foregrounds of Skum's pictures, immense herds of reindeer can usually be seen fording the rivers or cropping the Arctic moss. Some of his paintings portray incidents in the daily life of the beast—"Reindeer Upsetting His Sled," "Reindeer Attacked by a Bear," "Reindeer Surprised by an Avalanche." His landscapes are rated locally according to the number of animals he has been able to work into them.

This sort of criterion makes perfectly good sense in the Lappish reindeer economy. A certain number of Lapps are engaged in fishing or lumbering, and some of the richest ones are businessmen in double-breasted suits, but the majority are still nomads, following their herds over the *fjäll* with the seasons and living entirely in terms of reindeer. The Swedish Lapps are the only citizens of the realm who are allowed to own reindeer, and they own about two hundred and seventy-five thousand of them, each worth close to fifty dollars at the present market. The reindeer is probably the most recently domesticated animal in the world. It provides milk, butter, cheese, coats, boots, moccasins, tents, and souvenirs. It poses patiently while tourists take snapshots, is a good swimmer, and in the winter pulls the Lapps over the snow in little sleds that look like sawed-off kayaks. (The Lapps have never heard of Santa Claus's sleigh, or of Donder or Blitzen.) It is a beast of burden. Its fat is used for cooking, its sinews become surgical thread, and its hair makes stuffing for life preservers. It has four stomachs and lies down to digest after eating. In Swedish Lapland, it is called a *patso*, *sarves*, *hierke*, *svaljes*, *vateuvaja*, *stainak*, *råtno*, *tjnoivak*, *kiepak*, *päjuk*, or *tjuosek*, according to its gender, color, fertility, tractability, and so on. Both bucks and



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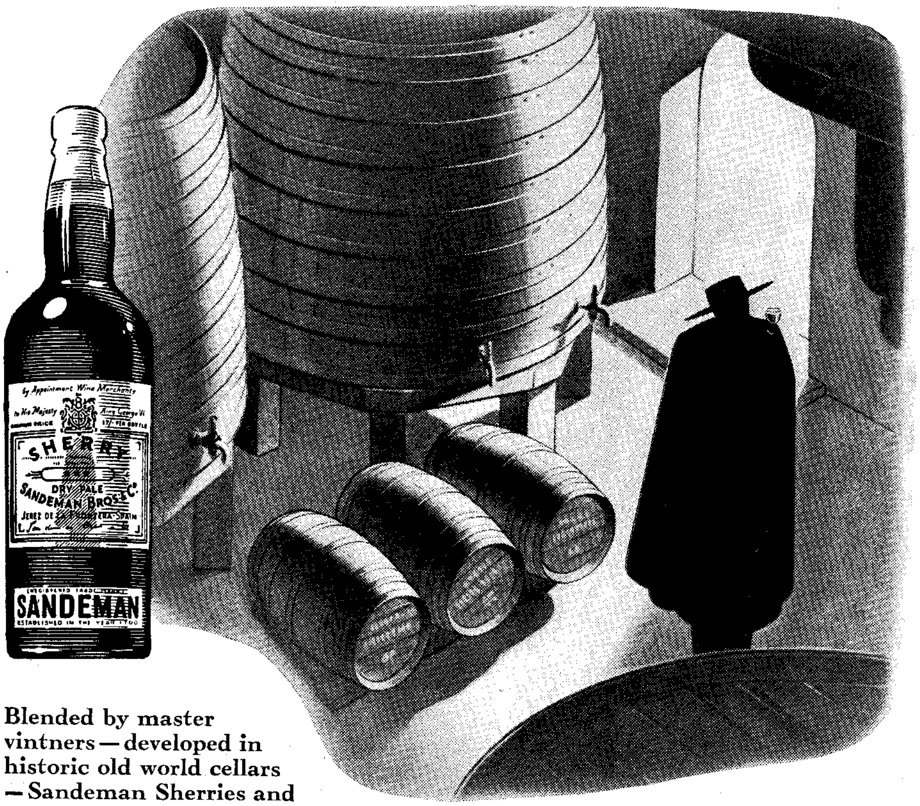

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does have antlers (which they shed yearly), with the usual branches to port and starboard, plus two flat brow tines extending forward almost to the tip of their noses. The animals are mild of eye, about four feet high at the withers, and soft brown in color, with short white tails and whitish throats, muzzles, and hocks. They can be driven, guided by one loose rein, from thirty-five to forty miles a day. The clacking of galloping reindeer hoofs on packed snow sounds like polite applause. In the winter, they live by pawing their way down to the Arctic moss, *Cladonia rangiferina*, beneath the snow, and in the summer they graze on the mountain grasses.

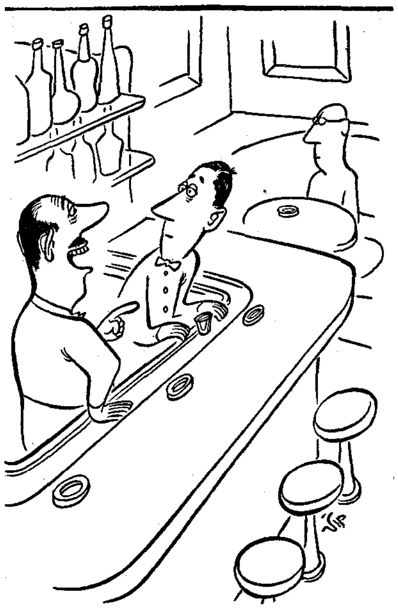
To ask a Lapp how many reindeer he owns is equivalent to demanding to see a stranger's bank statement. At the annual autumn roundup, the young reindeer's ears are notched with the owner's private marks. The slaughtering season is also in the fall, when the flesh is tender. The Lapps knife the reindeer in the heart, so that the blood will collect in the thorax. They mix the blood with cereal to make a black pudding called *palt*. Brains and livers are boiled and eaten, the lungs are thrown to the herd dogs, and the steaks are stored. Recently, there has been a flurry of letters in the Swedish papers from people who believe that the Lapp method of killing is cruel. They want the job done with a gun. During the great late-winter roundup in northern Lapland, from twenty to twenty-five herds of from three to five thousand animals each are brought together. Ten Lapps and a few dogs can look after one herd of this size with no trouble, possibly because the Lapps and their reindeer are in such strong rapport. The Lapps maintain that they can identify an individual reindeer a mile off, and their confidence in the animals' understanding and good will is such that on setting out on a trip they whisper the destination into their reindeer's ear.

—ODEN AND OLIVIA MEEKER

•

Chosen for the lovely quality and volume of her voice, which carries nicely above orchestral accompaniment, Miss Margaret Quist, talented singing daughter of the F. E. Quists of Walla Walla, has been named soloist for "The Messiah" to be presented in Boston December 11 and 12 with the Boston Symphony, under auspices of the Handel and Hayden society. Miss Quist was auctioned by Dr. Stone of Boston, who went to New York for that purpose.—*Walla Walla (Wash.) Union-Bulletin.*

Well, there's a lot more money here.



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THE ART GALLERIES

Expressionist, Impressionist, Abstractionist

THERE is pretty good ground for the contention that after Cézanne and possibly Picasso, Chaim Soutine, the Lithuanian-born French Expressionist whose works are now on view in a big memorial exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, has had the greatest influence on contemporary artists of any painter of the modern schools. He was not, to be sure, the founder of Expressionism, a movement that goes back to such Germans as Emil Nolde and Franz Marc of Der Blaue Reiter and Die Brücke groups, and even farther back to van Gogh, Gauguin, and the Fauves. But he became its foremost exponent, and there's no question but that the astonishing vitality of the movement derives in large part from the vigor and daring with which he pursued his researches into its pictorial and emotional possibilities. There are probably more young artists today in the Expressionist fold than there are in any other, and every one of them owes a debt, big or small, to Soutine.

Yet Soutine was, till rather recently, little known in this country, and his present exhibition, which was assembled in coöperation with the Cleveland Museum of Art, is the first really comprehensive one of his paintings ever to be put on here. The show is not overly large (there are some seventy-five oils, a good share of them loans from abroad), but it's an extremely well-thought-out affair, and despite the fact that Soutine's pictures, because of their violent rhythms and unorthodox coloristic sequences, don't always "go" very well together, the arrangement of them succeeds in bringing out the best of the artist's talent and in minimizing his occasional weaknesses.

I must confess to a slight disappointment, for I had hoped that the collection might contain more than it does of Soutine's earlier painting. Such work is always interesting in a show of this kind, as an indication of an artist's youthful development. Soutine, though, once he'd reached maturity, destroyed as many of his earlier efforts as he could lay hands on, and most of those that remain were apparently not available for this exhibition. The earliest item in the collection, a little street scene called "The Artist's Studio, Cité Falguière," was done in 1915, when he was already living in Paris and, although only twenty-one, was clearly already greatly influenced by the new and revolutionary ideas he had encountered there. "Still Life with Soup Tureen," done in 1916, is more conventional—and also, I'm afraid, less attractive—but his "Still Life with Chair," of approximately the same time, is thoroughly Expressionist in manner and treatment, and from then on the distortions of form and color that are characteristic of the school are visible everywhere.

The result is to create the impression that Soutine sprang full-blown out of nowhere into the midst of the movement, and this is as unfortunate for the man as it is for the exhibition, since on the one hand there is no clue to the means by which he perfected his style, and on the other hand there is a certain monotony in the collection that might otherwise have been avoided. Apart from this, the show is an excellent one, and if there are no transitions to be studied, there are a number of almost breathtakingly vivid and powerful paintings. They're not all, of course, equally successful, and it may be that the Expressionist style itself will always preclude such happy uniformity of outcome. In its essence, the method consists of a sort of emotional abstraction, in which real objects are used as a starting point for the portrayal but are distorted and discolored in the rendition, with an eye to conveying their emotional values instead of their visual ones, and since the sensory circuit thus created must include not only the artist and his subject but also the spectator, it seems obvious that there must be occasional failures.

I, for instance, can make no sense at all of Soutine's "Village Square" and "Gnarled Trees," both included in the exhibition and both much admired by others, while in "The Hill," another famous one (and his closest approach to pure abstraction), I see nothing but a meaningless jumble of unrelated splotches of color. But I find his "View of the Village," though almost equally arbitrary in its jaggedly swirling pattern, instantly exciting and attractive, as I do the cool "Landscape, Cagnes" and the much later "House at Oisème" and "Landscape with Reclining Figure," as well as, among his portraits and still-

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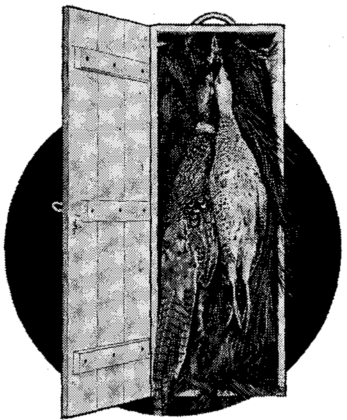

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lifes, the colorful "Seated Choir Boy," the big, blue "Turkey," and the almost overpoweringly blood-red "Carcass of Beef," of 1925.

Soutine died in his forty-ninth year, in 1943, and though his output had declined in his later years, it seems to me that his work had grown a good deal in maturity and power, while the influences that had appeared now and then in his earlier pieces—of Kandinsky and Modigliani, and, at times, of Courbet and van Gogh—had vanished or been absorbed. The exhibition is especially rich in fine examples of this period, and I'd point out for special attention the oddly tender "Seated Child in Blue," of 1936; the brisk, spirited "Windy Day, Auxerre," of 1939; and the massive and tragic study of a mother and child called "Maternity," dated the year before he died. Throughout most of his career, Soutine's work, I think, suffered from a diffuseness of emotional appeal. One didn't always know exactly what he was driving at, and in spite of its enormous surface vitality his painting lost in depth of impact thereby. Toward the end, however, he seemed more able to control and discipline his powers. His pictures were calmer but in a way far more powerful, and it's unfortunate that his untimely death cut short a further development in that direction.

AT the Knoedler Galleries, for the benefit of the Musée d'Albi, of France, there is a small but quite wonderful exhibition of paintings and drawings by Toulouse-Lautrec, made up almost entirely of loans from the Musée, which is the main repository of works by this sensitive and yet bitterly ironic artist. There are only some forty pieces in the collection, but they have been selected with exquisite care, and as the majority of them have never been shown here before, the affair is certainly worth seeing.

For myself, I was interested especially in three small, very early canvases,

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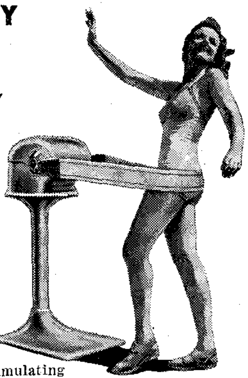

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smoothly and lyrically painted in a manner slightly reminiscent of Géricault and called "Artilleur Sellant Son Cheval," "Cavalier au Trot avec un Petit Chien," and "Un Dog-Cart," but all through the exhibition there are charming examples. I'd note particularly the large "La Revue Blanche, Esquisse pour l'Affiche," almost unbelievably swift, precise, and brilliant in its drawing; the sombre and wistful study of a young shopgirl called "La Modiste—Mlle. Marguin;" the Impressionist "La Toilette Madame Poupoule Devant Sa Coiffeuse," like an unromantic Renoir in style and feeling; and, again for the skillfulness of drawing, the small and touching painting of a nude called "Femme Qui Tire Son Bas."

In a sense, the exhibition conveys with great acuteness a feeling of the artist's tormented and unhappy personality, and I couldn't help remarking an atmosphere of brooding and world-weary sadness, for all the gaiety and the dancing. Apart from a small, sunny portrait study, "L'Anglaise du Star, Le Havre (Miss Dolly)," the three youthful pieces I've mentioned are the only really cheerful ones in the exhibition.

AT the Buchholz is a showing of a set of recent paintings, dated 1946 to the present, by the veteran Abstractionist Fernand Léger. Léger doesn't change much over the years, and the work as a whole shows the same blunt, blocky design and the stiffly articulated figures that have characterized it for a decade or more. But in spite of the slight repetitiousness of the treatment, there is a monumentality of concept that gives it distinction. To be sure, there are times when I wish that he'd loosen up a bit and be less portentous. Meantime, I'm content with such excellent pieces as "Landscape 47," the masterly handled accumulation of farm symbols called "Composition with Dog," and the massive "Girl with Ladder."

—Robert M. Coates

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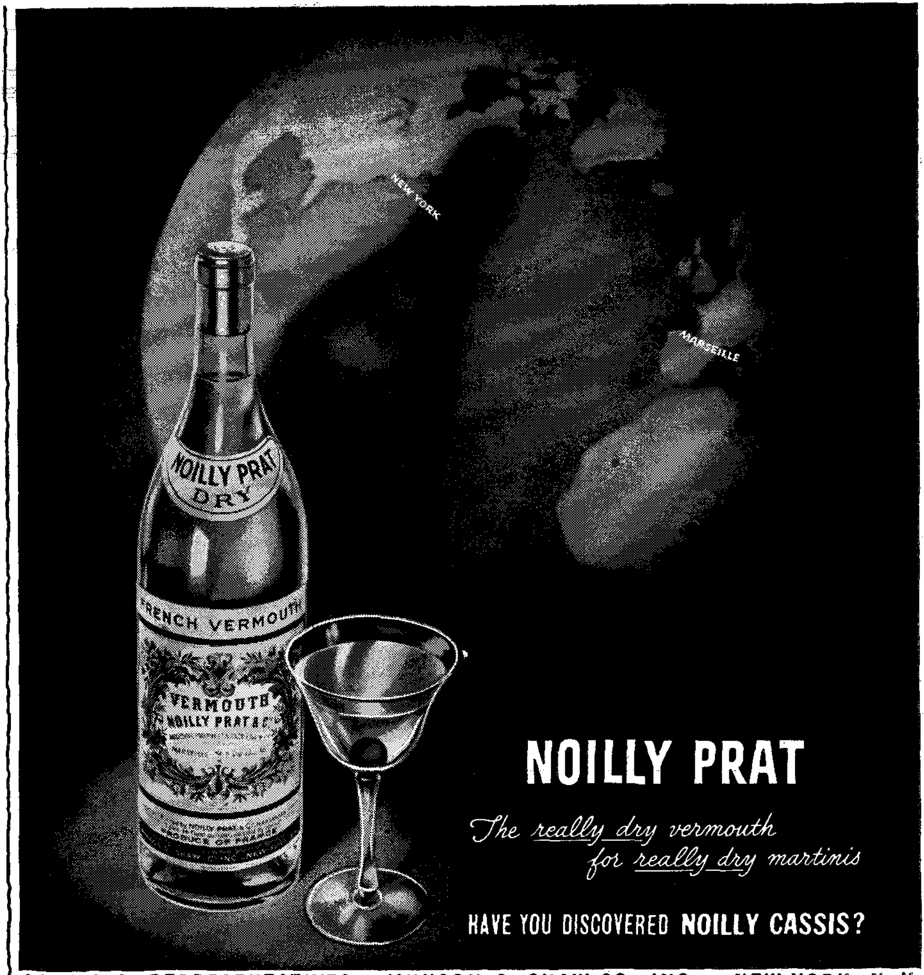
WHAT COLUMNIST IN THE PHILADELPHIA "INQUIRER" D'YA READ?

George Allen's original manuscript for "Presidents Who Have Known Me" was 350,000 words long. Kenneth Crawford edited it to book length.—*Leonard Lyons, October 10th, page 29.*

Geo. Allen's book, "Presidents Who Have Known Me," was written by himself, no spooks. He says his friend Kenneth Crawford of Newsweek merely proofread the captions.—*Walter Winchell, same day, same page.*



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ANNALS OF MEDICINE

A PIG FROM JERSEY

AMONG those who passed through the general clinic of Lenox Hill Hospital, at Seventy-sixth Street and Park Avenue, on Monday morning, April 6, 1942, was a forty-year-old Yorkville dishwasher whom I will call Herman Sauer. His complaint, like his occupation, was an undistinguished one. He had a stomach ache. The pain had seized him early Sunday evening, he told the examining physician, and although it was not unendurably severe, its persistence worried him. He added that he was diarrheic and somewhat nauseated. Also, his head hurt. The doctor took his temperature and the usual soundings. Neither disclosed any cause for alarm. Then he turned his attention to the manifest symptoms. The course of treatment he chose for their alleviation was unexceptionable. It consisted of a dose of bismuth subcarbonate, a word of dietetic advice, and an invitation to come back the next day if the trouble continued. Sauer went home under the comforting impression that he was suffering from nothing more serious than a touch of dyspepsia.

Sauer was worse in the morning. The pain had spread to his chest, and when he stood up, he felt dazed and dizzy. He did not, however, return to Lenox Hill. Instead, with the inconstancy of the ailing, he made his way to Metropolitan Hospital, on Welfare Island. He arrived there, shortly before noon, in such a state of confusion and collapse that a nurse had to assist him into the examining room. Half an hour later, having submitted to another potion of bismuth and what turned out to be an uninstructive blood count, he was admitted to a general ward for observation. During the afternoon, his temperature, which earlier had been, equivocally, normal, began to rise. When the resident physician reached him on his evening round, it was a trifle over a hundred and three. As is customary in all but the most crystalline cases, the doctor avoided a flat-footed diagnosis. In his record of the case, he suggested three compatible possibilities. One was aortitis, a heart condition caused by an inflammation of the great trunk artery. The others, both of which were inspired by an admission of intemperance that had been wrung from Sauer in the examining room, were cirrhosis of the liver and gastritis due to alcoholism. At the moment, the doctor indicated, the last appeared to be the most likely.

Gastritis, aortitis, and cirrhosis of the liver, like innumerable other ailments, can seldom be repulsed by specific medication, but time is frequently effective. Sauer responded to neither. His fever held and his symptoms multiplied. He itched all over, an edema sealed his eyes, his voice faded and failed, and the seething pains in his chest and abdomen advanced to his arms and legs. Toward the end of the week, he sank into a stony, comalike apathy. Confronted by this disturbing decline, the house physician reopened his mind and reconsidered the evidence. His adaptability was soon rewarded. He concluded that he was up against an acute and, to judge from his patient's progressive dilapidation, a peculiarly rapacious infection. It was an insinuating notion, but it had one awkward flaw. The white-blood-cell count is a reliable barometer of infection, and Sauer's count had been entirely normal. On Wednesday, April 15th, the doctor requested that another count be made. He did not question the accuracy of the original test, but the thought had occurred to him that it might have been made prematurely. The report from the laboratory was on his desk when he reached the hospital the following day. It more than confirmed his hunch. It also relieved him simultaneously of both uncertainty and hope. Sauer's white count was morbidly elevated by a preponderance of eosinophiles, a variety of cell that is produced by several potentially epidemic diseases but just one as formidably dishevelling as the case in question. The doctor put down the report and called the hospital superintendent's office. He asked the clerk who answered the phone to inform the Department of Health, to which the appearance of any disease of an epidemiological nature must be promptly communicated, that he had just uncovered a case of trichinosis.

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THE cause of trichinosis is a voracious endoparasitic worm, *Trichinella spiralis*, commonly called trichina, that lodges in the muscle fibres of an animal host. It enters the host by way of the alimentary canal, and in the intestine produces larvae that penetrate the intestinal walls to enter the blood stream. The worm is staggeringly prolific, and it has been known to remain alive, though quiescent, in the body of a surviving victim for thirty-one years. In general, the number of trichinae that succeed in reaching the muscle determines the severity of an attack. As such parasitic organisms go, adult trichinae are relatively large, the males averaging one-twentieth of an inch in length and the females about twice that. The larvae are less statuesque. Pathologists have found as many as twelve hundred of them encysted in a single gram of tissue. Numerous animals, ranging in size from the mole to the hippopotamus, are hospitable to the trichina, but it has a strong predilection for swine and man. Man's only source of infection is pork. The disease is perpetuated in swine by the practice common among hog raisers of using garbage, some of which inevitably contains trichinous meat, for feed. Swine have a high degree of tolerance for the trichina, but man's resistive powers are feeble. In 1931, in Detroit, a man suffered a violent seizure of trichinosis as a result of merely eating a piece of bread buttered with a knife that had been used to slice an infested sausage. The hog from which the sausage was made had appeared to be in excellent health. Few acute afflictions are more painful than trichinosis, or more prolonged and debilitating. Its victims are occasionally prostrated for many months, and relapses after apparent recoveries are not uncommon. Its mortality rate is disconcertingly variable. It is usually around six per cent, but in some outbreaks nearly a third of those stricken have died, and the recovery of a patient from a full-scale attack is almost unheard of. Nobody is, or can be rendered, immune to trichinosis. Also, there is no specific cure. In the opinion of most investigators, it is far from likely that one will ever be found. They are persuaded that any therapeutic agent potent enough to kill a multitude of embedded trichinae would probably kill the patient, too.

Although medical science is unable to terminate, or even lessen the severity of, an assault of trichinosis, no disease is easier to dodge. There are several dependable means of evasion. Abstention from pork is, of course, one. It is also the most venerable, having been known, vigorously recommended, and widely practiced for at least three thousand years. Some authorities, in fact, regard the Mosaic proscription of pork as the pioneering step in the development of preventive medicine. However, since the middle of the nineteenth century, when the cause and nature of trichinosis were illuminated by Sir James Paget, Rudolf Virchow, Friedrich Albert von Zenker, and others, less ascetic safeguards have become available. The trichinae are rugged but not indestructible. It has been amply demonstrated that thorough cooking (until the meat is bone-white) will make even the wormiest pork harmless. So will refrigeration at a maximum

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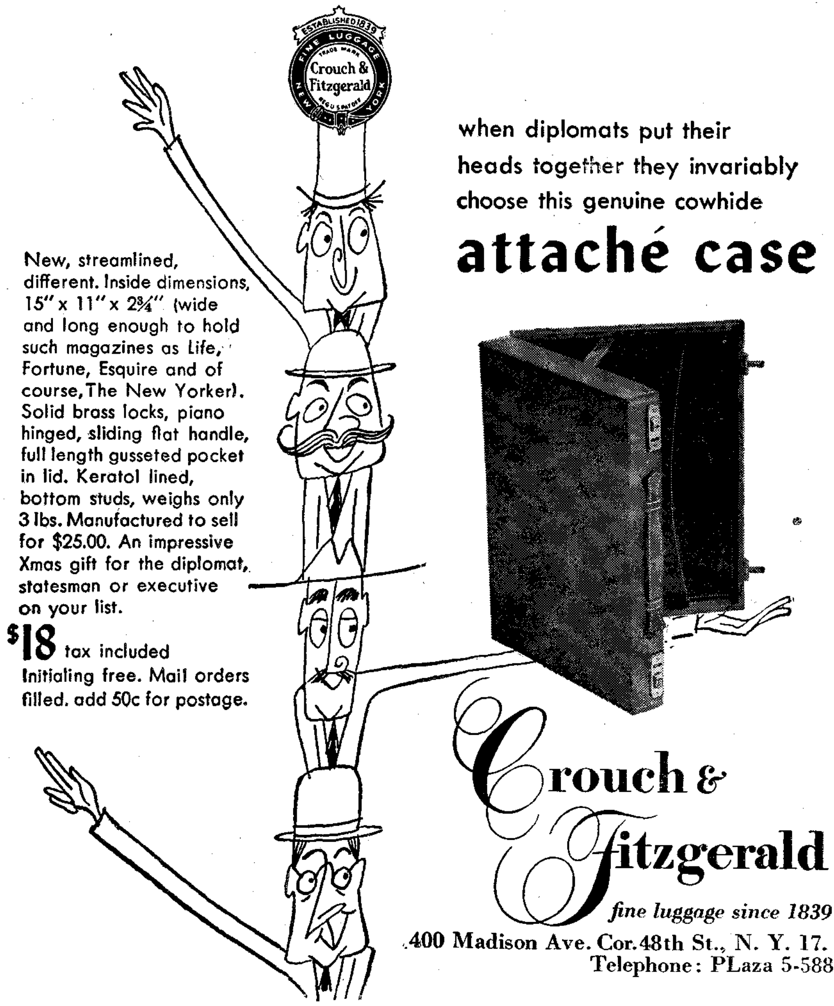

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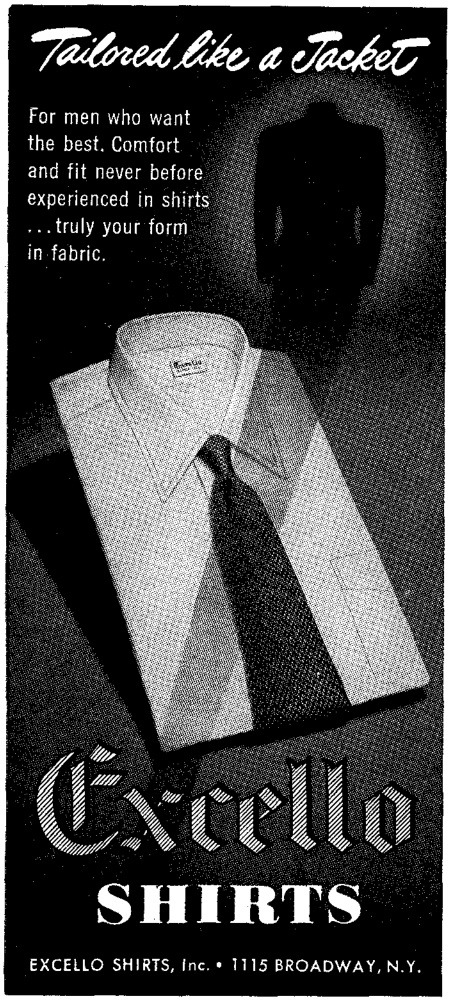
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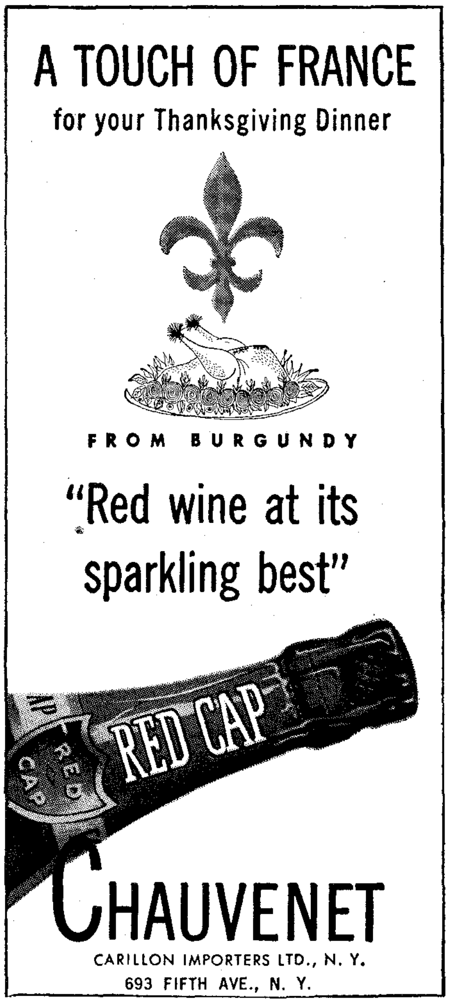
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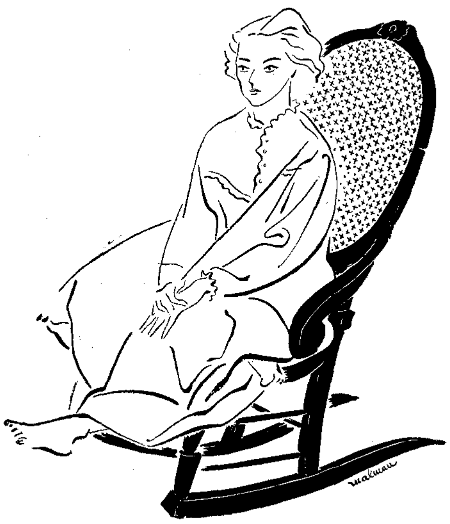
Despite this abundance of easily applied defensive techniques, the incidence of trichinosis has not greatly diminished over the globe in the past fifty or sixty years. In some countries, it has even increased. The United States is one of them. Many epidemiologists are convinced that this country now leads the world in trichinosis. It is, at any rate, a major health problem here. According to a compendium of recent autopsy studies, approximately one American in five has at some time or another had trichinosis, and it is probable that well over a million are afflicted with it every year. As a considerable source of misery, it ranks with tuberculosis, syphilis, and undulant fever. It will probably continue to be one for some time to come. Its spread is almost unimpeded. A few states, New York among them, have statutes prohibiting the feeding of uncooked garbage to swine, but nowhere is a very determined effort made at enforcement, and the Bureau of Animal Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture, although it assumes all pork to be trichinous until proved otherwise, requires packing houses to administer a prophylactic freeze to only those varieties of the meat—frankfurters, salami, prosciutto, and the like—that are often eaten raw. Moreover, not all processed pork comes under the jurisdiction of the Department. At least a third of it is processed under local ordinances in small, neighborhood abattoirs beyond the reach of the Bureau, or on farms. Nearly two per cent of the hogs slaughtered in the United States are trichinous.

Except for a brief period around the beginning of this century, when several European countries refused, because of its dubious nature, to import American pork, the adoption of a less porous system of control has never been seriously contemplated here. One reason is that it would run into money. Another is that, except by a few informed authorities, it has always been considered unnecessary. Trichinosis is generally believed to be a rarity. This view, though hallucinated, is not altogether without explanation. Outbreaks of trichinosis are seldom widely publicized. They are seldom even recognized. Trichinosis is the chameleon of diseases. Nearly all diseases are anonymous at onset, and many tend to resist identification until their grip is well established, but most can eventually be identified by patient scrutiny. Trichinosis is occasionally impervious to bedside detection at any stage. Even blood counts sometimes inexplicably fail to reveal its presence at any stage in its development. As a diagnostic deadfall, it is practically unique. The number and variety of ailments with which it is more or less commonly confused approach the encyclopedic. They include arthritis, acute alcoholism, conjunctivitis, food poisoning, lead poisoning, heart disease, laryngitis, mumps, asthma, rheumatism, rheumatic fever, rheumatic myocarditis, gout, tuberculosis, angioneurotic edema, dermatomyositis, frontal sinusitis, influenza, nephritis, peptic ulcer, appendicitis, cholecystitis, malaria, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, paratyphoid fever, undulant fever, encephalitis, gastroenteritis, intercostal neuritis, tetanus, pleurisy, colitis, meningitis, syphilis, typhus, and cholera. It has even been mistaken for beriberi. With all the rich inducements to error, a sound diagnosis of trichinosis is rarely made, and the diagnostician cannot always take much credit for it. Often, as at Metropolitan Hospital that April day in 1942, it is forced upon him.

THE report of the arresting discovery at Metropolitan reached the Health Department on the morning of Friday, April 17th. Its form was conventional—a postcard bearing a scribbled name, address, and diagnosis—and it was handled with conventional dispatch. Within an hour, Dr. Morris Greenberg, who was then chief epidemiologist of the Bureau of Preventable Diseases and is now its director, had put one of his fleetest agents on the case, a field epidemiologist named Lawrence Levy. Ten minutes after receiving the assignment, Dr. Levy was on his way to the hospital, intent on tracking down the source of the infection, with the idea of alerting the physicians of other persons who might have contracted the disease along with Sauer. At eleven o'clock, Dr. Levy walked into the office of the medical superintendent at Metropolitan. His immediate objective was to satisfy himself that Sauer was indeed suffering from trichinosis. He was quickly convinced. The evidence of the eosinophile count was now supported in the record by more graphic proof. Sauer, the night before, had undergone a biopsy. A sliver of muscle had been taken from one of his legs and examined under a microscope. It teemed with *Trichinella spiralis*. On the basis of the sample, the record noted, the pathologist who made the test estimated the total infestation of trichinae at upward of twelve million. A count of over five million is almost invariably lethal. Dr. Levy returned the dossier to the file. Then, moving on to his more general objective, he had a word with the patient. He found him bemused but conscious. Sauer appeared at times to distantly comprehend what was said to him, but his replies were faint and rambling and mostly incoherent. At the end of five minutes, Dr. Levy gave up. He hadn't learned much, but he had learned something, and he didn't have the heart to go on with his questioning. It was just possible, he let himself hope, that he had the lead he needed. Sauer had mentioned the New York Labor Temple, a German-American meeting-and-banquet hall on East Eighty-fourth Street, and he had twice uttered the word "*Schlachtfest*." A *Schlachtfest*, in Yorkville, the Doctor knew, is a pork feast.

Before leaving the hospital, Dr. Levy telephoned Dr. Greenberg and dutifully related what he had found out. It didn't take him long. Then he had a sandwich and a cup of coffee and headed for the Labor Temple, getting there at a little past one. It was, and is, a shabby yellow-brick building of six stories, a few doors west of Second Avenue, with a high, ornately balustraded stoop and a double basement. Engraved on the façade, just above the entrance, is a maxim: "Knowledge Is Power." In 1942, the Temple was owned and operated, on a non-profit basis, by the Workmen's Educational Association; it has since been acquired by private interests and is now given over to business and light manufacturing. A porter directed Dr. Levy to the manager's office, a cubicle at the end of a dim corridor flanked by meeting rooms. The manager was in, and, after a spasm of bewilderment, keenly coöperative. He



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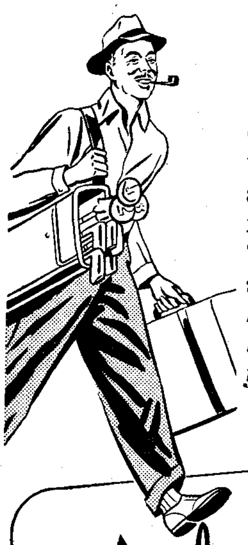

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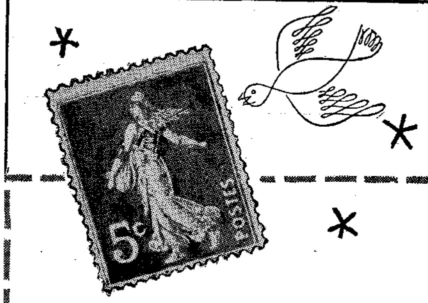
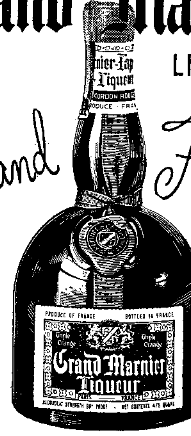
brought out his records and gave Dr. Levy all the information he had. Sauer was known at the Temple. He had been employed there off and on for a year or more as a dishwasher and general kitchen helper, the manager related. He was one of a large group of lightly skilled wanderers from which the cook was accustomed to recruit a staff whenever the need arose. Sauer had last worked at the Temple on the nights of March 27th and 28th. On the latter, as it happened, the occasion was a *Schlachtfest.*

Dr. Levy, aware that the incubation period of trichinosis is usually from seven to fourteen days and that Sauer had presented himself at Lenox Hill on April 6th, motioned to the manager to continue. The *Schlachtfest* had been given by the Hindenburg Pleasure Society, an informal organization whose members and their wives gathered periodically at the Temple for an evening of singing and dancing and overeating. The arrangements for the party had been made by the secretary of the society—Felix Lindenhauser, a name which, like those of Sauer and the others I shall mention in connection with the *Schlachtfest,* is a fictitious one. Lindenhauser lived in St. George, on Staten Island. The manager's records did not indicate where the pork had been obtained. Probably, he said, it had been supplied by the society. That was frequently the case. The cook would know, but it was not yet time for him to come on duty. The implication of this statement was not lost on Dr. Levy. Then the cook, he asked, was well? The manager said that he appeared to be. Having absorbed this awkward piece of information, Dr. Levy inquired about the health of the others who had been employed in the kitchen on the night of March 28th. The manager didn't know. His records showed, however, that, like Sauer, none of them had worked at the Temple since that night. He pointed out that it was quite possible, of course, that they hadn't been asked to. Dr. Levy noted down their names—Rudolf Nath, Henry Kuhn, Frederick Kreisler, and William Ritter—and their addresses. Nath lived in Queens, Kreisler in Brooklyn, and Kuhn and Ritter in the Bronx. Then Dr. Levy settled back to await the arrival of the cook. The cook turned up at three, and he, too, was very coöperative. He was feeling fine, he said. He remembered the *Schlachtfest.* The pig, he recalled, had been provided by the society. Some of it had been ground up into sausage and baked. The rest had been roasted. All of





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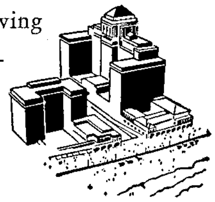

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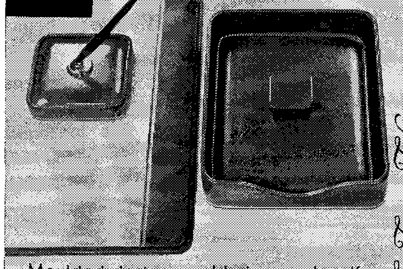

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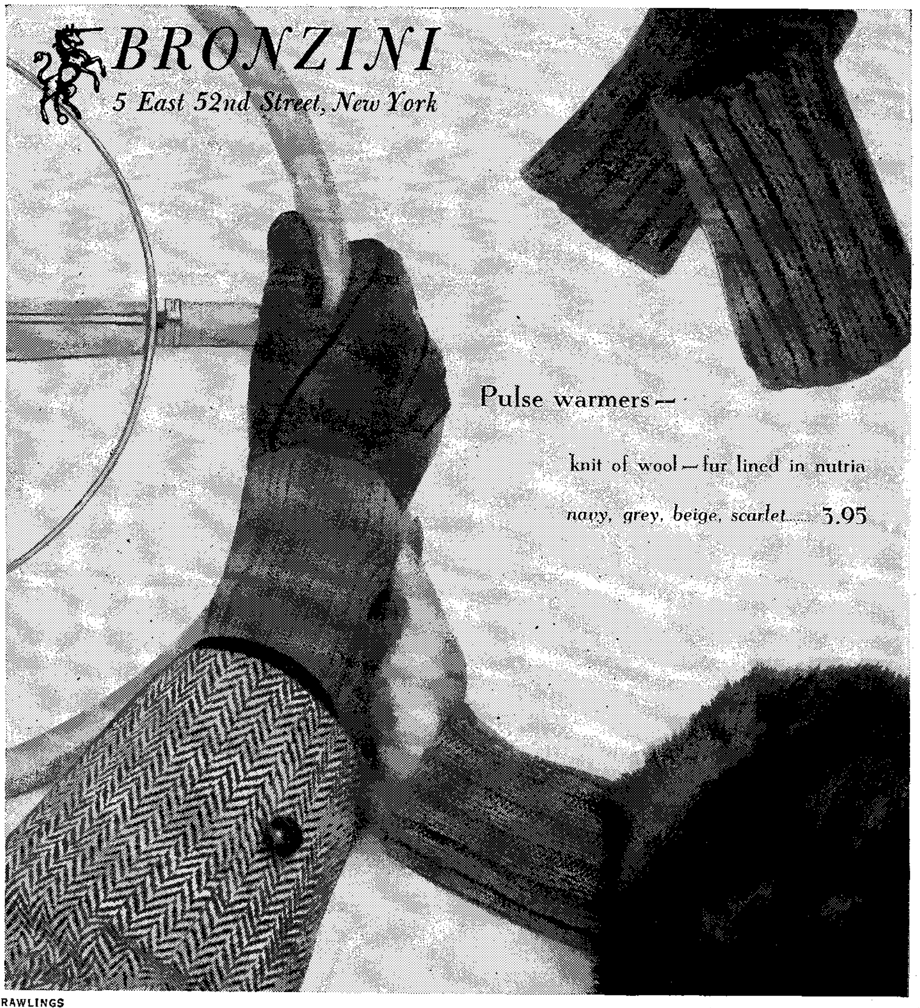
it had been thoroughly cooked. He was certain of that. The sausage, for example, had been boiled for two hours before it was baked. He had eaten his share of both. He supposed that the rest of the help had, too, but there was no knowing. He had neither seen nor talked to any of them since the night of the feast. There had been no occasion to, he said.

Dr. Levy returned to his office, and sat there for a while in meditation. Presently, he put in a call to Felix Lindenhauser, the secretary of the society, at his home on Staten Island. Lindenhauser answered the telephone. Dr. Levy introduced himself and stated his problem. Lindenhauser was plainly flabbergasted. He said he was in excellent health, and had been for months. His wife, who had accompanied him to the *Schlachtfest*, was also in good health. He had heard of no illness in the society. He couldn't believe that there had been anything wrong with that pork. It had been delicious. The pig had been obtained by two members of the society, George Muller and Hans Breit, both of whom lived in the Bronx. They had bought it from a farmer of their acquaintance in New Jersey. Lindenhauser went on to say that there had been twenty-seven people at the feast, including himself and his wife. The names and addresses of the company were in his minute book. He fetched it to the phone and patiently read them off as Dr. Levy wrote them down. If he could be of any further help, he added as he prepared to hang up, just let him know, but he was convinced that Dr. Levy was wasting his time. At the moment, Dr. Levy was almost inclined to agree with him.

Dr. Levy spent an increasingly uneasy weekend. He was of two antagonistic minds. He refused to believe that Sauer's illness was not in some way related to the *Schlachtfest* of the Hindenburg Pleasure Society. On the other hand, it didn't seem possible that it was. Late Saturday afternoon, at his home, he received a call that increased his discouragement, if not his perplexity. It was from his office. Metropolitan Hospital had called to report that Herman Sauer was dead. Dr. Levy put down the receiver with the leaden realization that, good or bad, the *Schlachtfest* was now the only lead he would ever have.

ON Monday, Dr. Levy buckled heavily down to the essential but unexhilarating task of determining the health of the twenty-seven men and



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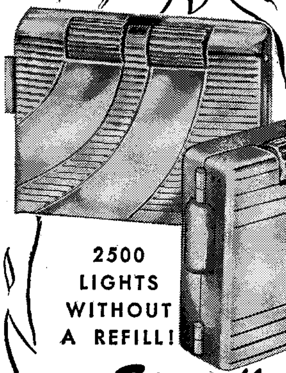

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women who had attended the *Schlachtfest*. Although his attitude was half-hearted, his procedure was methodical, unhurried, and objective. He called on and closely examined each of the guests, including the Lindenhausers, and from each procured a sample of blood for analysis in the Health Department laboratories. The job, necessarily involving a good deal of leg work and many evening visits, took him the better part of two weeks. He ended up, on April 30th, about equally reassured and stumped. His findings were provocative but contradictory. Of the twenty-seven who had feasted together on the night of March 28th, twenty-five were in what undeniably was their normal state of health. Two, just as surely, were not. The exceptions were George Muller and Hans Breit, the men who had provided the pig. Muller was at home and in bed, suffering sorely from what his family physician had uncertainly diagnosed as some sort of intestinal upheaval. Breit was in as bad a way, or worse, in Fordham Hospital. He had been admitted there for observation on April 10th. Several diagnoses had been suggested, including rheumatic myocarditis, pleurisy, and grippe, but none had been formally retained. The nature of the two men's trouble was no mystery to Dr. Levy. Both, as he was subsequently able to demonstrate, had trichinosis.

On Friday morning, May 1st, Dr. Levy returned to the Bronx for a more searching word with Muller. Owing to Muller's debilitated condition on the occasion of Dr. Levy's first visit, their talk had been brief and clinical in character. Muller, who was now up and shakily about, received him warmly. Since their meeting several days before, he said, he had been enlivening the tedious hours of illness with reflection. A question had occurred to him. Would it be possible, he inquired, to contract trichinosis from just a few nibbles of raw pork? It would, Dr. Levy told him. He also urged him to be more explicit. Thus encouraged, Muller displayed an unexpected gift for what appeared to be total recall. He leisurely recounted to Dr. Levy that he and Breit had bought the pig from a farmer who owned a place near Midvale, New Jersey. The farmer had killed and dressed the animal, and they had delivered the carcass to the Labor Temple kitchen on the evening of March 27th. That, however, had been only part of their job. Not wishing to trouble the cook and his helpers, who were otherwise occupied, Muller and Breit had then set about

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preparing the sausage for the feast. They were both experienced amateur sausage makers, he said, and explained the process—grinding, macerating, and seasoning—in laborious detail. Dr. Levy began to fidget. Naturally, Muller presently went on, they had been obliged to sample their work. There was no other way to make sure that the meat was properly seasoned. He had taken perhaps two or three little nibbles. Breit, who had a heartier taste for raw pork, had probably eaten a trifle more. It was hard to believe, Muller said, that so little—just a pinch or two—could cause such misery. He had thought his head would split, and the pain in his legs had been almost beyond endurance. Dr. Levy returned him sympathetically to the night of March 27th. They had finished with the sausage around midnight, Muller remembered. The cook had departed by then, but his helpers were still at work. There had been five of them. He didn't know their names, but he had seen all or most of them again the next night, during the feast. Neither he nor Breit had given them any of the sausage before they left. But it was possible, of course, since the refrigerator in which he and Breit had stored the meat was not, like some, equipped with a lock . . . Dr. Levy thanked him, and moved rapidly to the door.

Dr. Levy spent the rest of the morning in the Bronx. After lunch, he hopped over to Queens. From there, he made his way to Brooklyn. It was past four by the time he got back to his office. He was hot and gritty from a dozen subway journeys, and his legs ached from pounding pavements and stairs and hospital corridors, but he had tracked down and had a revealing chat with each of Sauer's kitchen colleagues, and his heart was light. Three of them—William Ritter, Rudolf Nath, and Frederick Kreisler—were in hospitals. Ritter was at Fordham, Nath

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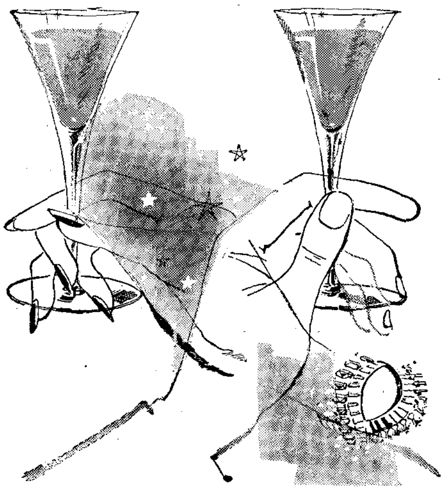

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at Queens General, and Kreisler at the Coney Island Hospital, not far from his home in Brooklyn. The fourth member of the group, Henry Kuhn, was sick in bed at home. All were veterans of numerous reasonable but incorrect diagnoses, all were in more discomfort than danger, and all, it was obvious to Dr. Levy's unclouded eye, were suffering from trichinosis. Its source was equally obvious. They had prowled the icebox after the departure of Muller and Breit, come upon the sausage meat, and cheerfully helped themselves. They thought it was hamburger.

BEFORE settling down at his desk to compose the final installment of his report, Dr. Levy looked in on Dr. Greenberg. He wanted, among other things, to relieve him of the agony of suspense. Dr. Greenberg gave him a chair, a cigarette, and an attentive ear. At the end of the travelogue, he groaned. "Didn't they even bother to cook it?" he asked.

"Yes, most of them did," Dr. Levy said. "They made it up into patties and fried them. Kuhn cooked his fairly well. A few minutes, at least. The others liked theirs rare. All except Sauer. He ate his raw."

"Oh," Dr. Greenberg said.

"Also," Dr. Levy added, "he ate two." —BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

H. W. Fowler, in his well-known essay on The Split Infinitative, observes that "the English-speaking world may be divided into (among others) (1) those who neither know nor care what a split infinitive is, and (2) those who do not know, but care very much."—*The Times.*

And (3) those who can't spell it.

•

Despite the renewal of war on the continent after 1803, Napoleon gave the most vigorous encouragement to industry; iron foundries, cloth mills, and banks, driven by the new steam power, multiplied and flourished.—*From "Stendhal," by Matthew Josephson.*

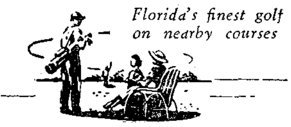
A steam-driven bank *needs* encouragement.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Baton Rouge* (*La.*) *Morning Advocate*]

The rain cut down attendance also at the sweet potato show at the Yamatorium, used this year for the first time. Howard F. Young, Arnaudville, presided at the opening of the show which was marred by an informal talk by Pres. Joel C. Fletcher of SLI.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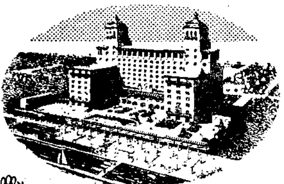

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PARADISE IMPERILLED

MY friends Claire and Richard, who are visiting relatives near where I live, came to see me the other evening, and we spent the time talking about bears. Or, rather, they spent the time talking about bears. I listened—sitting on the edge of my chair, for the most part, because I have always found bears fascinating. My acquaintance with the creatures, however, has been limited to zoos and circuses, and Claire and Richard live right among them, on terms of startling intimacy.

"They're about as common out there as cottontails are here in Maryland," said Claire seriously. "I mean you see them about as often."

"Oftener," amended Richard. "We've been here a week now, and I haven't seen a cottontail but once. We see bears practically every day out there."

"Or anyway their tracks," Claire said. "Mornings, I *always* look for bear tracks around the house."

"Out there" is a spot in a northern California forest where, two years ago, Richard and Claire bought several acres on which there is an old gold mine, built a house, and settled down. They are a pair of romantics; that is the only term by which I can describe them. They have something in them that rejects standardization and ordinariness. It makes them, from time to time, do things like taking up claims in the wilderness. Once they spent a year gypsying in a horse-drawn caravan, keeping off the highways, and following the back country roads. They are not dilettantes. Richard is a first-class carpenter and mechanic; he built their California home and he works the mine himself, and Claire keeps house without electricity or a servant. Nor did they choose this unconventional life in the hope of getting rich; they are rich already. They simply have a liking for utter independence, or, since that is beyond the reach of humankind, for dependence that is reduced to fundamentals, that rests on a balance between themselves and the earth. In our times, as I see it, this attitude makes them romantics, though at an earlier period in our country's history it would have made them realists of a quite choice sort.

They sat side by side on my davenport, facing me. They have a well-matched look. They are middle-aged—Richard is white-haired—but they are hard of body, fresh of face, and genu-

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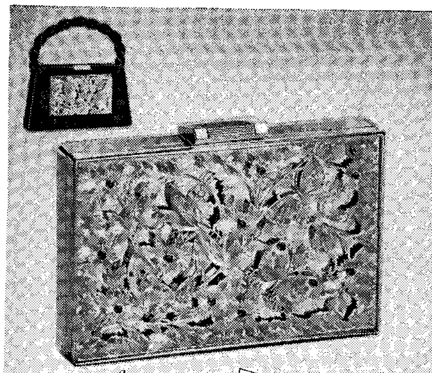

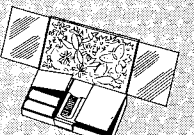

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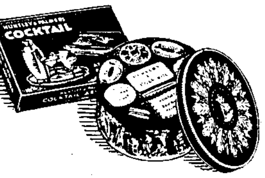

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inely young of eye. He is big and square; she is little and Indianly brunette.

"Go on," I demanded. "Tell me about those bears."

"Well," Claire responded, "I supposed at first that they came around the house looking for garbage. But Richard thinks it's partly interest in us."

"Oh," I said.

Richard explained. "They're used to people," he told me. "There are houses dotted all through the forest out there, every few miles. The bears sort of police them nights, the way a dog'll make the rounds of his neighborhood. Of course, they eat whatever they can find, too. But I think the food is only part of it."

This, for my taste in bears, seemed a little too domestic. "Well, goodness," I said, "they *aren't* dogs! They're monstrous, ferocious, wild animals. How do you feel when you open your door and see them prowling around in your yard?" I asked Claire. I remembered a Kodiak I had fed in the zoo; I could have walked under his arm. Grizzlies, I had heard all my life, are among the most savage beasts known to man.

Claire said that out there you get used to bears.

"I can see that you might," I rejoined, "with the house behind you to run into. But how about it when you're going somewhere through the woods?"

"It's a good idea to carry a gun," Richard conceded. "Mostly they leave you alone, but there's two times when they'll go for you—if it's a mother with cubs, or if you happen to meet one that's already mad about something. Then they'll jump you, almost always."

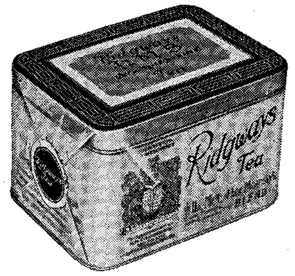
"What would make them mad?" I inquired.

"Little things," said Richard. "I met one once that was being bothered by some dogs. They'd been barking at him but keeping out of his reach. He was tired of it. When he saw me, I guess he figured I was something he could catch. So he rushed me."

"He rushed you," I said happily.

"I never hit anything so hard in my life." Richard stated it simply and gave his head a shake. "I didn't have a gun—that was my trouble. I was going out to cut some oak timbers and I only had an axe. I knew I had a chance for one good knock, but no more. So I sure swung on that old bear. After that, I always took a gun. But the people who've always lived out there don't. Somehow they just never look to have any trouble."

"Where did you hit him?" I demanded. I wanted to see the combat



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between beast and man clearly in my mind.

"On the head," he replied. "I smashed his skull."

"But they're so tall!" I objected, thinking of the magazine-story illustrations of bears I'd seen. "How could you get past his arms to hit him on the head? Wasn't he reaching for you?"

Richard had evidently seen the same pictures. "They don't stand up," he explained. "Not when they attack you. They stay down on all fours, and they usually come at you sort of sidling. The way they fight always reminds me of a boar more than anything else. They edge around you like a boar does, looking for a chance to rush in. Their eyes get red and they drool. They drool a lot and they champ their jaws together. And when they get their death blow and fall down for the last time, they always make"—Richard paused—"an awful groan."

"They aren't big bears," said Claire. "The ones we have are the black ones."

"Not grizzlies," I observed learnedly.

"No," said Claire and Richard in unison.

"Well, goodness," I remarked.

THERE was a brief silence. Then Richard stated, in a careful voice, "I don't think Claire has it just right when she says you get used to them. You get used to them if you're expecting them. But when you're not expecting them and you meet one face to face— well, there isn't anybody could claim he was used to that. It *really* makes you jump."

"How on earth could you meet a bear, face to face, all of a sudden, without a notion that he was there?" I asked.

"Well, I started to come out of my mine one morning just when a bear was starting to come in," he said. "I put my head out of the tunnel, and there *his* head was, straight in front of me. Not two feet away."

"What did you do?" I said.

"My hair stood up on end," said Richard.

Annoyed at what I felt was a picturesque touch, I protested, "But hair doesn't do that, Richard. Not really."

"*My* hair did," said Richard. He added that the bear was as startled as he, and went off at once. I asked him if he'd ever had another fight with one. He said, "Not exactly," and explained that on another occasion he was just looking on. "What happened," he said, "was that a farmer out there asked me

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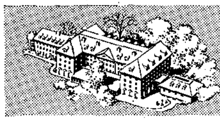

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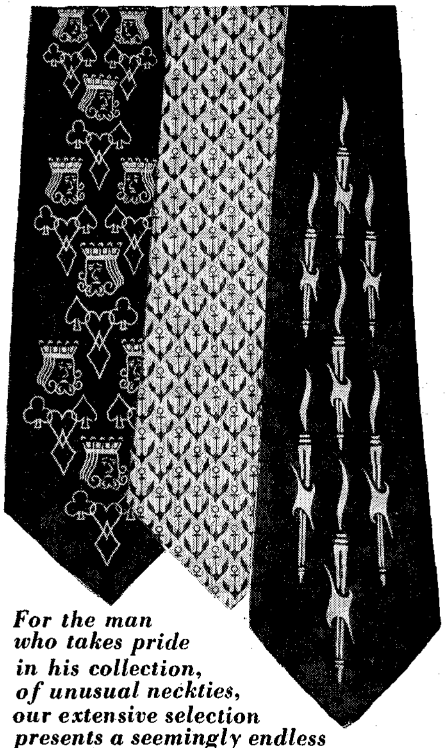

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if I would like to see him shoot a bear he was going to catch. He'd been having his apple trees broken down by one that was raiding his orchard, and he'd already set a trap. I said sure. So he promised to let me know when he got this fellow. Well, after a few days he sent me word he had him, and I went over to his house. It being his bear, I didn't take a gun. We walked down to the orchard together, and as soon as the bear saw us, he charged.

"He was caught by his hind leg. The trap was a great, heavy thing, chained to a log. With all that on him, he couldn't make much speed. But when he was about halfway to us, the log jammed between two trees, and he gave such a yank on it that the chain tore loose. Then he had nothing but the trap to hinder him, and he came on pretty fast. The farmer didn't have his gun up and ready. He was an old man, and he had something wrong with his back, so that he rocked on his legs when he stood still. It always took him a little time to get set when he was shooting. So there he was, swaying and tottering, *trying* to get set, while the bear galloped at him."

Richard rose and took a stance, one foot advanced beyond the other, both legs obviously stiff. He rocked back and forth in that position, his knees rigid, so that he looked like a wooden man. At the same time, he made as if he were trying to sight a gun, and let us see vividly how nearly impossible it was to do in that position. Then he sat down again.

"I just watched," he said. "There wasn't a thing in the world I could do. I never wanted anything in my life as bad as I wanted a gun just then. Finally, the old man did get set, and started shooting. He shot five times in maybe three seconds, and every shot hit, but only the last one did the work. When the bear dropped, he was so close that his blood spattered that old farmer's clothes."

I asked what the old farmer said afterward.

"He told me that for quite a while he'd been thinking that if a bear killed him, he'd have no kick coming," Richard reported. "He said he'd killed enough bears in his life for it to be only fair if one finally killed him. That was how he had it figured."

CLAIRE and Richard talked awhile then about the Homeric quality (the adjective is mine) of life in their far-off wilderness. Scarcely ever does anyone out there buy much of anything,

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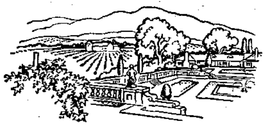

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Richard said. There are a shop and a forge in every home, and when a man needs a thing, he makes it. People make sleigh runners, bedsprings, and wagon wheels. They make all kinds of furniture.

Claire said it was the same way with their talk; they don't get that ready-made, either. "You never hear any radio jokes," she explained. "And they have their own slang. It's different from any other I ever listened to and it fits what they mean it for. You'd enjoy it."

"Yes, you really ought to come out there," Richard said.

I answered that I was glad to *hear* about such a place, which was true.

"We love it," said Claire.

Then they told me that they fished, hunted for their meat, and raised all the vegetables and fruits they needed. The mine paid enough to cover their cash expenses, if not much more. Very few things cost them anything, except, of course, that everything cost work. "We've been *busy*, all right," Richard remarked, and they both laughed.

Once, they related, they decided to take a vacation and duly went to a much-publicized mountain resort and put up at a great hotel. They were there two weeks, and it cost them seven hundred dollars. The food was no better than at home, said Richard, and Claire added that the country was no more beautiful. They were waited on—that was the only difference. "I question it was worth that money," Richard told me seriously.

"Well," I said, "you always have your own place to go back to."

Richard sighed. "We have—for a while," he agreed. "But it's changing." He sighed again. "It's going, I'm afraid. Already there have been several innovations."

I asked what innovations.

"We were talking just now about bears," he replied. "That'll do to show you what I mean. Like this, for instance. The government, a while back, brought in some new bears from the National Parks. Turned them loose in our neighborhood, quite a lot of them. Bears that had grown up in the National Park atmosphere, I mean. And what happened?"

As it was obviously a question he intended to answer, I sat silent, waiting.

"*Those* bears are used to getting handouts from the tourists, and they are spoiled," Richard continued. "They think everybody ought to give them something. They stop you and ask you for whatever you have, and if you

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THE
Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune
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STARTLING STATISTICS: Half the teen-age girls in the country are now wearing girdles at the age of 14. In the bracket from 15 to 17, the percentage jumps to 75. For information beyond that age, you're on your own . . . The perfume makers really go all out. This word of warning appears on a new bottle: "Don't use this perfume if you're bluffing" . . . Diaper Service Slogan: "Rock A Dry Baby" . . . Maine dog tags are in the shape of a hydrant . . . Those of you who like to do your own household painting will be pleased to learn, if you haven't already, that a new polka dot paint has been developed. The pigment used for contrasting dots retains its identity no matter how hard you stir the paint . . . Here's a bit of a quote which may fit too many of us: One of the great labor-saving devices of today is—tomorrow . . . You'd never guess what the principal subject of conversation between two magicians is. Invariably they ask each other where to get white rabbits . . . Lovely cow is that owned by Emory White of Little Falls, Minnesota. In three successive years, the bossie obligingly has had three sets of twins.

★

EVER READ ANY stuff by Jonathan Oldstyle, Launcelot Langstaff, Diedrich Knickerbocker or Geoffrey Crayon? Bet you have. They were all pseudonyms used by Washington Irving . . . High school kids in our area have rigged up a new wrinkle in entertainment for after football games or an early party. They locate a nice, smooth stretch of grassplot, maybe on a golf course, park their cars in a circle, tune their auto radios to the same dance program, leave the doors open and dance. It's rated as harmless enough—except perhaps to the grass . . . The Let's Have Better Mottos association has bobbed up with this one: "Let's All Decide What to Do and Then Overdo It."

★

YOU KNOW, SOME OF AMERICA'S best-edited newspapers are published in cities so far from the Atlantic seaboard that government and business leaders naturally aren't as familiar with them as they are, for example, with New York and Washington papers. Two of these well-edited newspapers, we believe, are the Minneapolis Star and the Minneapolis Tribune. The Sunday Tribune now has more than 610,000 circulation, the daily Star and Tribune (morning and evening combined) more than 480,000. Here are some interesting circulation comparisons:

	Daily	Sunday
New York Times	544,974	1,173,764
New York Herald Tribune	340,905	675,105
Washington Star	223,547	250,668
Washington Post	187,369	195,885
Minneapolis Star and Tribune	475,910	603,778

All figures are average for 6-months period ending March 31, 1950.

★

PEOPLE WHO WISH they were as "strong as a horse" or as "contented as a cow" may be surprised to learn which mammal actually lives the longest life. It is not the horse, not the cow, not the hippopotamus, not even the durable elephant. The longest-living mammal today is woman. The average girl baby born today can expect to live fully 71 years, thanks to the recent advances of medical science. The mighty elephant, once ranked as the longest-living mammal, now lags far behind with its 60-year life span. The hippo has an expectancy of 40; the horse 20-25 and the cow an average of from 9 to 15 years. Even our men live longer than our elephants these days. Boy babies born today will live an average of 65 years. The turtle, which is not a mammal, lives at least a century longer than human beings. A turtle can't brag about its advanced age and women probably won't, so we men are safe.

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don't give it to them, they get fresh."

I felt very curious about this, but I approached the matter of my interest only by asking what one did in the woods when a bear got fresh.

Richard said that people out there were getting kind of sore about it. "You take a friend of mine," he said. "He'd been fishing. He'd got a nice string of trout. He started home, and on the way he met one of these improved-model Park bears. The fellow wanted a fish, and my friend threw him one. That was all right. People out there are used to that with the old-time bears. One fish, and an old-time bear was happy. But this Park bear wasn't. He ate his fish and caught up with my friend and started panhandling for another, and my friend had to give him one. That went on clear up to my friend's house, and he gave away his last trout just as he got home. Everybody laughed at him, because he'd lost his whole string. Things like that, now," said Richard. "They're making people kind of sore."

"Oh," I said.

"You can see where it'll lead," said Richard. "You can't live on good terms with a panhandling bear. It isn't possible."

"No," I said sadly. "I suppose you can't."

There was a silence. Richard, his brows knit, stared hard at my living-room floor. There was something very impressive about him; neither Claire nor I had any disposition to break in on his steadfast thinking. We sat looking at him for a moment, and then, rather humbly, each of us moved her eyes toward the other. Our glances thus came together and we smiled.

—MARY-CARTER ROBERTS

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

Don't be surprised if Dean Acheson is out of Cabinet before summer ends. —*Washington News, June 17th.*

DEWEY NOT TO RUN: Gov. Tom Dewey won't run again this year. He will retire from public office and practice law in N. Y. City. Reason: With two sons to put through college, he needs more income. He'll try to persuade the state GOP to nominate Sen. Ives for Governor. —*Quick, June 19th.*

Gen. Carl Spaatz, former chief of staff of the Air Force, now retired, is in the lead as possible choice for the post of director of the Central Intelligence Agency.—*Washington Star, August 18th.*

Put no stock in the widespread newspaper and radio reports that Defense Secretary Johnson has submitted his resignation or has been asked to.—*Newsweek, September 18th.*

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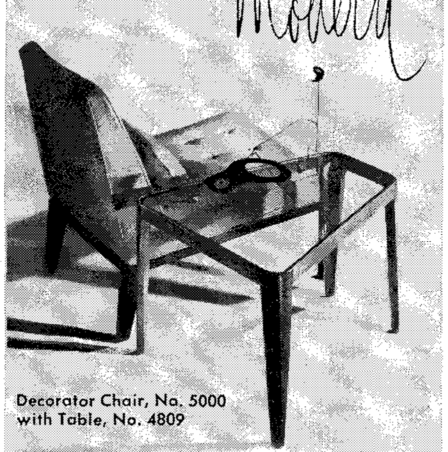

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Tired Vehicle

STANLEY KRAMER, who produced "Home of the Brave" and "The Men," is obviously intent upon making movies a cut above the ones designed to divert the popcorn set. His latest production, "Cyrano," however, is a step in the wrong direction. Presumably entranced with Rostand's ramshackle drama—although, at the age of fifty-three, the piece can hardly heave itself along—Mr. Kramer has supervised a film version so faithful to the original, as translated from the French by Brian Hooker, that one can almost hear the creaking over the clash of cutlery, the tooting of trumpets, and the incessant beat of the childish iambics. I guess these are pretty harsh words, and they are hard for me to set down, since in my romantic youth I was an all-out Cyrano buff. But I think that anyone who has put aside his dreams of being the greatest swordsman in France, of making ladies swoon with five-stress sweet talk, and of wearing a white plume as a badge of freedom must find "Cyrano" something of a bore.

These strictures might apply to the French antique in any medium, but as a picture Rostand's play has special handicaps. There can be no doubt that Michael Gordon, who directed it, tried desperately to give it something of the dash that went with the old Douglas Fairbanks films. Confronted, however, with a hero who is plainly an oral neurotic, Mr. Gordon has been compelled, all too often, to slow the pace of the thing to a walk in order to give the No. 1 boy time to catch up on his lines. In the title role, José Ferrer, who appeared as the loquacious Gascon on Broadway in 1946, seems to be in the acting pink, chewing up just as much scenery as Walter Hampden used to when he got loose in this affair, and waving a false nose that might excite the envy of an anteater. Since the script calls for so much blustering and bleating on the part of Mr. Ferrer, it is rather difficult to pay a great deal of attention to his colleagues. In the case of Mala Powers, who figures as Roxane, this is probably all to the good. Miss Powers doesn't seem to be precisely the girl Rostand was trying to portray. You'll remember that Roxane is supposed to be an intellectual type, more interested in a man's soul and vocabulary than in his physical configuration. Miss Powers, regrettably, conducts herself as if she were on the wrong set; when she pleads with her beloved Christian (William Prince) to liven up his discourse, she sounds like a Stork Club blossom begging her escort to talk about something besides business.

I had the impression that the photography was unnecessarily gloomy, but I'm afraid that even if it were radiant, it wouldn't help matters. Let's all hope that the next time "Cyrano" comes along, it will feature Jimmy Durante, the only man I can think of who might make the business stimulating.

"AMERICAN GUERRILLA IN THE PHILIPPINES" demonstrates that Tyrone Power can make love to a lady in circumstances that might have depressed Casanova. His sweetheart this time is the French widow of a native planter, whom he meets while dodging the Japs after the destruction of a motor torpedo squadron has forced him ashore in the Philippines. There are a few convincing glimpses of the sort of fighting that went on in the Islands during the war, but mostly this is preposterous stuff. Mr. Power's alleged beloved is played by Micheline Prelle, who is long on beauty and short on animation.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

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. . . Very high frequency sound waves will make the little amphibian shed skin like an onion.—*Science News Letter.*

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—E.F.K.

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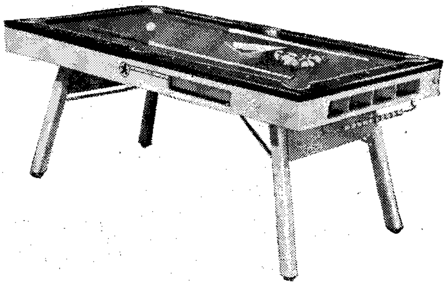

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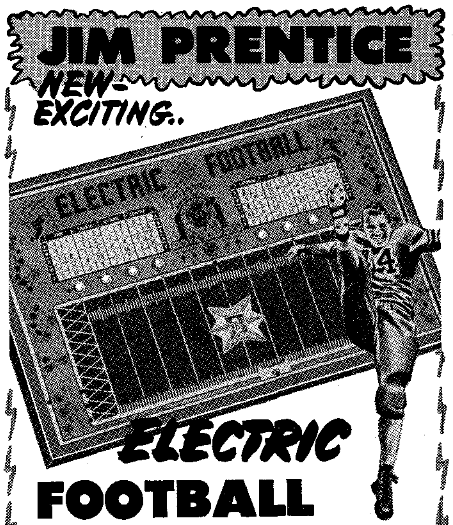

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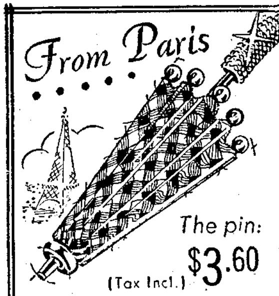

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FOOTBALL

The Saturday That God Forgot

BECAUSE the makers of football schedules have to work months and sometimes even years in advance, it is hardly fair to complain when their handiwork doesn't come out quite right. Last weekend, there were Fordham and Georgetown making faces at each other uptown, a contest in which Fordham came out ahead, 14–13, but since the Polo Grounds is almost nobody's favorite campus, only thirteen thousand customers were scattered through its chilly reaches. Columbia, Manhattan's standard-bearer, was far away, in Hanover, New Hampshire, on the losing end (14–7) of the one first-rate football game within several hundred miles of New York. Yale, whose schedule-makers may well be gifted with prescience, was taking a Saturday off before assuming the unpleasant task of tackling Princeton.

This situation gave the local buffs a choice of journeying to West Point to see Army overwhelm New Mexico, 51–0, or of journeying to Philadelphia to see Penn overwhelm Brown, 50–0, or of journeying to Princeton to see the home guard swarm over Harvard, 63–26, or of making the long trip down to Baltimore to see Tulane badly outrun Navy, 27–0. It was an off Saturday for coaches as well as customers. Yale's Hickman was at Princeton, and Army's Blaik was in Baltimore. Hickman's team still has both Princeton and Harvard to play, and Blaik's will wind up its season against Navy. Princeton's Caldwell might as well have taken a busman's holiday at Hanover, watching Dartmouth, against which his team will wind up *its* season; nothing that was going on at Princeton that day could have given him the slightest reason for worry.

Princeton this fall is in the embarrassing position of the big, good-natured bear who would like to be pals with everyone but just doesn't realize its own strength. A quote from the running commentary over the public-address system at Palmer Stadium will illustrate: "Well, it's Harvard's ball on its own twenty-one-yard line, fourth down and forty-five yards to go." Caldwell kept his first-string team at work for eleven minutes, during which they managed to make four touchdowns, and then sent in the underlings. Players whom he had scarcely used at all before got into action along with more experienced performers, and the game ended with the fifth-string quarterback, Forsyth, whose name wasn't even in the program, enjoying a brief burst of glory as he romped twelve yards through the Harvard line. It was the gentlemanly thing to do, giving a lot of the youngsters a chance to play and giving Harvard the pleasure of making four touchdowns—as many as the team had made all fall up to Saturday. Only once did Princeton put business before pleasure. Jannotta, the best of Princeton's collection of sophomore backs, made a brilliant gallop of fifty-two yards to the Harvard twelve-yard line. Caldwell removed him and another second-string back and sent in Kazmaier and Davison, the two top-ranking regulars, who scored Princeton's fifth touchdown two plays later. Next year, on his showing this season against Cornell, Colgate, and Harvard, Jannotta will be one of the boys who are sent in to carry the ball at what is known as the crucial moment. He made a touchdown anyway, later on, and should have had two more. One of his passes to Reed, which put the ball down at the Harvard goal, was declared null and void because a teammate broke a rule; another pass to Reed, on which Reed made a touchdown, was declared null and void because the timekeeper had signalled the end of the third quarter as the play was getting under way.

COLUMBIA, making hay out of a Dartmouth fumble, just the way it had done the week before against Cornell, took an early lead in its game last Saturday, and for quite a while there was the delightful possibility of another upset. But Columbia is not strong enough these days to manage two upsets in a row, and Dartmouth, which appears to be gaining momentum, though rather late in the season, came from behind, and then went into the lead in the third quarter.

There is not much point in discussing the other events of the afternoon. Navy, a team about which this department had entertained some hopes, allowed Tulane to complete nineteen of the thirty-five passes it tried. Army reverted to its routine of fooling around for most of the first quarter, but once it had tasted blood (Pollard's first touchdown), any resemblance to a contest disappeared, and Army's track team started ripping off those long runs to which it is so partial. Penn, intercepting four of Brown's twelve passes and falling on four Brown fumbles, won as it pleased.

This weekend, the pace should pick up. Harvard, which hasn't won a game all fall, and Brown, which has won once in seven tries, will meet head on in Cambridge, which is perhaps what they should have been doing all season, thus releasing some of their other regular opponents for more pressing matters elsewhere.
—J. W. L.

•

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[*From blurb on cover of Columbia long-playing record ML-2079*]

According to Mauke, Don Juan makes three conquests in Strauss' symphonic poem. The first conquest is easy, and takes only seventy bars in *Allegro molto con brio.* The opening theme represents the philosophical concept of the multiplicity of womanly essence. Then comes the upsurging Don Juan theme, followed by the theme of the first victim, whom Mauke identifies as Zerlina. But this conquest leaves a feeling of disgust and lassitude, expressed in dreary chromatics. The second conquest starts on the ninth-chord in pianissimo. The intended victim is a blonde countess, who lives in a villa one hour's ride from Seville, but there is no Spanish atmosphere in the music. There is a theme of "nameless delight" in the uppermost regions of the violin range. The affair with the countess takes eighty-nine bars, ending in an E minor crash. The third and tragic love is Anna. She is a G-major creature; but the chromatics of disgust are contrapuntally projected against her theme at the very outset. A new Don Juan theme is introduced—a call to new conquests—but it is caricatured by diminution in the tinkling Glockenspiel. Don Juan goes to a masked ball (cachinnating chromatics in the woodwinds). Then comes death by the sword of Don Pedro. Don Juan's blood flows slowly down the tremolos of the violins. He expires in E minor.

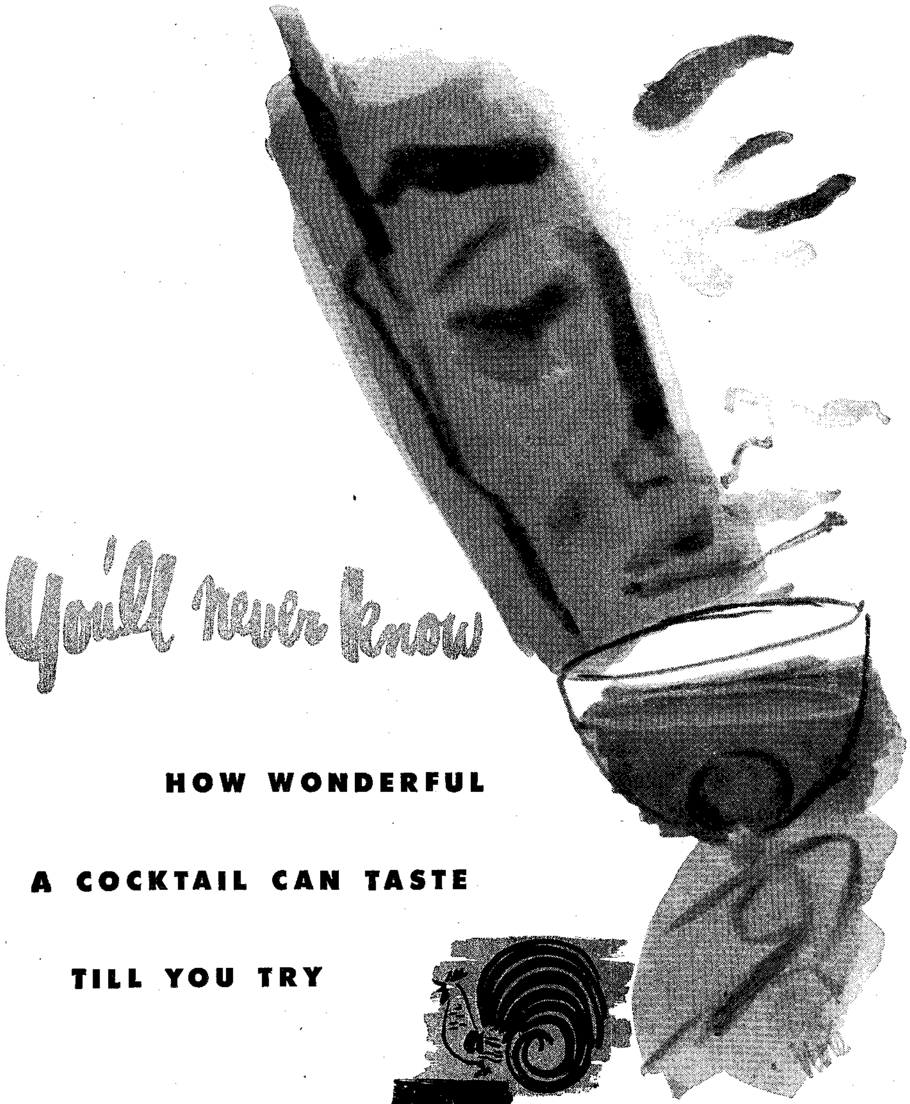
•

A directed verdict of not guilty was recorded in Berrien circuit court Wednesday afternoon after part of the testimony was taken in the trial of Otis Nails, 42, Benton Harbor, who was arrested on a charge of desertion and returned here last month from Caruthersville, Mo.

The motion for the directed verdict was made by Defense Attorney Neville Whitney after Myrtle Nails, the wife and complaining witness, testified that she had told her husband to "get out until he could return home sober" and that he once telephoned and asked to be permitted to come home.

Assistant Prosecutor John Spellman handled the case for the state. Mrs. H. W. Fowler was organist.—*St. Joseph (Mich.) Herald Press.*

"Hearts and Flowers"?



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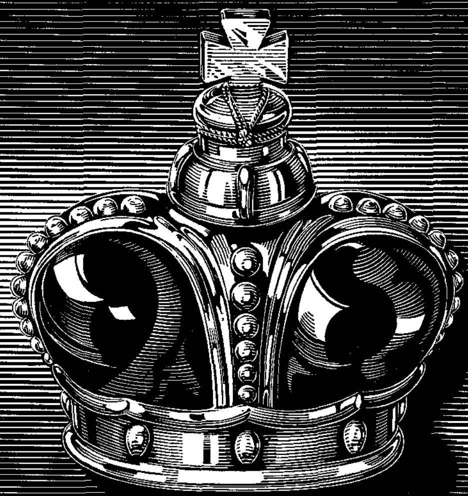

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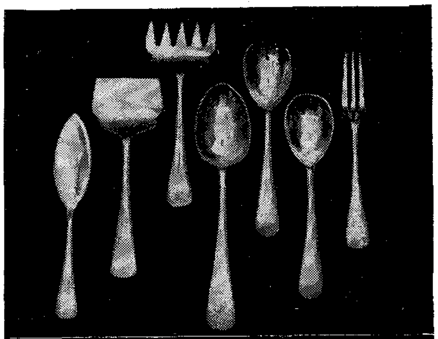

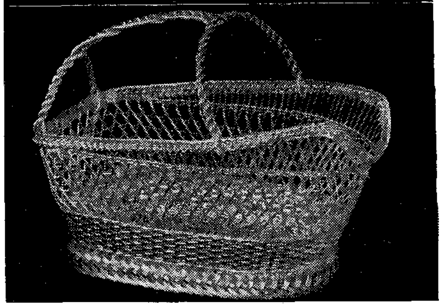

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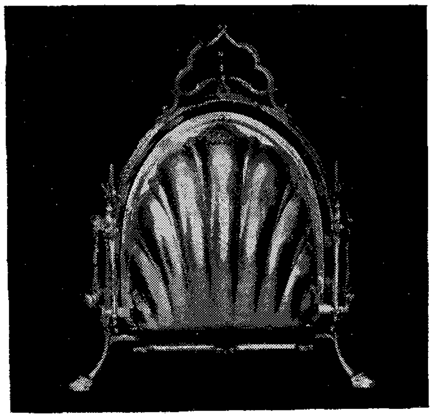

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OF ALL THINGS

OVER the weekend, the Peiping government announced that its delegates are coming to the United Nations to talk about Formosa but not about Chinese intervention in the Korean war. They are going halfway around the world just to change the subject.

•

There can no longer be any doubt that Thomas E. Dewey is the victim of a dastardly conspiracy to keep him in Albany. This fact has been demonstrated in five elections—three state and two national.

•

New York's young dramatic season has already produced a bright new star. The whole town is talking about the swell job of acting done by Acting Mayor Impellitteri.

•

The New York Leftist Vito Marcantonio, who was defeated for Congress by a coalition candidate, will be sorely missed in Washington. He will long be remembered as the man Democrats and Republicans accused each other of voting the same as.

•

A committee of experts has decided that comic strips have little or no influence upon juvenile delinquency. It must be that what ails the kids is not so much their choice of reading matter as their choice of parents.

•

Cold weather has at last reached the Eastern seaboard, starting with the customary three-inch snowfall in Buffalo. The backbone of the summer is hereby declared broken.

•

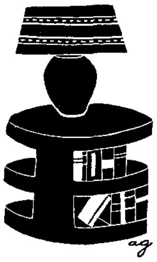
William Faulkner has been awarded the Nobel Prize for his stark and realistic stories of life below our own Thirty-eighth Parallel. His works show that there is a lot going on in the Southland besides honeysuckle and magnolia.

•

The Bureau of Labor Statistics is preparing to broaden the base of its famous cost-of-living index to bring it more into step with the times. It is hoped that it will face such gruesome facts as dollar haircuts, twelve-cent bus rides, and fifteen-cent beer. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

BOOKS

The Embattled Architects



TWO small books currently available to the student of crisis are "A Plan for Peace," by Grenville Clark (Harper), and "Our Foreign Policy," issued by the Department of State. It is profitable to read these two books together, one against the other. The first is a calm, flat blueprint for a new, bloodless—and therefore different—world. The second is a hot bulletin from one nerve center of the world that is very much with us.

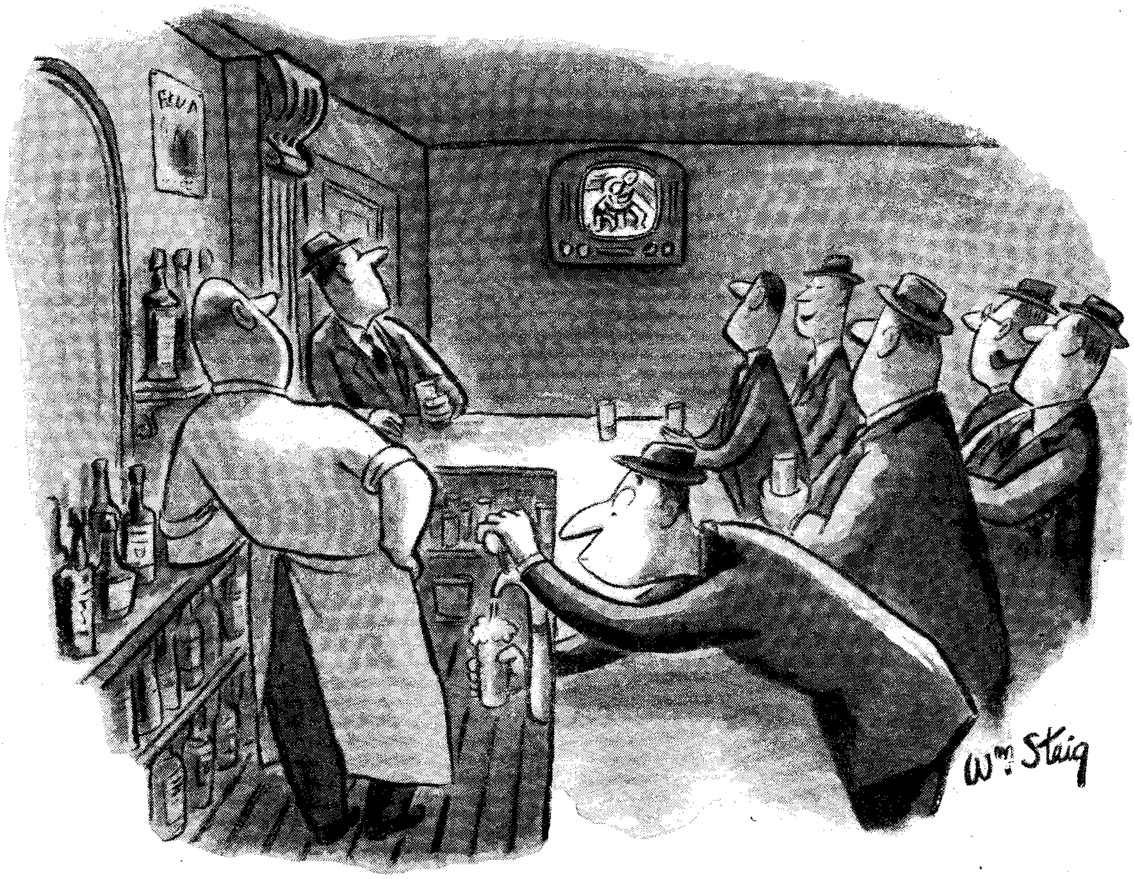
Grenville Clark is a lawyer, a federalist, and a wheel horse in the world-government movement. He is a distinguished citizen and has proved himself useful on past occasions, notably in the first war, when he helped organize the Plattsburg Idea for training line officers, and in the second war, when he helped write the Selective Service bill. Last June, he submitted a statement to a Senate committee in support of the world-government resolution that was, and is, before Congress. In slightly revised form, that statement constitutes the book that Harper has just released. It is substantially the line that the group known as the United World Federalists follows.

Mr. Clark insists that disarmament is the crux of the world's problem. He further insists that all arms must go, not just some arms. And he argues that every nation must participate, not just some nations. He sets out in his book to demonstrate that, as a precondition of disarmament, a federation must be formed. It must be joined by all nations, and no nation shall have the right to secede. The way to form it is to revise the Charter of the United Nations, creating a limited world government whose laws and whose law enforcement shall be "confined to matters clearly and directly related to the prevention of war." He proposes a United Nations Peace Force to do the police work of the world federation, a force heavily armed and of adequate strength to prevent any violation of world law.

He sets forth five essentials for the achievement of this orderly and peaceable new world: (1) Encourage a more searching discussion of the implications of a third world war. (2) Recognize that disarmament is the key to a stable world settlement, that disarmament is impossible without world government, and that the instrument at hand is the Charter of the United Nations. (3) Make disarmament and the settlement of existing national differences all one package—no disarmament without settlement, no settlement without disarmament. (4) Continue to resist Communist aggression pending the outcome of Steps 1, 2, and 3. (5) Recognize that our executive officials cannot be expected to produce the new ideas necessary to deal with the unprecedented problem and that the new concepts of world order must come from "the people at large, with the help of Congress."

Like the good and careful lawyer that he is, Mr. Clark has anticipated and demolished many of the arguments that can be brought against his case. But there is one question that bedevils every proponent of world government, and this question he has avoided. I say "one question"—actually it is a series of questions that are tied up together. When does a community become a government? How much agreement does there have to be before government is possible? What is force? What makes it effective? Who and what is behind it? When is a law an enforceable law and when is it just an idea on a piece of paper?

Mr. Clark, as architect, has produced plans for an all-inclusive federal union. It would therefore unite democratic nations, whose people make the rules, and dictator nations, whose leaders make the rules. Any theoretical structure of this sort calls for a lot of explaining, and I do not think Mr. Clark has done the explaining. To most Americans, certainly, a scheme to federate the Soviet Union and the United States is as unpromising as a scheme to consolidate Alcatraz and Brearley. Mr. Clark is aware of that, of course, and his answer is that the federation he is proposing would have powers strictly limited to the matter of war prevention, leaving all domestic affairs to national governments. In other words, the world would undergo no immediate change except in its arms and its capacity to use them. By



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thus limiting his plan, he keeps it tidy. People, by and large, are against war and in favor of peace, and so there is a certain plausibility in assuming that they are capable of translating their common desire for peace into a framework of enforceable law. It ought to fix everything. But does it?

In Mr. Clark's federated world, national armies, navies, and air forces would disappear. The United States would turn over its war-making establishment to the world peace force. The Soviet Union would likewise turn over its war-making establishment to the world peace force. The duty of the new supra-police would be to prevent anybody, anywhere, from using force to settle disputes. It would be a composite force charged with enforcing world law, and the law would be confined to the prevention of war. This conception of government is, I suspect, faulty. It seeks to dissociate force from social ideas, and it places power in a political vacuum from which it is instructed not to emerge.

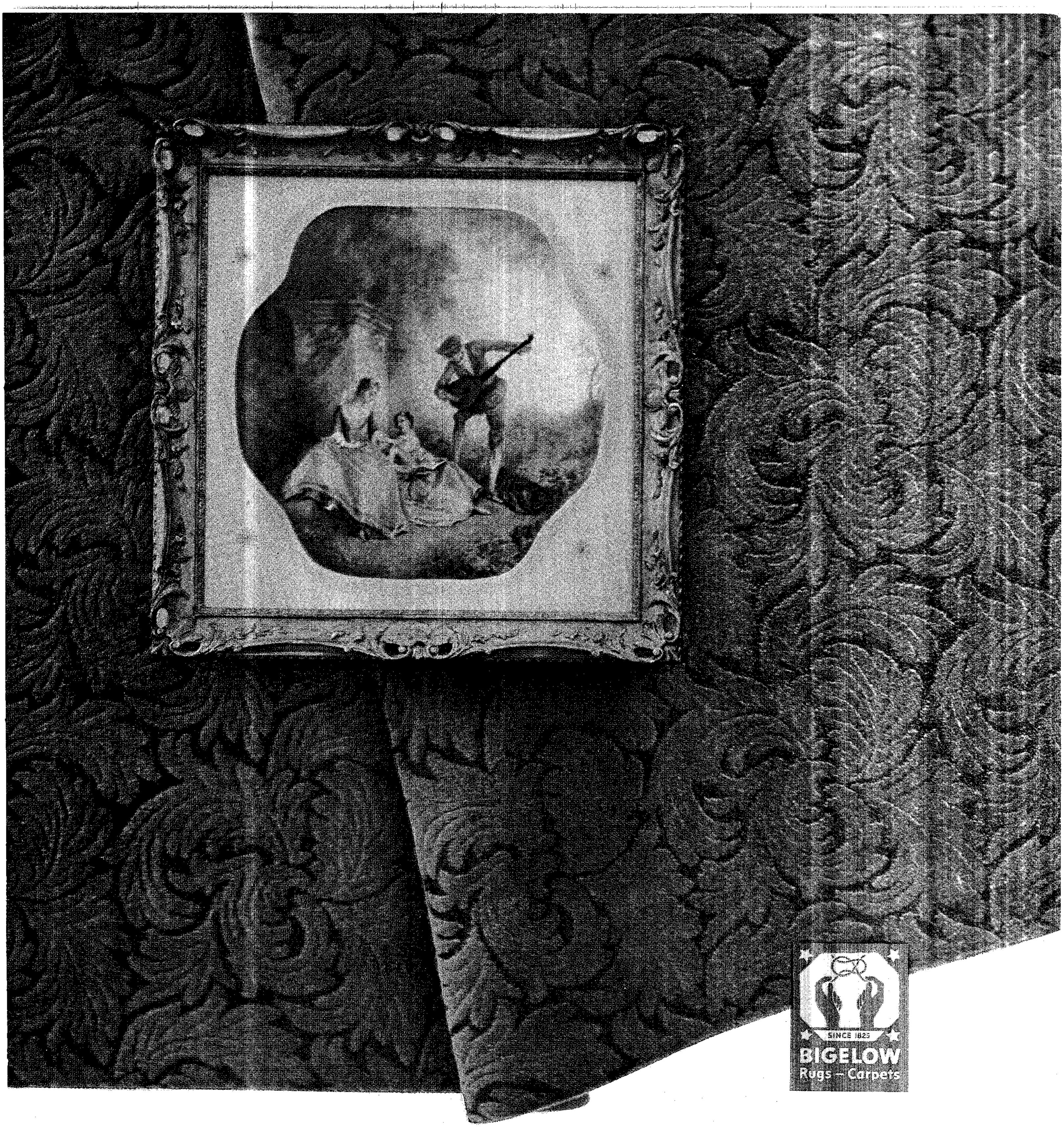
If non-violence and security were the first concern of mankind, "A Plan for Peace" might easily be a satisfactory blueprint for the planet. But the first concern of democratic peoples is not peace but freedom, and the first concern of the Politburo is not peace but Communist expansion. A community becomes a government when it embraces a complete set of positive principles; the weakness in Mr. Clark's proposal is that he attempts to jump the gun and create a government around the single negative principle of *no fighting*. He suggests that irreconcilable political systems can and must pool their arms, in the name of security and to save the day. If men had no blood in their eye, no gnawing in their belly, no flame in their spirit, such a scheme might suffice. As things go, it isn't enough.

When Mr. Clark comes to grips with this matter of ideologies and the East-West contest, he doesn't make out a convincing case. "This contest," he writes, "may continue for a long time. What is desirable is that it be conducted in the field of ideas and not of violence. . . . We do not want to cease the propagation of our principles. By the same token it is not possible to prevent Communist propaganda. We can be confident that over a period of time this non-violent competition in the free market of ideas will turn in our favor."

Here we have a picture of Western democratic aims and ideas competing with Communist aims and ideas, non-violently, in a "free" market, and with a joint police force as referee. It is fair to ask whether, given these conditions, the market would indeed be free. Dictators do not permit the circulation of nonconformist views. In fact, one of the things East and West greatly disagree about is the question of how to disagree. Russia's idea of freely competing ideas is a jammed radio, a controlled press, and a lowered curtain. The only reason ideas are able to compete at all, these days, is that the free nations maintain national strength. If that strength were to be removed by uniting it with its opposite number, the result would not be a mixture of freedom and control, the result would be control. Free speech and controlled speech cannot federate, nor can irreconcilables pool their strength.

THE State Department, in "Our Foreign Policy," takes a less optimistic view than does Mr. Clark of the ability of systems to compete freely under different sets of rules and in the absence of national arms. It expounds the peace-through-strength school of thought, which is the school humanity would gladly check out of if it knew how to do it. On the theory of government and the meaning of power, the book is clear and uncompromising. "A community," says our State Department, "has to have both a political and an economic basis. Even more important, it has to have a moral basis. . . . What has been called 'a consensus of moral judgment' is the foundation of law and order and the beginning of real community life." Here the State Department is on firmer ground than Mr. Clark, who names disarmament as the crux of the problem of world order, and who would establish a federal union, consensus or no consensus.

Reading "Our Foreign Policy," one gets the impression that, whatever Congress thinks about world federation, the basic idea has already been accepted as a long-range goal by the State Department. The book starts right off in its first sentence on a note of expanded sovereignty: "There is no longer any real distinction between 'domestic' and 'foreign' affairs." And it ends: "Today the foreign policy of the United States is a declaration of the interdependence of men and nations." Thirty years ago, such globular views would have been called dangerous and treacherous, and even today they cause sparks and fireballs to shoot from the Chicago *Tribune* and from other lonely bastions where the United Nations flag is regarded as



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Try this favorite with the added smoothness that only Puerto Rican rum gives!

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1 teaspoon sugar
Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into glass.
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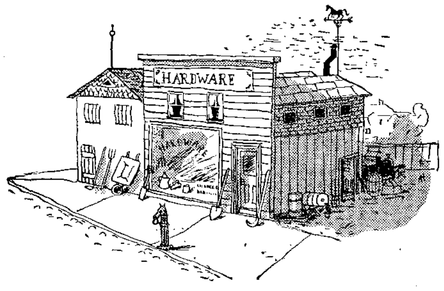
an insult to Betsy Ross. World government is called by name in this official policy book. And the goal of replacing national policy with world law is expressly stated.

But most of the book is devoted not to the dream of one world but to the nightmare of two worlds, and to the business of creating "situations of strength" in many parts of the earth for the defense of liberty. Creating situations of strength (through the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, the North Atlantic Treaty, and the Point Four Program) is our No. 1 policy, and thus we find ourselves, in the last phase of a power world, seeking to outgrow the necessity for balancing power by going ahead and balancing it. If United States policy were that and that alone, it would be utterly discouraging. Even as it is, it is discouraging enough, as Mr. Clark amply demonstrates in his chapter forecasting a third war. The single gleam of light is that our foreign policy is now the most influential force in the United Nations, and the United Nations, since the publication of both these books, has in effect revised its Charter by adopting the plan strengthening the Assembly. The result is not a government or anything remotely resembling a government, but the new United Nations is worth examining for traces of law and order and for signs of positive authority.

During the first five years of its life, this peculiar organization has shown a couple of interesting characteristics. It stays in the news, gets a tremendous press, and runs an extensive information service of its own. In this respect it differs from the old League of Nations, which was hardly more conspicuous than the Society for the Prevention of Vice. Furthermore, the United Nations met aggression with military force in Korea, in defiance of one of its chief member nations. The outcome of this violent experiment in collective security is still in doubt. The entrance of Chinese Communists into the fight has confused the experiment and rocked everyone with the bitter fact that one nation can still challenge the police power of the total world community. The soil of Korea is now host to (1) aggressors, (2)



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writes

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about

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preventers of aggression, and (3) preventers of the prevention of aggression. England, as this is written, is in full diplomatic rapport with a nation her armies are in the field against. But, whatever the outcome, the Korean action by the United Nations is a substantial attempt to enforce the unwritten law of this jungle world, and is prophetic of more positive and orderly ideas in the United Nations itself.

Under its original setup, the most influential factor in the United Nations was Russia, because of the veto (or *unanimity* idea) in the Security Council. This unanimity concept was largely farcical—a delicate way of admitting that a great power never votes against itself. While we played with the concept of unanimity, Russia ate Poland, Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania, Albania, Eastern Germany, Czechoslovakia, and China, grinning as she ate. Under the new setup, the most influential factor in the United Nations will be the United States, because it is the majority leader in the Assembly and the veto can no longer block collective action. In one respect, this new arrangement is almost as cockeyed as was the old arrangement, since the authority of the United Nations will now derive from a voting body in which tiny nations have the same vote as large nations. Cockeyed or not, it changes the picture—revitalizes the Charter, tosses out the fiction of unanimity, and gives the free peoples a crack at the ball for a change.

Thus "Our Foreign Policy" becomes an extremely important little book, since it raises a standard not alone of a nation but of a world. It is a refreshing book, a sort of primer of honorable intent—straightforward, written without guile and without condescension. It is a self-contradictory and occasionally fuzzy book, for it champions both independence and interdependence. Korea is not an independent nation nor can it ever be, nor can Belgium or Poland or France be an independent nation, nor can the United States. The nearest to an independent nation left on earth is Russia, which is independent only because it is without conscience, without communication, without trust, without compunction, and dwells in an amoral and independent world of its own, as on a separate planet.

A precondition of peace, as Mr. Clark shows, is disarmament. A precondition of disarmament is world government. And, to add the joker to the pack, a precondition of world government is agreement on moral principles, political safeguards, and human rights. It is this

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final deficiency, this last prerequisite, that the United Nations—through an access of vigor and fortitude—may eventually be able to supply.

—E. B. WHITE

BRIEFLY NOTED

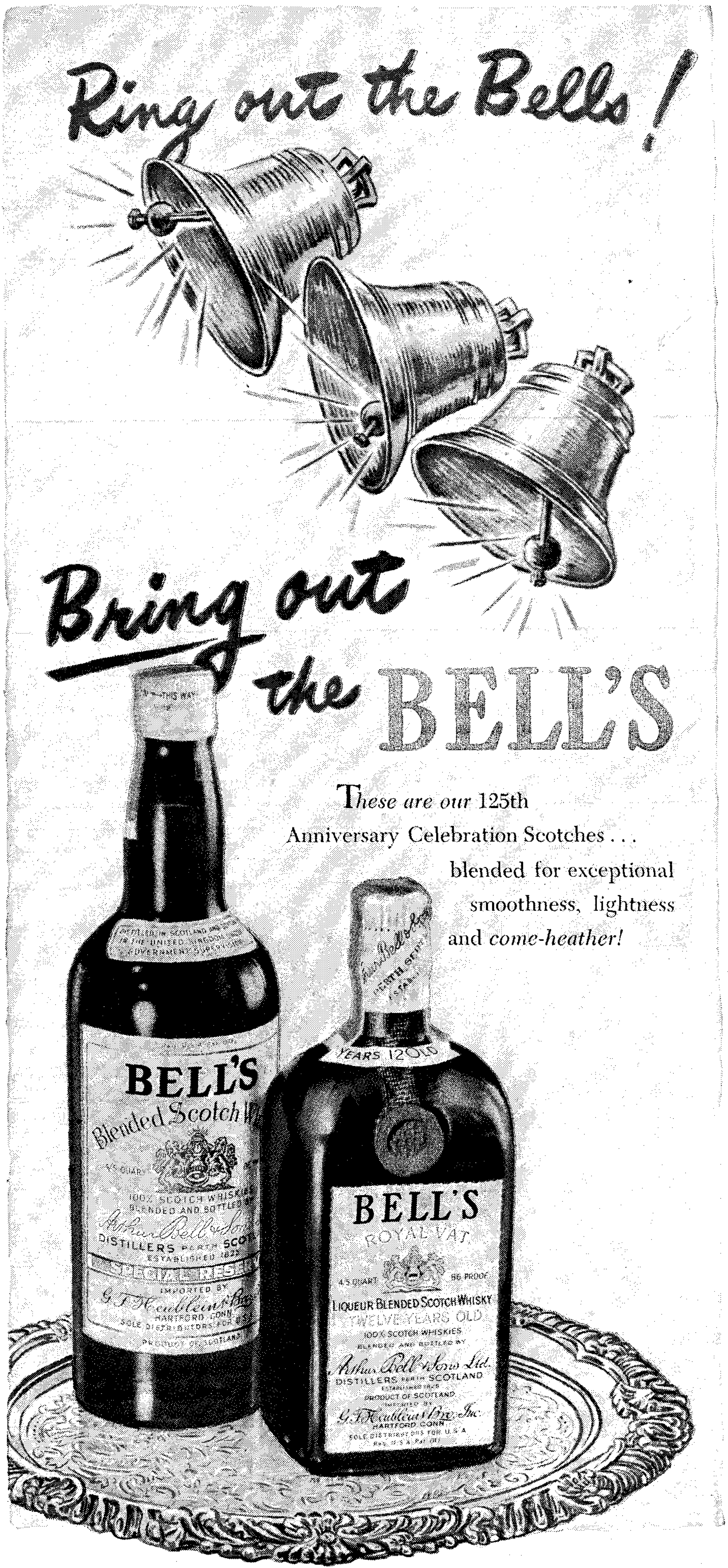
FICTION

THE IMPOSSIBLE SHORE, by Robert Kee (McGraw-Hill). A sort of memoir, told in the first person, of a British soldier called Johnny Clay. Clay is liberated by the Russians from a German prison camp, and he speaks of his experiences and the abrupt disillusionment that came to him as he travelled through Germany on his way back to England. There seems to be more than a bit of author's hindsight in Clay's consistent mistrust of his Russian comrades in arms, but the people in the book are thoughtfully drawn, and Mr. Kee conveys, without any apparent effort, the terror of war and the way in which civilians and soldiers, victorious and defeated, are all, in different degrees, trapped and maimed by it.

THE NYMPH AND THE LAMP, by Thomas H. Raddall (Little, Brown). A mild romantic tale about a gigantic bronzed hermit, very shy; a charming, unawakened girl of thirty-four, quite sensitive; and a lonely, almost inaccessible island in the North Atlantic. Writing with patience and affection, Mr. Raddall contrives a romance, then a blight on the romance, and, finally, a happy ending, all in the space of one short year.

THE FAMILY MOSKAT, by Isaac Bashevis Singer (Knopf). A very large book, long and complicated enough to last almost any reader the winter out, about Jewish family life in Warsaw from the end of the nineteenth century to the beginning of the Second World War. The story is built around the family of a rich man named Meshulam Moskat, but there are so many people to introduce, and their lives are so tossed and divided, that they seem more like the inhabitants of a city than the members of a family. Mr. Singer writes in a very busy tone that seems to imply he has a great deal to tell and time to tell it only once, and in the long run his book becomes a collection of folk customs and habits and attitudes rather than a novel about human beings.

THE BROTHER, by Feike Feikema (Doubleday). The hero of this book is a large American youth named



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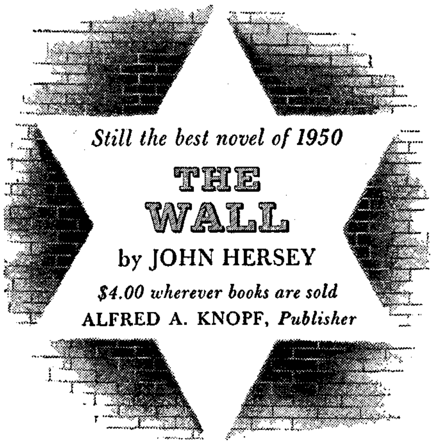

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Thurs, who likes to amble up and down the social scale telling people off. Mr. Feikema claims that Thurs is a giant not only in body but also in intellect, creativeness, sensitivity, virility, and judgment. However, as far as the reader can make out, the main difference between this fellow and the hollow folk he encounters is that they are all made of paper, while he is composed on a larger scale, and of a denser, thicker, and more rigid substance, such as, for example, wood.

THE WAY WE LIVE NOW, by Anthony Trollope (Knopf). The second Trollope novel ("Orley Farm" was the first) to be published in the Borzoi Series. This one has a somewhat perfervid introduction by Marion E. Dodd, identified on the jacket as "long a leading American Trollopian." The novel itself, neither Trollope's best nor his worst, is a study of aristocracy vs. trade in the early nineteenth century, related in the story of the rise and fall of Augustus Melmotte, a boorish and dishonest businessman who is at one time the richest man in London and shortly thereafter the most miserable. Melmotte's daughter repudiates him, only to marry his counterpart in American dialect, and there are enough subplots, involving various relations between blood and coin, for everyone. Trollope's view of America apparently was only a little less scathing than his mother's, and in a country whose citizens race to put books telling them what louts they are high on the best-seller lists, that fact alone should guarantee the work's success.

AN AMERICAN DREAM GIRL AND OTHER STORIES, by James T. Farrell (Vanguard). Mr. Farrell seems to hold that where there's a victim there's a story, but all he succeeds in proving is that where there's a victim there's a grudge, and it is to the exposition of this grudge that he applies himself, rather than to a consideration of the humanity of the people he deals with. There are twenty-one stories here, all concerned with lack of privilege in one form or another and all written in a berating tone that seems to nag for pity because it has not the spirit to command respect.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF NEW ITALIAN WRITERS, edited by Marguerite Caetani (New Directions). From the pages of a Roman magazine called *Botteghe Oscure* (*Dark Shops*), the editor has chosen fiction and poetry by fourteen contributors, between the ages of twenty-seven and forty-four, to represent contemporary Italian writing. The poetry, at least in English translation, is uniformly undistinguished, achieving the style, but not the power, of French poetry of the last century. The stories, ranging from a Poe-influenced scientific horror tale (Tommaso Landolfi's "Cancroregina") to a wryly neurotic love story in the Svevo tradition (Mario Soldati's "The Window"), are far more impressive, and at least one of them, Guglielmo Petroni's "The House Is Moving," is a minor masterpiece in the type of symbolic realism we have come to associate with the best Italian films.

THREE EXEMPLARY NOVELS, by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra (Viking). Just before his death this year, Samuel Putnam translated three of the best of Cervantes' dozen "Exemplary Novels," and Viking has now brought them out, in a one-volume edition limited to three thousand copies. It is a magnificent job of bookmaking, with twenty-four illustrations by Luis Quintanilla, printed directly from the engravings. Cervantes' tales "Rinconete and Cortadillo," "Man of Glass," and "The Colloquy of the Dogs" are hardly what we would call novels—or stories, either—being, rather, oblique vignettes of Spanish life, very like scenes from an unpublished picaresque novel. As Mr. Putnam's previous rendering of "Don Quixote" showed, Cervantes needs only a fine translation to be as modern as any writer of our time, and these three resonant tales remain pretty "exemplary" today.

GENERAL

DEFENCE OF THE WEST, by B. H. Liddell Hart (Morrow). A general survey of the Western world's chances for survival in a conflict with Russia, plus a partial review of Allied strategy in the last war, an evaluation of Russia's strength and military quality, and some peering into the future of atomic warfare and into the possibilities of man's extinction by man. Captain Liddell Hart, who must by now be rather tired of reading references to his famous prediction that the Second World War would not be a mobile one, deals fairly roughly with the Roosevelt-Churchill grand strategy—especially the unconditional-surrender policy, which he believes practically insured Soviet domination of Europe. His chapters on the Red

Army, Navy, and Air Force, and their development since the war, are especially provocative and sobering. In the end, after weighing all the military factors and potentials, he comes to the unarguable conclusion that there had just better not *be* another war.

THE AMERICAN AS REFORMER, by Arthur M. Schlesinger (Harvard). Three essays, first delivered as lectures, on the part that zeal for reform has played in the history of the United States. Professor Schlesinger believes that the reform impulse has been, until very lately, one of the most important elements in American political life and that the people of this country, more than those of any other, have been consistently less satisfied with the status quo; he cites some of the great campaigns, such as the movement for extended political suffrage in the early eighteenth century, and the fight for liberty of the press and for public education, and then pursues his inquiry into the causes of this zeal and into the forces—the Christian religion, among others—that have engendered it. He concludes with a sad-hearted review of the recent "revolt against revolt"—the hardening of ideological arteries that has been manifested by such agencies as the Committee on Un-American Activities, which he considers less in keeping with true Americanism than some of the men and ideas it seeks to suppress.

TWO KINDS OF TIME, by Graham Peck (Houghton Mifflin). A detailed record of six years in China. The author, an American newspaperman and artist, remarks in the first chapter that he feels he has turned out a book with a "split personality," since the proportion of its seven hundred pages given over to anecdotes, sketches (verbal and pen-and-ink), and descriptions of what approximated his everyday life between 1940 and 1946 is far larger than that devoted to what he describes as the most important and most predictable revolution in modern history. As it happens, the book's lack of balance isn't especially serious, because in his appraisal of Chinese politics Mr. Peck merely restates, with a good deal of tartness, the case his many anti-Kuomintang literary predecessors have already presented. He concludes (like his predecessors) that in 1945, the crucial year as far as American intervention was concerned, we should have either pro-

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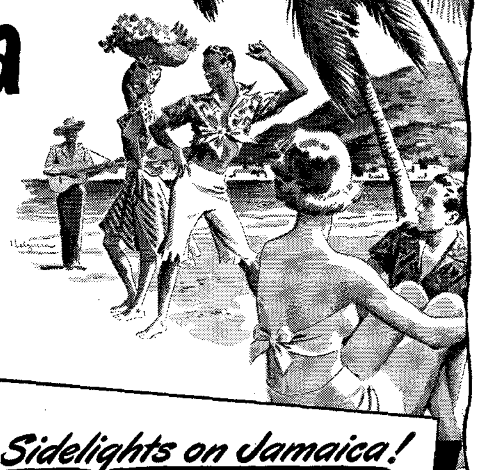

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moted a United Nations-supervised solution to the civil war or kept out of it entirely, since at that time the Chinese Communists were not receiving Russian aid, and, indeed, had no need of it. This point, however, is not only implicit but far more convincingly made in his accounts of his rambles through China—sometimes alone, at other times in the company of an organizer of the Chinese Industrial Coöperatives—and of his wartime activities with the O.W.I. In these portions of the book, Mr. Peck, a gregarious fellow by nature, does a good, lively, sympathetic job of portraying his Chinese friends.

H. G. WELLS, by Antonina Vallentin (John Day). As its subtitle, "Prophet of Our Day," suggests, this biography lays special emphasis on Wells' remarkable batting average as a prognosticator not only of social trends but of such concrete latter-day phenomena as the dishwashing machine and the atomic bomb; the last, he predicted in 1913, in "The World Set Free," would come into use in 1956. In her estimation of Wells' personality, Mme. Vallentin draws heavily on his "Experiment in Autobiography," and in dealing with the later part of his life very frequently resorts to précis of his books, each of which, she remarks, represented "a kind of heart-to-heart talk with himself." Her interpretation of some of his more informal domestic arrangements is imaginative, if not always convincing. Translated from the French by Daphne Woodward.

THE SENSE AND NONSENSE OF PROPHECY, by Eileen J. Garrett (Creative Age). An interesting attempt by a well-known medium and psychic researcher to dissuade an all too gullible public from indulging in what she declares to be fruitless and expensive experiments in phrenology, palmistry, and numerology, and from sorties into the realm of dream books, tea leaves, ouija boards, horoscopes, and even hexes. Mrs. Garrett, whose personal métier is the study of what she says has been called "the eternal now," urges her readers to try to comprehend the true nature of psychic research—"a cold, careful, businesslike study of the unknown"—and to steer clear of mediums who, unlike herself, refuse to volunteer for investigation. She also relates, with notable fair-mindedness, some of her own more disheartening scientific experiences, such as her inability, during an experiment at Duke University, to find water in hidden containers, even though she had on previous occasions proved to her own satisfaction that she was able to detect clairvoyantly the underground sources of both water and metal. The defeat at Duke, she explains, was attributable to the "lack of the life-sustaining, magnetic movement or flow . . . within the hidden containers," and shouldn't, therefore, be construed as too much of a setback.

A BIOGRAPHER'S NOTEBOOK, by Hector Bolitho (Macmillan). The author, who is a sort of court biographer to the British Royal Family, has collected some memorabilia, correspondence, and other literary shavings from the past and present Royal Households, and the result is quite an amusing little book. Among the odd assortment of characters that crop up are the late Queen Marie of Rumania; a former Amir of Trans-jordan; the Duchess Louise of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, divorced mother of Prince Consort Albert; a Dean of Westminster who was chosen by Queen Victoria to go along with the Prince of Wales on a junket through Egypt (the idea was that the Dean, who was very unhappy at the prospect of the trip, would exercise a restraining influence on young Edward); and an obscure Victorian literary man named Mowbray Morris, who was a delightful letter writer in a now almost forgotten tradition. None of this, of course, is of any great consequence, but the easy grace of the author's style makes it an unusually diverting biographer's holiday.

OPERATION CICERO, by L. C. Moyzisch (Coward-McCann). A very curious account of some international skulduggery, set down in a confused and portentous manner hardly likely to convince an even moderately skeptical reader that he has been let in on what the publishers call "the truth about the war's most amazing story." In 1943, the author, a member of the Reich Security Department attached to the German Embassy in Ankara, was approached in impeccable cloak-and-dagger fashion by the British ambassador's valet, who later sold him photographs of documents he was able to abstract temporarily—no one knows how—from his employer's safe. Although these included such collector's items as the minutes of the Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran Conferences, advance information about a surprise air raid on Sofia, and a clue to the date of the invasion of Normandy, Mr. Moyzisch's superiors in Berlin merely bickered over them and tried to keep them out of the hands of von Papen, their ambassador in Ankara. As a result, they had little or no effect on the course of the war, although, as von Papen remarks in a postscript to the volume, they might well have served to shorten it, since they clearly indicated Allied superiority.

THE MCKINLEY YEARS, by Charles G. Dawes (Lakeside Press). A book composed of journals kept by General Dawes from 1893 through 1913. Among the events mentioned are the election of William McKinley, with which the author, then a very young lawyer in Lincoln, Nebraska, was importantly connected; the war with Spain; McKinley's assassination; and the unexpected emergence of Theodore Roosevelt from a sort of celestial obscurity to which he had been elevated by some of the more conservative members of his party. As the raw material of history, a good part of the book is valuable—especially the chapter dealing with the Presidential campaign of 1896, which, according to Dawes, who kept a scrupulous record of expenditures, was not "bought by Wall Street;" the passages about the murder of McKinley; and those chapters concerning McKinley's administration and the character and abilities of the man himself, in which General Dawes is somewhat at variance with the consensus of scholarly opinion on McKinley's worth. For the rest, the book can be of only professional interest. Illustrated.

CONTRARY COUNTRY, by Ralph Nading Hill (Rinehart). In the Carl Carmer manner, with suitable illustrations by George Daly, Mr. Hill here retells stories of Vermont characters and events, emphasizing the orneriness and nonconformism of the place. Any state noted for taciturnity that can be proud of two such swivel-tongues as Orestes Brownson and Horace Greeley is contrary enough, surely, and Mr. Hill squeezes the last bit of juice out of such good stories as the Colvin non-murder case, John Humphrey Noyes' ingenious improvements on matrimony, the early years of Dartmouth College, and the single-minded careers of Hetty Green and Calvin Coolidge. Despite a certain sledge-hammer cuteness of style, the book is a useful contribution to Americana, and it will reassure philol-

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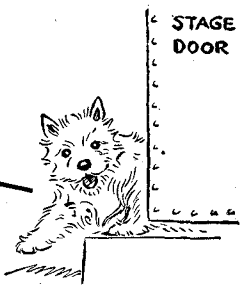

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ogists interested in the survival of the strong verb ("het," for "heated," is one) that Vermont is still holding on.

Dogs, by Ylla (Creative Age). This volume contains eighty-nine photographs of dogs of a variety of species, from Saint Bernards and Afghan hounds to Chihuahuas and Lhaso Apsos. If one goes through it without reading the foreword, one is puzzled to know why the pictures do not seem exactly right. The photographs are mostly good, and the photographer has obviously a feeling for the moods and personalities of her subjects—the feminine charm of spaniels, the masculine decorum of setters, the simian mobility of poodles, the alert curiosity of terriers. Yet these dogs do not seem like our pets. When we read the foreword, we understand. Ylla is a photographer who specializes in dog society. These portraits are all posed, and they suffer from the same sort of self-consciousness—on the part of both photographer and subjects—that similar portraits of people do. Ylla understands this. Some dogs, according to the foreword, stand on their dignity and refuse to relax for a stranger; others play up to their masters and will not behave naturally till they leave the room. Dachshunds adore an audience, and one notes that there are more pictures of dachshunds than of any other kind of dog.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Murder Charge, by Wade Miller (Farrar, Straus). Max Thursday, another member of the glorious company of California private eyes, bears a striking resemblance to Harry Blue, advance agent for an Eastern crime syndicate, so the police persuade him to impersonate his double when Blue, having come to San Diego to organize the local underworld, is shot from ambush and apparently safely locked up in a hospital. This assignment turns out to be even tougher than it looked, what with a dope-ridden gunman, a predatory nymphomaniac, a gold-digging bobby-soxer, and even the real Blue, all out to get the impostor. As you might expect, superior toughness triumphs in the end. Fast and hard-boiled, if not a really distinguished specimen of its school.

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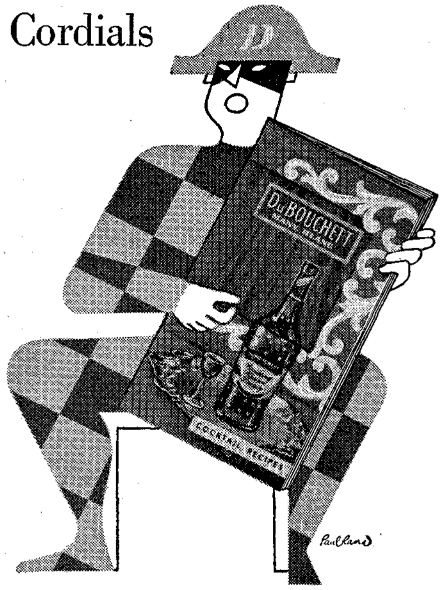

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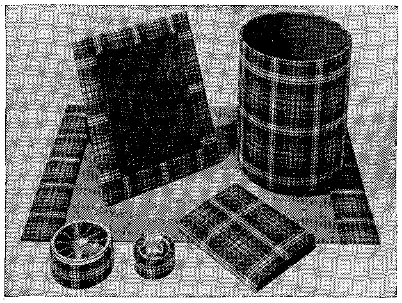

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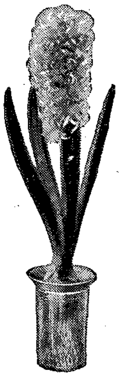

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